Middlebury MAGAZINE

True Colors

While albinism may have robbed sophomore Meron Benti of her pigmentation and caused others to question her identity as an Ethiopian, she has never been more certain about who she is.

Spring *2017*

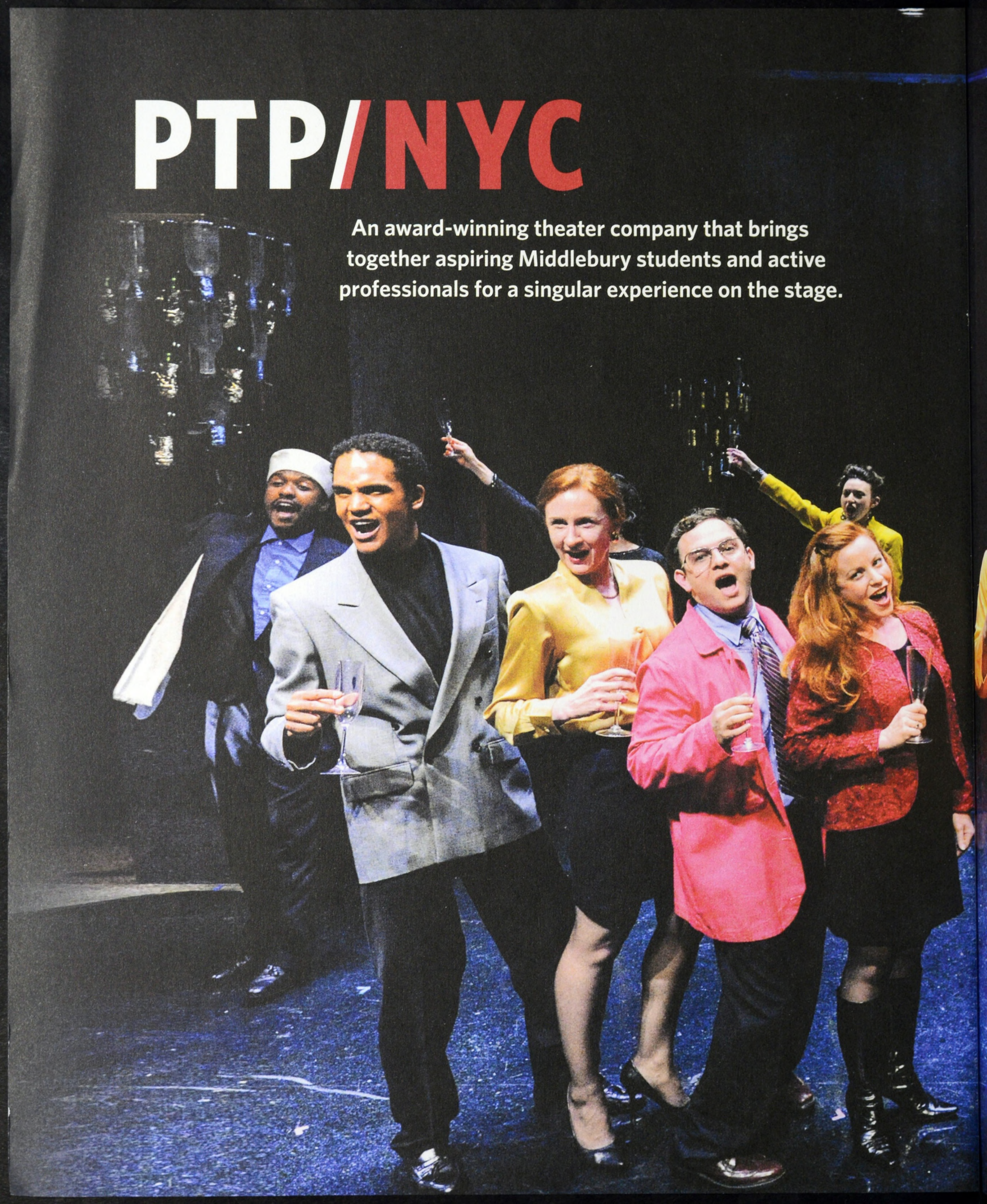
A CASE OF DISRUPTION
How a federal executive order turned one professor's life upside down. *P. 27*

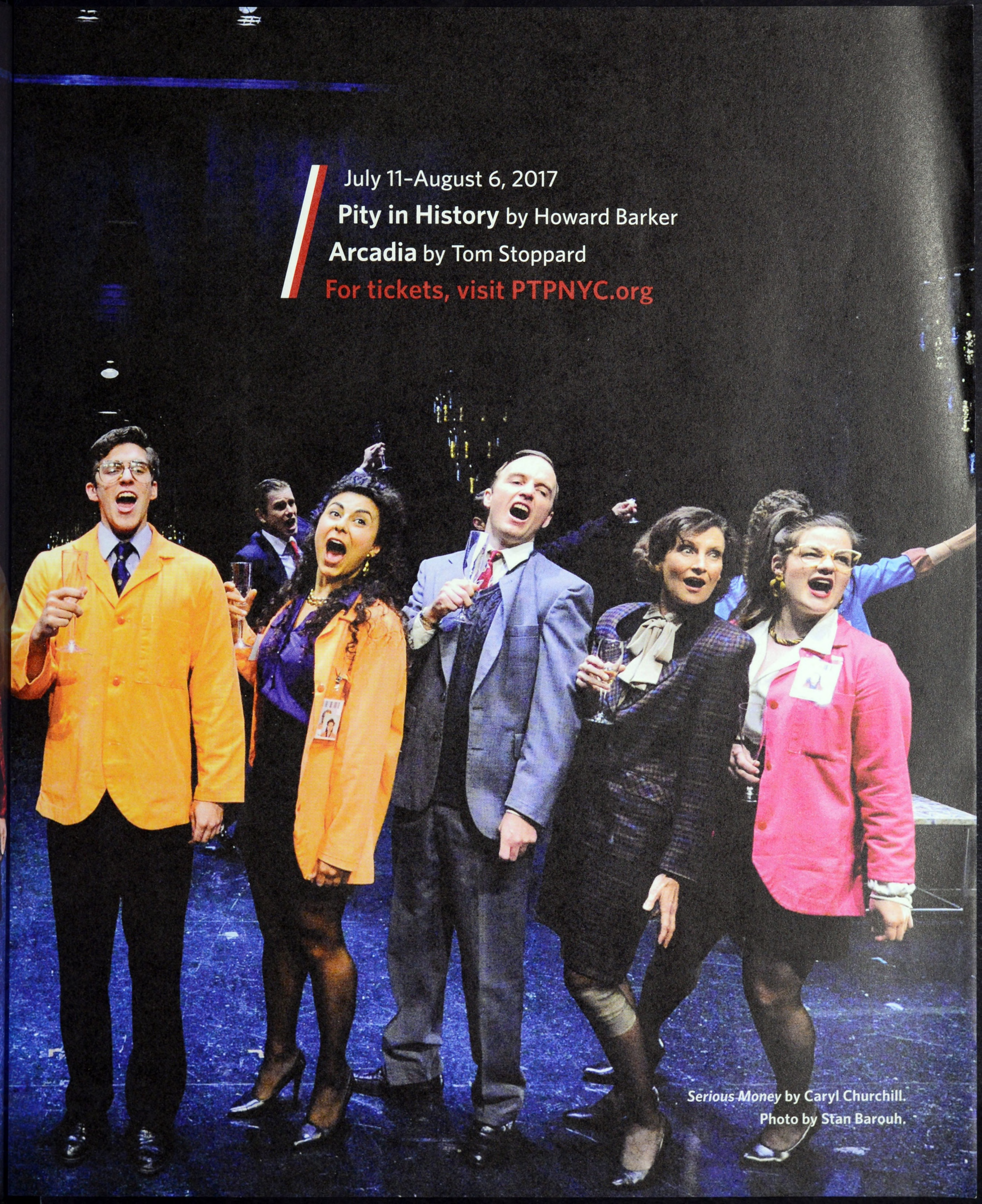
FAMILY TIES
How Kate Perine Livesay '03 chose Middlebury—not once, but twice. *P. 32*

SHORT STORY
Quidditch was just a fictional game—until a couple of students made it real. *P. 86*

PTP/NYC

An award-winning theater company that brings together aspiring Middlebury students and active professionals for a singular experience on the stage.

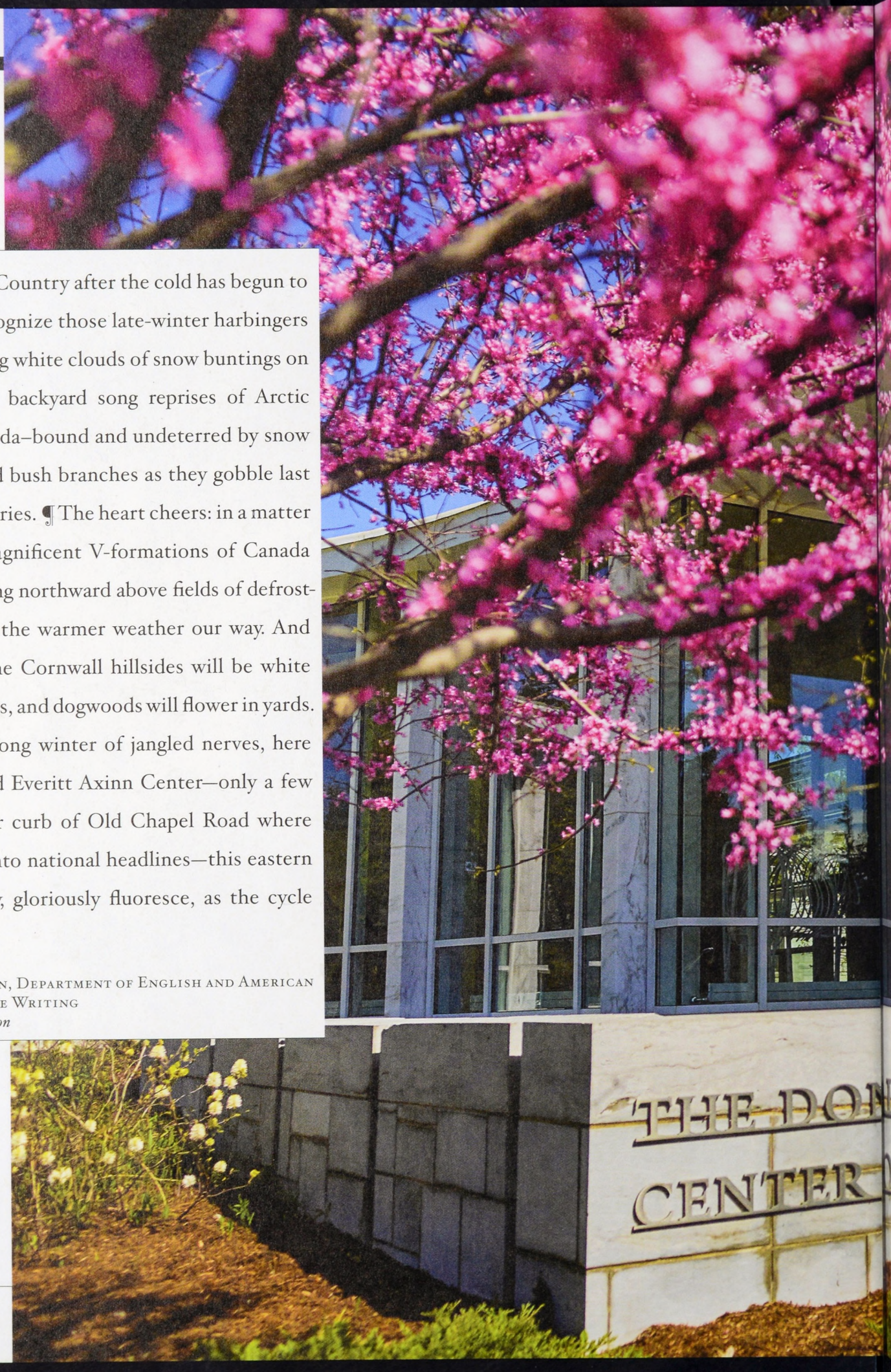




Serious Money by Caryl Churchill.
Photo by Stan Barouh.

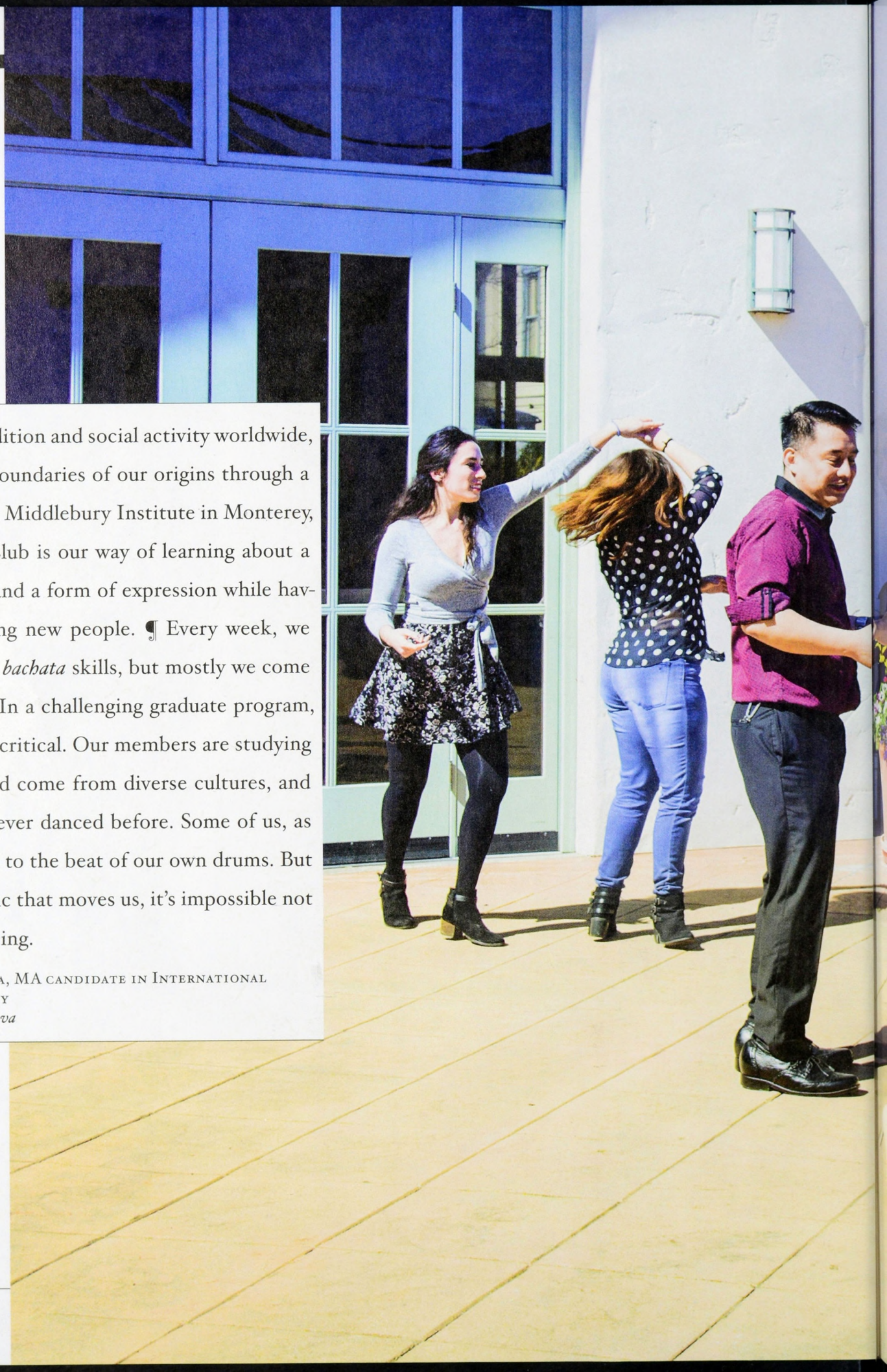
Here in the North Country after the cold has begun to take its toll, we recognize those late-winter harbingers of spring—swooping white clouds of snow buntings on roadsides, startling backyard song reprises of Arctic robins, upper Canada–bound and undeterred by snow blanketing tree and bush branches as they gobble last year's seeds and berries. ¶ The heart cheers: in a matter of weeks those magnificent V-formations of Canada geese will be winging northward above fields of defrosting mud, hurrying the warmer weather our way. And beyond, in May, the Cornwall hillsides will be white with apple blossoms, and dogwoods will flower in yards. ¶ And, after this long winter of jangled nerves, here outside the Donald Everitt Axinn Center—only a few paces from the far curb of Old Chapel Road where Midd was thrust into national headlines—this eastern redbud will briefly, gloriously fluoresce, as the cycle moves on.

By David Haward Bain, Department of English and American Literatures, Creative Writing
Photograph by Brett Simison



While it might be May before the campus fully embraces the graces of spring, when the time comes, it is cheered by all.

LD E. AXINN '51, Litt.D. '89,
OR LITERARY AND CULTURAL STUDIES AT STARR LIBRARY



Dance is a vital tradition and social activity worldwide, transcending the boundaries of our origins through a unifying art. At the Middlebury Institute in Monterey, the Latin Dance Club is our way of learning about a culture, a people, and a form of expression while having fun and meeting new people. ¶ Every week, we build our salsa and *bachata* skills, but mostly we come together to laugh. In a challenging graduate program, having an outlet is critical. Our members are studying different things and come from diverse cultures, and many of us have never danced before. Some of us, as you can see, march to the beat of our own drums. But no matter the music that moves us, it's impossible not to smile while dancing.

By Steffanie Munguia, MA candidate in International Environmental Policy
Photograph by Elena Zhukova

A warm, sunny spring afternoon in California is the perfect setting for a meeting of the Institute's Latin Dance Club.

Jake Brown (no. 5) races up court, weaving around defenders as if they are traffic cones on an obstacle course, all the way to the hoop and actual obstacles, big guys, shot-blockers with malice on their minds, only to emerge like a surfer from the curl of a big wave . . . and finding with a deft pass his running mate, Matt St. Amour (no. 11), who has glided to an open spot, a temporary oasis amid the swirl of bodies in motion, and with a mere flick of the wrist, launches a shot from 20 feet out, the ball floating over the havoc below, seeming to hang in the air for seconds before dropping through the hoop like a stone down a well, tickling the twine, nothin' but net: SWISH. ¶ The big crowd erupts, the opposing coach desperately signals time-out, the PA announcer intones over the din: "MATT ST. AMOUR . . . (pausing for effect) . . . THREE POINTS!

By Karl Lindholm '67
Photograph by Brett Simison

Matt St. Amour earned conference Player of the Year and national All-American honors during a senior campaign that saw him set a school record for points (676) and three-pointers (118) in a season.

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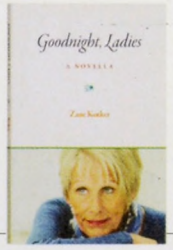

Zane Hickcox Kotker '56 takes on the topic of aging in a moving new novella.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY TODD BALFOUR (ABOVE LEFT). COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY BRETT SIMISON. ABOVE ILLUSTRATION BY EDEL RODRIGUEZ.

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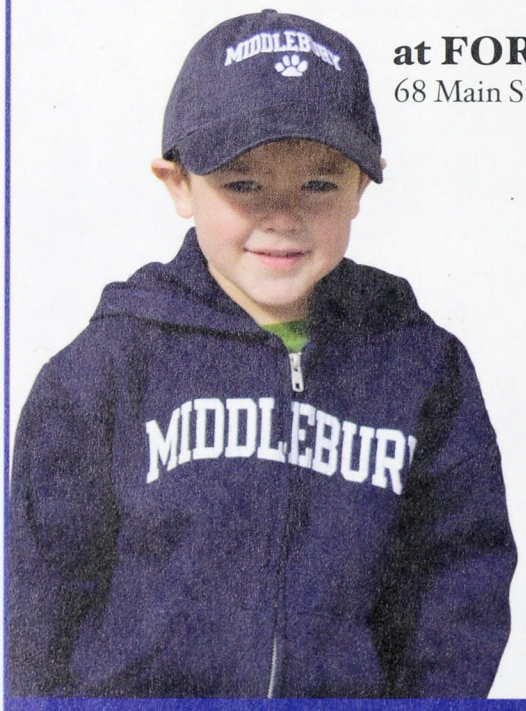

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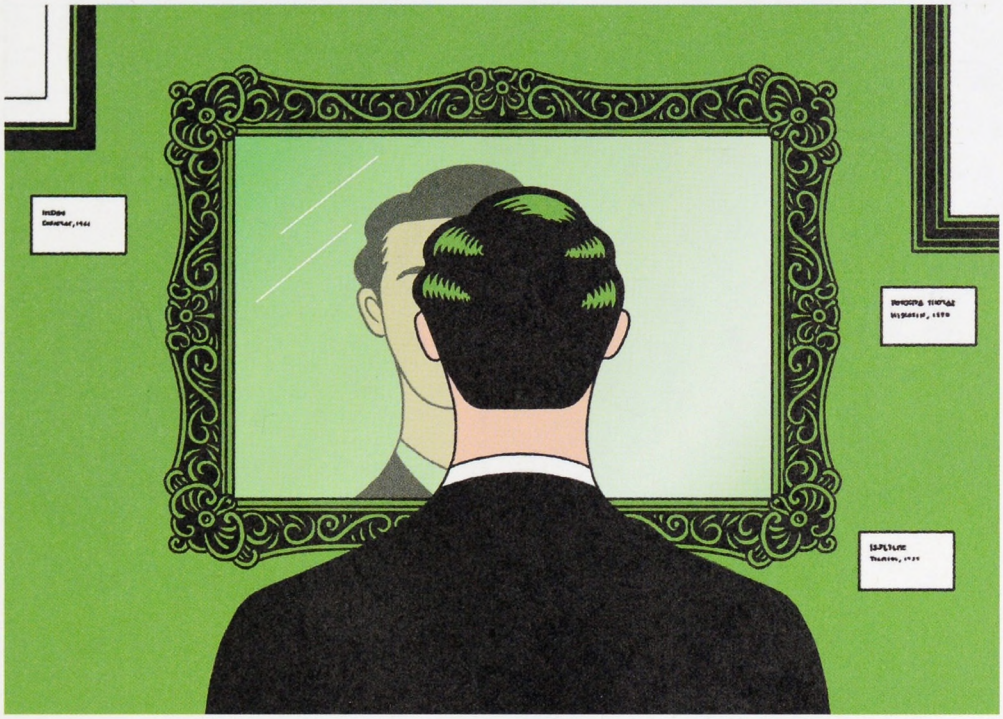

Selfie Nation

On a damp, overcast March morning, I went in search of the American face.

My quest took me to Middlebury's Museum of Art, where Richard Saunders, the museum's director, has curated a brilliant exhibit of portraits—nearly 100 in total drawn from more than 20 collections—that, taken together, reveal a fascinating portrait all its own: this country's cultural obsession with self.

The exhibit, *American Faces: A Cultural History of Portraiture and Identity,* is staged in seven sections that essentially serve as chapters of a story (it was preceded by Saunders's most recent book bearing the same title). The self-guided tour of American identity encompasses such themes as "The Rich," "Portraits for Everyone," and "Fame." The chronology of the work traces the interests and media of the age—exquisite 18th-century oil paintings (only the wealthy could afford such portraits), a daguerreotype and hollow-cut silhouettes from the 19th century, a mammoth Chuck Close self-portrait from our last century—affording the visitor an acute sense of how we have seen ourselves and how we have expressed these visions during the past three centuries.

But perhaps the most interesting aspect of Saunders's work is his expanded definition of the portrait itself. "One goal of mine," Saunders says, "has been to broaden the definition of portraiture to include many images, such as snapshots, which are often ignored by scholars primarily because they are by anonymous amateurs. In so doing, I hope to enable viewers to make better sense of the more common types of portraits that routinely pass before our eyes—in the media, in public places, and in the home."

So sharing space with the masterful works by Warhol and Close and the painter Charles Wilson Peale are items such as a giant LeBron James wall decal (the likes of which would be perfectly at home in my son's bedroom), a looped video of the first televised presidential debate, Shepard Fairey's Obama *Hope* poster, and the visage of Osama bin Laden as presented on the FBI's Most Wanted poster. (The "Portraits for Everyone" section even contains a vintage 1950s photo booth. See p. 23.)

I would love to see this exhibit again in 20 years. What new ways will we have discovered to express our collective identity? And how will we see ourselves? M

ILLUSTRATION BY LUCI GUTIÉRREZ

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Sabra Field, *Cloud Way*, 2016. © Sabra Field

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THEN AND NOW
A RETROSPECTIVE

Grey Villet, *Mildred and Richard Loving (detail)*, 1965.
Courtesy of the Estate of Grey Villet.

The LOVINGS

an intimate portrait

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GREY VILLET

Roy Lichtenstein, *Mermaid Sailboat Study (detail)*,
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A Robust Public Sphere

By Laurie L. Patton

In early April, I spoke to the Middlebury faculty about free speech and the public sphere. My remarks were prompted by the events of March 2, in which a scheduled talk by political scientist Charles Murray was disrupted by demonstrations (see p. 25). The events of that day and the ensuing debate about the value of public discourse made national news. And while I told the faculty that I would not have asked for a national platform to discuss in an urgent fashion the paramount importance of creating a robust public sphere at Middlebury, I am proud that we are having this discussion. I see it as a sign of our vitality, and I would like to share with you what I said to our faculty.

I believe that a true commitment to education must embrace an uncompromising commitment to free and open dialogue that expands understanding, challenges our assumptions, and ultimately creates a more inclusive public sphere.

Controversial speech, or speech by a controversial speaker, can be challenging in a time when the very idea of a public sphere seems fragile. Controversial speech is also more difficult in a time when issues that should be contested and addressed become exclusively owned by "the left" or "the right." In our current state, deep educational commitments, such as exploring the history of oppression and freedom, may be difficult to share as common public goods. But they should be understood as such, and it is our responsibility to teach them and to discuss them with candor. That is the only way we can reach the truth.

There are many struggles playing themselves out on our college campuses: how does one acknowledge the discomfort that a true liberal education must entail, while at the same time recognizing and respecting the often difficult and unfair experiences of our students who have walked in the American margins? Acknowledging and honoring those margins as real spaces is essential. Honoring the study and articulation of those experiences is crucial to our well-being as a society. And in honoring those margins, we must pay attention to hurt, to offense, to accumulated injury. So, how do we relate these two fundamental values—the necessary discomfort of a liberal education, and an honoring of the difficult experiences of our students who have walked in the margins? And how do we do so in the context of free speech debates?

Geoffrey Stone, a University of Chicago Law School professor and First Amendment scholar, has cautioned that if we are permitted to silence distasteful views, we risk becoming silenced ourselves. And once censorship becomes acceptable, those most likely to be silenced are our citizens who find themselves in the minority—be they religious, racial, or political minorities. With this in mind, I believe that if there ever was a time for Americans to take on arguments that offend us, it is now. If there ever was a time for us to challenge influential public views with better reason, better research, better logic, and better data, it is now. If there ever was a time when we needed to risk being offended, to argue back even while we are feeling afraid, to declare ourselves committed to arguing for a better society, it is now.

The questions that we encounter strike at the very heart of who we are as an institution, and we should take our time to learn, to debate, to understand, and to reflect.

In its tradition as as an institution of excellence and of courageous engagement, Middlebury must find a way to connect the principles of free speech and the creation of a robust public sphere. I believe we all can agree that education is about exposing students to different ideas and giving them the skills and courage to choose between them. And I believe we all can agree that education should give students the skills and courage to make this a better world. These values are usually not in conflict. However, in our most painful moments, such as the one we experienced in early March, they were indeed conflicting.

In my view, the first of these commitments is a necessary precondition of the second. Education must be free enough to expose students to a wide range of conflicting and even disturbing ideas, for only then will we be able to give our students the wisdom, the resilience, and the courage to make this a better world.

I will work tirelessly for both inclusivity and freedom of speech. There are no more important projects than these. But this is possible only if academic freedom and freedom of speech are defended on *all* sides. It is only through this principle that we will enable our students to discover truth and achieve the work of making society more just, and it is only in this way that we will in the long run ensure a public sphere that is more inclusive, more vibrant, and more engaging. That is, after all, what we are most fundamentally about. M

ILLUSTRATION BY MONTSE BERNAL

Talk

FEATURED CONTRIBUTORS

Olga Baumert ("Hello, Birdies") is an artist, illustrator, and graphic designer who originally hails from Poland and now calls the United Kingdom home. Olga says that a work of art that commands her attention is one that contains "some thought, captures a moment, or makes me think, 'I could go inside that painting and never come back.' I would like my work to do that to people."

Tim Etchells '74 ("Family Ties") has twice served as editor of this magazine—from 1982–1986 and 1989–1993—and has also held editorial positions at a number of periodicals, including *Ski Racing*, *Mountain Sports and Living*, and *Snow Country*. Since retiring as the executive director of communications at his alma mater, Tim continues to write professionally; to travel the globe covering ski races and visiting his surfer granddaughter in Hawaii; and to spend as much of the summer as he can on the waters of Lake Champlain.

Andrew Forsthoefel '11 ("Andrew Forsthoefel's Long Walk") spent nearly a year hoofing it across the country, trekking from his family's home in central Pennsylvania to the West Coast. He's chronicled the journey in the new book *Walking to Listen: 4,000 Miles Across America, One Story at a Time*; we've excerpted a chapter in this issue. As his book title suggests, Andrew spent most of the journey listening to the stories of the people he met. In turn, he recounted what he heard and what he learned in audio pieces for *This American Life* and Transom.org, and, now, in his new book.

Erika Hayasaki ("What Ray Zilinskas Knows Will Terrify You") teaches literary journalism at the University of California, Irvine. She practices what she teaches, penning award-winning stories for the likes of the *California Sunday Magazine*, *Foreign Policy*, the *Atlantic*, and *Pacific Standard*. Prior to her career as a teacher and magazine writer, she served as a national correspondent for the *Los Angeles Times*, covering breaking news and writing feature stories.

Stacey Rozich ("Andrew Forsthoefel's Long Walk") is a Seattle native transplanted to Los Angeles, California, where she creates illustrations that are as rich in inspiration as they are in color and form. Her work has graced music album covers (Father John Misty), gallery walls (Roq la Rue, Seattle), corporate swag (Starbucks), and magazine pages (*Lucky Peach*). We're giddy to welcome her to the *Middlebury Magazine* illustrator family.

CORRESPONDENCE

Bye, Bye Love
Breakups are hard enough. But when the relationship was born in Middlebury, the uncoupling can be that much more difficult.
By Meghan Nesmith '06
Illustration by Kate O'Hara

HAUNTED, YET COMFORTED

I loved Meghan Nesmith's story "Bye, Bye Love"! I did not marry a fellow Middlebury alum, but I completely understand the power of shared experiences that bind us together—particularly at such a deeply formative time of our lives. One thing she experienced hit home for me: "the deep, sensory memory of walking back to my dorm from rehearsal late at night across Battell Beach, the profound quiet draping campus, the sharp bite of my boots on snow." To this day I find myself haunted, and yet comforted, by that same memory—of the blanketing stillness and a deep sense of peace I've never quite recaptured.

—Jennifer Stone Goetz '90, *Commenting on middmag.com*

DIFFERENT LESSON LEARNED

Although I had a similar experience as Meghan Nesmith '06 ("Bye, Bye Love," winter 2017), I learned a different lesson about love at Middlebury. At 18 I dated another student in my freshman seminar and proceeded to spend half a decade of my life with him.

When the relationship ended, I realized I had missed out on an important rite of passage that my single friends had experienced: learning about myself. I am grateful for the ways my college experience taught me what love truly means. I spent four years surrounded by people who brought their whole selves into the classroom and shared a passion for learning that has carried me well beyond my postgraduation life.

I did my best to make good use of my newfound free time. I was in awe of my Posse Scholar classmates who were powerful examples of compassionate leadership, so I became an educator in East Harlem and an advocate for educational equity. Inspired by Andrea Olsen's experiential anatomy class and mindfulness practices modeled by several of my professors across disciplines, I trained as a yoga and meditation teacher.

With the encouragement of my good friend and colleague Ava Kerr '12, I went to Harvard, where I currently study developmental psychology and child advocacy. I believe our strongest alumni partnerships can form through a variety of relationships. Maybe our tour guides will one day brag instead that 60 percent of Middlebury graduates run for public office.

—Hannah Temkin '13, *Somerville, Massachusetts*

RINGS TRUE

Meghan Nesmith's descriptions of a Middlebury experience rang true to me—despite a nearly 30-year gap between our respective times on campus.

I didn't consider myself particularly sociable, but in my postcollege years, I cherished

those Middlebury alumni get-togethers in places like Paris and Seattle, often playing hooky while traveling by ducking out of business dinners to reconnect with old friends.

I married my wife, Suzanne Griffin '82, some years after we both graduated, meeting her at a summer party at Weybridge House that was organized by my brother Charles Frankel '79.

We hope our son James, now 14, will keep up the good work so that he, too, may enjoy the Middlebury experience!

—Chris Frankel '74, *Commenting on middmag.com*

DREAMS OF DISCOVERY

I live in awe of the early explorers who walked the forests where no European had ventured before, delighting in the natural wonders of the New World, leaving behind only footprints and new names for ancient landscape features.

It is too late for me now, but oh, how I dream of joining adventurers in the mold of Rob Waters '71 ("Let's Give It a Name," winter 2017) and leaving in my tracks poignant reminders of my passing, such as the christening of Little Hans Peak.

—David Thoenen, *Commenting on middmag.com*

POLLYANNA, PERHAPS?

Regarding the article "How He Won" (winter 2017), it seems to me the height of Pollyannaism on Matt Dickinson's part to think people supported Trump "despite, and not because of, his more hurtful words."

On election night, Mitt Romney's former political strategist offered a more succint and, I believe, accurate analysis of the result: "Sometimes the classic demagogue formula of misinformation and bigotry succeeds."

—Michael Coston '77, *Portland, Maine*

A DOSE OF PERSPECTIVE

I believe that Matt Dickinson's story, "How He Won," showcased the best piece of reporting about the Trump surprise that I've seen anywhere. It should get much wider circulation.

I'm the father of a former Middlebury student. Our family lives in San Francisco, and I wish more people here could read Dickinson's article. I grew up in a small city in Iowa and have good friends back there who had probably never voted but out of the blue became political participants because of Trump. My home city is not exactly *Hillbilly Elegy*, but close.

I'm grateful that Dickinson had the courage to say, of the Trump supporters, that "the vast majority were not racist, misogynistic 'deplorables.'" I'm serious about that being courageous. That statement might get you thrown out of a dinner party here in San Francisco.

As the old British war slogan said, "Keep calm and carry on." If Professor Dickinson is ever out here, I'd love to buy him lunch.

—David Gale, *Pacific Grove, California*

APATHETIC (NON)VOTERS

In his story, "How He Won," Professor Dickinson makes the (correct) observation about the past presidential election, saying the voting public had the sluggish economic recovery on their minds—but let's not forget the fact that a small but decisive apathetic group of voters helped tip the scales of the election. Here's one example: an article in the *Florida Times Union* reported that nearly 161,000 voters in Florida either left their vote for president blank on the ballot, or wrote in Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, etc., and that Clinton lost in Florida by just 13,000 votes.

Further, in the days following the election, as protests broke out across the country, it was disclosed that many of those protesting didn't vote in the election. The reality is, the choice voters had was between two unpopular, flawed candidates.

We witnessed a pitiful display of campaigning and are left with four more years of bickering and infighting. Ironically, many hoped this election would stop the systematic inactivity that is the political process today.

As a voting public, we need to figure out how we can become better participants in order to illustrate the important role democracy plays in a free society. Otherwise, big money, sound bites, and an unhealthy schoolyard dialogue will dominate political races in the future.

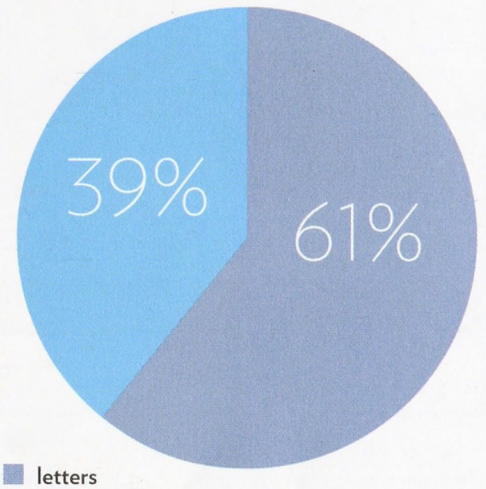
—Ben Klemer, *Commenting on middmag.com*

WITH GRATITUDE

I can't tell you how much I appreciated both President Patton's column, "A Sense of Belonging," and Matt Dickinson's story, "How

Mail Bag Matt Dickinson's analysis of the 2016 presidential election got folks writing, as we expected, but it was Meghan Nesmith's essay on Middlebury love and heartbreak that generated the greatest reader response. Plus: Our fall story on the distrust of science among the American populace still has people debating the issue.

HOW YOU CHOOSE TO TALK



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LETTERS THAT DELVE INTO THE MEANING OF TRUTH

6

LETTERS THAT EXPRESS SOME FORM OF GRATITUDE—FOR SOMETHING READ, LEARNED, OR REMEMBERED

1

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He Won," in the winter 2017 edition. They were both a breath of fresh air in a media climate greatly in need of fewer histrionics and greater circumspection.

—Mark Villa '96.5, *Houston, Texas*

A NATION OF LAWS

I disagree strongly with the sentiment expressed in the story "Undocumented, Supported" (winter 2017). Are we a country of laws, or are we not a country of laws? Can we pick and choose which laws to obey, or can we not pick and choose? I believe there are about 1 million legal immigrants entering the United States every year—lawful immigrants who took the trouble and time to enter legally. Those who have entered illegally should not be coddled; Middlebury cannot become one of the illegal "sanctuary campuses." I feel very strongly about this; Middlebury should not be encouraging lawlessness among the student body. The basis of our country is equality *under the law*.

—Rick Raskopf '57, *Oxford, Connecticut*

REMEMBERING SANDY

I met Edward F. Martin ("Sandy" to all his friends and colleagues, "Professor Martin" at first for me) when he was my freshman writing teacher when I arrived as a Feb in 1975. Sandy was a genial lover of the English language, later the chairman of one of Middlebury's largest departments, administrative director of the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, and a scholar focused on the works of writer and notorious curmudgeon H. L. Mencken. But it was the Sandy that I came to know as a man, family member, and participant in the life of the town of Middlebury that I value most, for our friendship over more than four decades that also explains in part why Middlebury College is different from most colleges.

After a brief time as students of Sandy, my then girlfriend (now wife), Charlotte Glasser '78, and I were invited to attend the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference with working scholarships—Charlotte as head waitress, me as bartender. What could have been more exciting than hobnobbing with the likes of John Irving, Mark Strand, Tim O'Brien, and Toni Morrison? Sandy opened up this world to us, but more important, brought us into his actual family.

Sandy had a rich life beyond the College. He worked for years on the Middlebury Volunteer Ambulance Association, he coached soccer for local kids, he tended a lush vegetable garden and beehives in his backyard on Seminary Street (which rewarded him with the world's tastiest honey), and once a year he

joined the scything competition at the Addison County Fair and Field Days, always doing well but never beating the "Giant Swede" (or was he a Finn or Norwegian?). We never went on his family summer canoeing expeditions to Canada (fear of man-eating bugs?) but often house-sat to watch after a series of dogs with inventive names beginning with the letter "P."

This other world of Middlebury was opened up to Charlotte and me, and then for decades to our two sons, Alex '09 and Erik '13.5, because of the way that Sandy and his wife, Peg (for many years Middlebury selectman—woman!—and representative in the Vermont State Legislature), allowed us to share in their lives while at Middlebury as students but also for decades afterward as visitors, always knowing there would be a home away from home and surrogate parents/grandparents to chat with over long dinners.

Sandy was a giving, gracious, warm man, even to the end of a long and difficult illness. I will always retain a memory, near the end, when we together recited Macbeth's soliloquy from memory, alternating lines:

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time; . . .

—Adrian Benepe '78.5, *New York, New York*

A STANDOUT TEACHER—AND HUMAN BEING

I was deeply saddened to learn about the death of Professor David J. Littlefield in the winter 2017 issue of the magazine. I was taught by a number of fine professors at Middlebury from 1957 to 1961, but David Littlefield, who directed my honors thesis during my senior year, stands out both as a teacher and a deeply compassionate human being. He was one of the professors who inspired me to become a professor of English.

I saw him and his wife, Jean, several times after graduation, including the winter term of January 2004, when I got to teach a course at Middlebury, and then later that summer. He and Jean were the epitome of what it meant to be a gracious husband-wife team. They were the best Middlebury could ever hope to offer its students.

—George L. Geckle '61, *Columbia, South Carolina*

THE MOST INTERESTING MAN IN THE WORLD

I was deeply saddened to learn of John Spencer's passing. I first encountered the man I called "Chief" during the first week of class my freshman year. John was my discussion leader for Pardon Tillinghast's famous History 103 class. Hell-bent on pursuing an economics degree before becoming a mercenary in business, I took the class solely because it fulfilled a foundations requirement, not because I had any particular love of history. However, by the end of my very first one-hour session with John, I had a new plan. I literally called home and told my parents that I was going to initially declare history as my major and switch to economics "later" for the sole reason that I wanted John to be my first advisor at Middlebury. More to the point, I wanted every opportunity to learn everything I could from someone who might easily have been called the "most interesting man in the world" long before Dos Equis trademarked the term.

I spent as much time as possible in John's top-floor Munroe Hall office, anxious to hear a scandalous tale from the past or catch an insightful pearl of wisdom. He certainly had a veritable trunk full of good ones. But more importantly, I took one of John's African history courses which, as many know, featured two oral presentations rather than one term paper. John's fascination with, and incorporation of, public speaking into his curriculum certainly scared the heck out of many of us, but for me, and I'm sure for many others, it opened up a whole new world of possibilities for my future self.

After graduating with my predetermined major in economics (and another in history as well, thanks to John), I kept up with him directly for a few years, but later mostly through John's former colleagues at reunion time. However, whenever I find myself speaking in front of a large audience, feeling fully prepared, completely at ease, making solid eye contact for 2–3 seconds, then moving and resetting, and watching out for my "ahs" and "ums," I often think of John and profoundly thank him for instilling in me that very same passion for public speaking that he had, not to mention giving a very headstrong 18-year-old back in 1981 a little needed perspective on life.

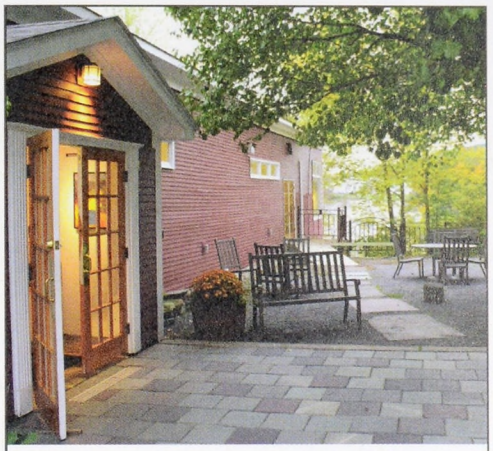
—Dale Sailer '85, *Glenview, Illinois*

RAISING THE BAR

I am currently a political science professor at Skidmore College, and I always talk about Professor Spencer on my first day of class. I tell my students that I took African and Middle East history classes with Professor Spencer—and that while I received the two lowest grades of my college career in his courses, I learned more in his classes than just about any other.

The combination of his passion for the subject and rigorous standards is the bar I set for myself.

—Bob Turner '89, *Saratoga Springs, New York*



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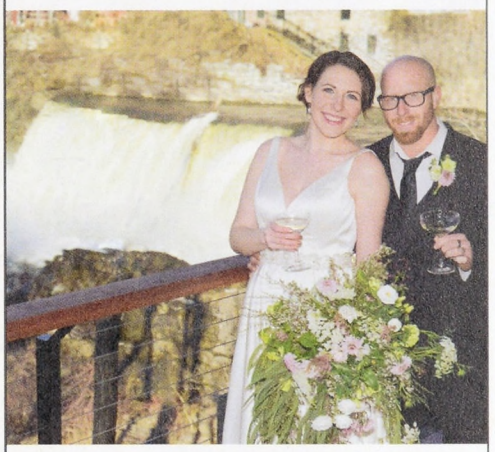

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MYSTICAL PERSPECTIVE

All I can think of as I read "The Survivor" (winter 2017) is that Theo's responses are very much like those of the great mystics and civil leaders in history—in his acceptance, his highly spiritual perception of captivity and freedom, and his earnest desire to understand the needs, motivations, feelings, hardships, and perspectives of his captors, which over time turned into empathy for them in spite of his own dire circumstances.

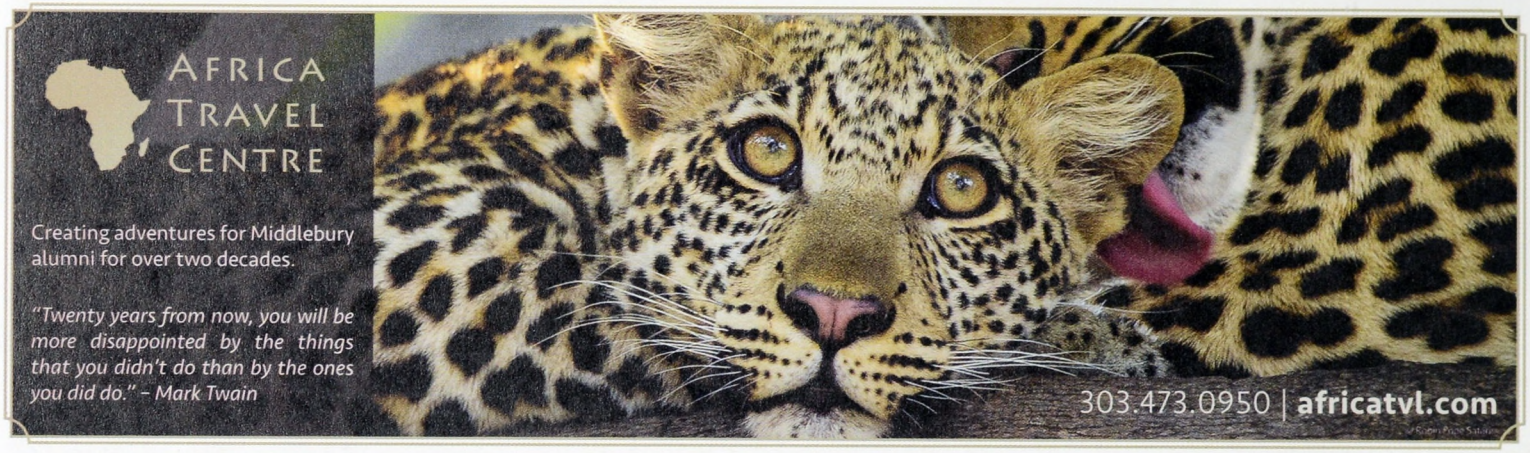
Thank you, Theo, for being a *shining* example of the highest level of peacemaking and compassion possible. I am in awe. I hope your experience will be used in a good way to help us all find more understanding of one another. —Asha Lightbearer, *Commenting on middmag.com*

TO FALL

Reading Matt Jennings's editor's note "Taking the Ice" (winter 2017) gave me a chuckle—and brought back fond memories.I hope that by the time Mr. Jennings receives this letter he will have put on a helmet and skates, and learned "how to safely fall, how to get up, and how to stroke, how to stop." And I hope that he had some fun in the process.

I can remember my father teaching me how to skate—whether it was roller skating or ice skating, I can't recall, as I learned both before I was seven years old—and one of the first things he did was teach me how to fall. We did this in the safety of our home on the living room rug before I even laced up my first pair of skates. Once outside, fall I did, but my father's instruction had made me a fearless risk taker. I always got up, and, by miracle or luck, I have not broken one bone in my 75 years!

Learning how to fall applies to numerous activities, of course. I recently learned that people who have fallen by accident and be-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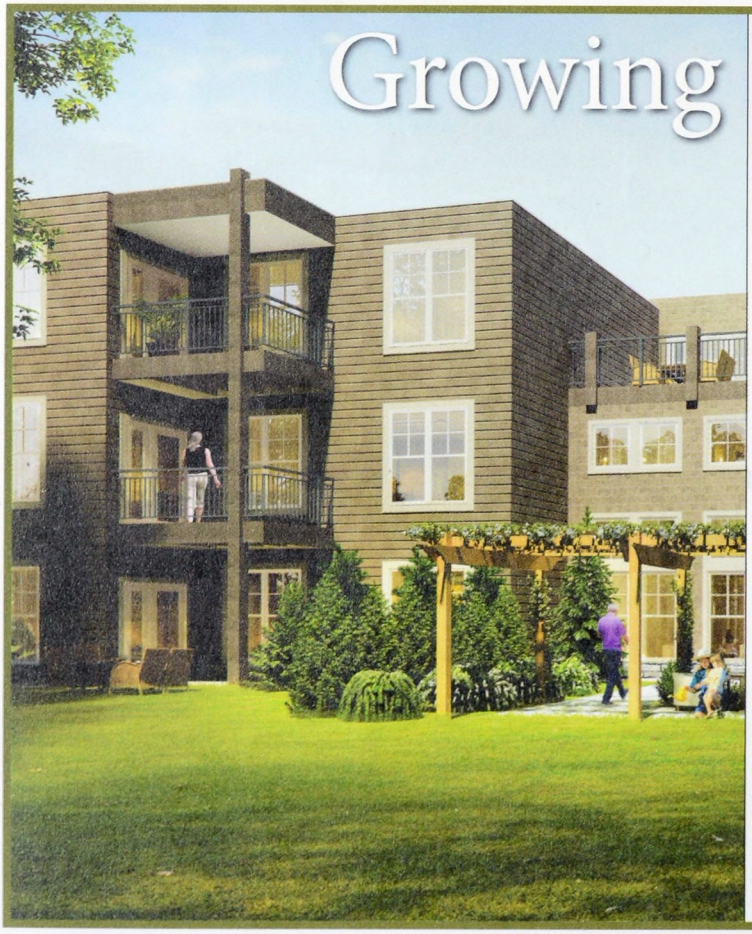

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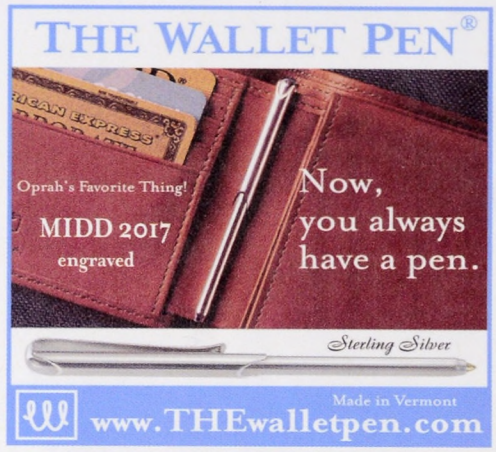

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come injured subsequently learn how to fall in their rehabilitation and that this muscle memory may help protect and save them in the future. How wonderful!

I can only believe that Mr. Jennings's young son and the "Wall Crew" and the student instructors have a head start in this education and that these preventative measures will serve them well for many years to come.

—Anne Berlin, MA English '01, *Germantown, Ohio*

MORE PROMINENT FONT, PLEASE!

Only after my unsuccessful search did my husband spot the *pale, tiny letters* stating "Winter 2017" on the cover of the magazine. Why is the quarterly issue not indicated clearly on one corner of the cover?

—Jessie Woodwell Bush '45, *Sun City Center, Florida*

CONTINUING EDUCATION

Matt Jennings's article "Why Do Americans Distrust Science?" (fall 2016) was most interesting. However, either because my college education failed to make me think or, more likely, in my old age (Class of 1946) I have forgotten how, I was in full comprehension until the interviews with the four distinguished faculty members. Then the curtain of ignorance fell! But I'm determined to understand at least most of what those interviewees had to say and will reread their words until I do. Now, to look up "epistemic"!

—Joan Campbell Shaw '46, *Commenting on middmag.com*

CRITIQUING A CRITIQUE

I hesitate to respond to Henri Fischer's letter to the editor ("A Critique of Scientism," winter 2017) because my comments here may be construed as hostile to religion, which they are not. Mr. Fischer's letter is mostly a statement of religious beliefs, to which he is certainly entitled. But he merits criticism when he ventures into the realm of science and asserts, relative to the evolution of vertebrates, "there's no fossil evidence of any viable, transitional creatures." Creationists have long made the false claim that there are no transitional fossils. In fact, since the publication in 1859 of *On the Origin of Species*, the fossil record has been filling in nicely, often with "transitional" fossils, though clearly the record will never be complete. Is the transition from invertebrate to vertebrate one of those areas where transitional fossils are missing? No, it's not. As a starting point, I would refer Mr. Fischer to paleontologist Donald Prothero's *New Scientist* article "What Missing Link?," which offers a succinct description of the stages reflected in the fossil record of the evolution from invertebrate to vertebrate.

—Jim Stedman '72, *Silver Spring, Maryland*

THE MEANING OF TRUTH

Increasingly over my lifetime it seems that questions of "What truth does evidence support?" are overwhelmed by "How does the conclusion of what is true impact my well-being?" Al Gore captured this trend/tendency succinctly in the title to his documentary (and surely some folks will quibble with that characterization of his film) *An Inconvenient Truth*. I strongly suspect (and therefore it is my truth) that supporters of the film may be biased by a fear of what the world could be like for their grandchildren, and that those objecting to the film may be biased by a fear of what their economic legacy might be for their descendants. Truth becomes what is convenient, as a necessary foundation to subdue fears of either a future of an only marginally inhabitable world or of a world with less wealth for those that matter most.

As long as truth is steered by self-interest, it will be reduced to the kinds of shouting matches that we see nightly on reflecting the "dialogues" in Washington, D.C.

As a financial advisor, I am constantly pressed for "truths" about finance and economics. Rising interest rates are bad for bonds and stocks, right? A weak dollar will benefit our economy, correct? And so on. The answer is almost always that it depends, and that if you are looking for inviolable first principles, you may want to stick to physics, which has a darn good track record for creating equations that will tell you what will happen when two masses come into proximity with each other. (Of course, as I like to kid my PhD physics–level nephew, physicists still do not know exactly what gravity is, only how it behaves.)

The point is that what happens in capital markets and most other arenas (politics, education, athletics, medicine) has a strong element of human behavior, which is strongly influenced by what individuals and groups hold to be the truth, which itself is strongly influenced by self-preservation and self-interest.

I like to think of myself as being politically independent, though sometimes I surely compromise this "truth." From this vantage point, it appears to me that roots of discord and stagnation in Washington, D.C., stem from the self-interest of getting elected and staying in power. How to become a Republican senator? Demand that policy and legislation require ac-

countability from everyone. How to become a Democratic congressman? Demand that policy and legislation provide for the needs of those most vulnerable.

I have a dream that members of both parties could someday agree that accountability is foundational to individual and societal success, as is also the need to take care of the *truly* needy among us. The answer lies not so much in policy preferences and emphases, but in executing what accountability looks like and discernment in providing for the truly needy. Not at all an easy task, but possibly preferable to gridlock and animosity?

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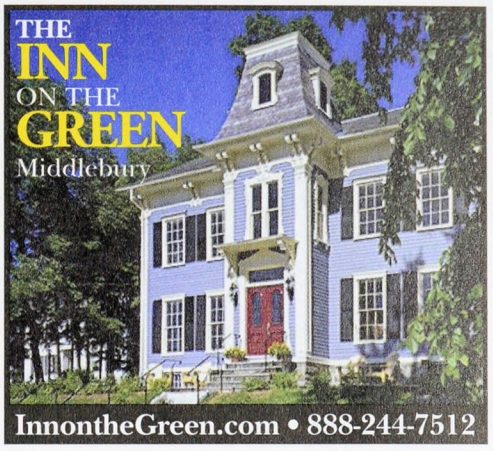

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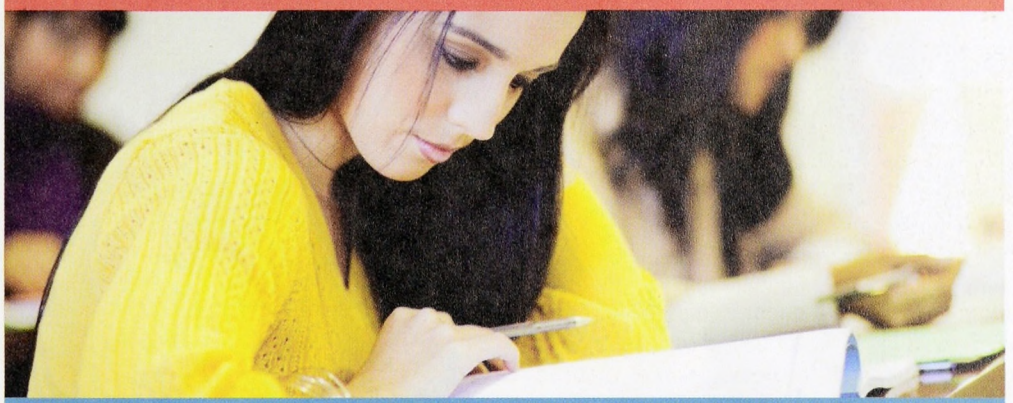

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I really appreciate Matt Jennings's piece on distrust of science and the need for epistemology. Hopefully some of my thoughts will be additive to a notion that how we know what we know has strong elements of human tendencies and behaviors, and the need to recognize that the attractiveness of any truths, in science and elsewhere, fundamentally requires a recognition that truth, like beauty, is in the minds of the beholders—most of whom are not ourselves.

—David Minot '74, *Commenting on middmag.com*

EDITOR'S NOTE

Charles Murray's visit to campus and the ensuing protest that disrupted the social scientist's prepared lecture made national news and sparked great debate—about freedom of speech and expression, civil discourse, and what it means to be a marketplace of ideas (See p. 25).

Since the event in early March, we have received a number of letters that have both criticized and supported those who protested Mr. Murray's appearance at Middlebury.

We are choosing to hold these letters until our coverage of the event and unfolding discourse—on campus and beyond—could appear in this issue. Many of these letters were reactions to what was either witnessed or seen/read about in the immediate days that followed the protest (which will have occurred roughly two months before this issue is in the hands of our readers). While we remain committed to publishing these views, if the writers so desire, in the summer issue, we also wanted to allow the writers the opportunity to amend their letters in response to our coverage or to reflect on relevant issues relating to the protest as the situation has continued to play out at Middlebury and across the country.

And, of course, if you haven't written before and are moved to do so now, we look forward to hearing from you.

LETTERS POLICY

Letters addressing topics discussed in the magazine are given priority, though they may be edited for brevity or clarity. On any given subject we will print letters that address that subject, and then in the next issue, letters that respond to the first. After that, we will move on to new subjects. Send letters to: *Middlebury Magazine*, 152 College Street, Middlebury, VT 05753 or middmag@middlebury.edu.

Up Front

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A vintage 1950s photo booth—the precursor to smartphone selfies—added an interactive element to a Museum of Art exhibit on the American portrait. Photograph by Brett Simison

An Unsettled Campus

As this issue went to press, it has been seven weeks since student protests disrupted the scheduled talk of a controversial speaker on campus, triggering a cascade of public and media scrutiny, stormy conversations among faculty, disquiet among alumni, concern among students over repercussions, and second guessing everywhere over how things might have played out differently.

The most lasting effect may be the debate the events have triggered over the core values—and the primacy of any one over the others—that define a liberal arts education.

The spark that ignited the conflagration came on the second day of March, when social scientist Charles Murray, a fellow at the American Enterprise Institute, came to Middlebury by invitation of the student American Enterprise Institute Club (a visit cosponsored by the Political Science Department).

Murray was scheduled to give a lecture that focused on socioeconomic issues he wrote about in his 2012 book *Coming Apart: The State of White America, 1960–2010,* followed by a question-and-answer session moderated by political science professor Allison Stanger.

But it was a book that Murray cowrote in 1994, before today's students were born, that captured the attention of the campus before his visit. In that work, *The Bell Curve*, Murray and his coauthor, Richard Herrnstein, created a public furor by suggesting that average differences in IQ test scores measured broadly across racial groups are attributable to both inherited and environmental factors. In other words, the authors said, race played a role in intelligence. Publication of *The Bell Curve* prompted an outpouring of scholarly work largely but not exclusively critical of Murray's and Herrnstein's scholarship. (Herrnstein died just as the book was published.)

Murray had spoken at Middlebury in 2007 without incident, but the political climate is different today. And as much of the world knows by now, the March appearance did not unfold as the planners had intended.

Murray spoke not a word, at least in person, to the more than 400 in attendance in Wilson Hall, as student protesters—at least 100, maybe more—made it impossible for him to speak. Some turned their backs and read a prepared statement or remained silent. When the reading ended, many began to chant slogans ("Hey hey, ho ho, Charles Murray has got to go"), banged on chairs, and stomped their feet. After almost 20 minutes—and a final request by an administrator to let the talk continue—Murray left the stage, repairing to another room in the building, where a makeshift broadcast studio had been set up. Then, over the course of 60 minutes or so, Stanger conducted the Q&A session, which was livestreamed through Middlebury's website.

The evening took a darker turn as Murray, Stanger, and Middlebury's vice president for communications, Bill Burger, left the building and made their way to Burger's car, accompanied by two Public Safety officers.

What has been described as a small group of as many as 10 people, most of them clad in black clothing and ski masks, rushed at the trio and their security detail, surrounding them as they walked toward the car, and then trying to prevent the vehicle from leaving the parking lot.

In the melée, Stanger's head was wrenched violently; subsequent trips to the emergency room led to diagnoses of a concussion and whiplash for the Middlebury professor.

The following day, President Laurie Patton sent a letter to the community, in which she wrote that Middlebury had failed to live up to its core values.

"Today our community begins the process of addressing the deep and troubling divisions that were on display last night. I am grateful to those who share this goal and have offered to help. We must find a path to establishing a climate of open discourse as a core Middlebury value, while also recognizing critical matters of race, inclusion, class, sexual and gender identity, and the other factors that too often divide us." (In a subsequent email, Patton announced that the College had initiated an investigation that would "determine a course of action for each individual understood to be involved in some way in the events of last Thursday." She added that the Middlebury Police Department would be investigating the physical confrontation that occurred outside the student center. These investigations were ongoing when this magazine went to press.)

In the following days, what became evident was that the protest of Murray had illuminated fault lines that were already present on the campus—and across much of the country. Since March 2, more than 1,500 stories about Murray's Middlebury visit and the issues it has raised have appeared in just about every media outlet imaginable—the *Wall Street Journal*, the *New York Times*, the *Chronicle of Higher Education*, the *Washington Post*, the *New Yorker*, and *New York* magazine, to name a handful. (Stanger herself has written a pair of op-eds for the *Times*.) Close to 50 opinion pieces have been published in Middlebury's student newspaper, the *Campus*, with more than 20 published in the issue that immediately followed the protests.

The breadth of these stories—and the debate that has ensued on campus—has widened as the days have increased, with the focus no longer on one man, but rather on the very values and standards a college should adhere to.

A few days after the protest, Jay Parini, the D. E. Axinn Professor of English and Creative Writing, and Keegan Callahan, an assistant professor of political science, drafted a statement of principles "that seem to us unassailable in the context of higher education within a free society." The statement first appeared in the *Wall Street Journal* and is hosted on a blog titled *Free Inquiry* (freeinquiryblog.wordpress.com).

To date, 114 faculty members have signed on to principles that state, in part, that "genuine higher learning is possible only where free, reasoned, and civil speech and discussion are respected; only through the contest of clashing viewpoints do we have any hope of replacing mere opinion with knowledge; the impossibility of attaining a perfectly egalitarian sphere of free discourse can never justify efforts to silence speech and debate; exposure to controversial points of view does not constitute violence; the primary purpose of higher education is the cultivation of the mind, thus allowing for intelligence to do the hard work of assimilating and sorting information and drawing rational conclusions."

A collection of students drafted a response to the principles. This document, "Broken Inquiry on Campus" (brokeninquiryblog.wordpress.com), has been signed by more than

160 students, with challenges to each principle proffered by the faculty. The students decried the use of all physical violence, yet disagreed that controversial points of views couldn't constitute violence, quoting Toni Morrison on this matter; and they took on the very nature of a "controversial point of view," stating that when such views "elevate bigotry . . . we risk elevating biased opinions with no solid, factual foundation into the realm of 'knowledge' and affirming the unconscious biases many hold."

And while the students agreed that the cultivation of the mind was the primary purpose of higher education, they disagreed on how this should be done, writing, "We reject the implications present in this document that the cultivation of the mind is a purely intellectual task. To help its students become informed, compelling, and driven members of society, the school must also be committed to their physical, emotional, and spiritual health."

Yet while the set of faculty principles and the student counters may suggest that the divide on campus is largely one with faculty on one side and students on the other, reality shows otherwise. What has emerged is a complex ecosystem devoid of monolithic thought, yet one that is highly charged. One of the more striking pieces of coverage of the debate on campus came in the early days of coverage, courtesy of the *New York Times*. This piece ("Discord at Middlebury: Students on the Anti-Murray Protests," March 7) featured student opinions of the protest. Some students stood 100 percent behind the (nonviolent) methods of the protesters; others decried the shouting down of a speaker; and then there were those who wanted to be allies for those who were upset, yet who were uncomfortable with how the protest was unfolding.

We're seeing this on campus today. Some feel that the notion of free inquiry in higher education is unassailable; others call for qualifiers. And then there are those who see value in both opinions. In her first letter to the community, Patton said that this effort would take time, but that she remained hopeful that people would "reach across differences in a rigorous but respectful way. . . . I firmly believe these are the Middlebury values that we have lived so long and that we must strive to embody in the future."

As many have said and written publicly, there is sadness at Middlebury right now. And anger. And mistrust. And concern.

And, dare we say it, hope.

—Matt Jennings

PHOTOGRAPH BY TODD BALFOUR

What We're (Also) Talking About

Husband-and-wife geology duo Pat and Tom Manley have received funding for research that could help us better understand how potential contaminants find their way into Lake Champlain. As part of a larger project directed by scientists at the University of Vermont, the Manleys will be studying the circulation and sediment delivery outflow of the Winooski River into the region's largest lake.

At its winter meeting held in Monterey, California, the **Board of Trustees approved tenure recommendations** for four Middlebury faculty members: Maggie Clinton (history), Jeff Howarth (geography), Shawna Shapiro (writing and linguistics), and Louisa Stein (film and media culture).

A March blizzard prompted the cancellation of classes for only the second time in recent memory. The storm deposited more than two feet of snow in parts of Addison County, an accumulation that was deemed the second biggest snowfall in the state's recorded history.

Senior Evelin Toth has been awarded a **2017 Watson Fellowship** to support a project that she hopes will give her insight into how island communities around the world are adapting to climate change. The native of Budapest, Hungary, will travel to Sri Lanka, Indonesia, Taiwan, Samoa, and Ecuador's Galápagos Islands during her year of research.

Middlebury's **men's basketball team captured its second consecutive NESCAC title** and came within four points of advancing to the Division III Final Four (dropping a heartbreaker in Pepin Gymnasium to archrival Williams, 79–75). Perhaps the most dynamic offensive team in school history, the Panthers demolished program records for points in a season (2,704) and assists in a season (619); individually, senior Matt St. Amour set a team record for points in a season (676), while senior Jake Brown and junior Jack Daly both surpassed the previous single-season mark for assists (179) with 182 and 183, respectively. The Panthers finished the season with a 27–4 record.

Over on the ice, the **women's hockey team captured its ninth NESCAC championship** and second consecutive title with a 4–1 victory over Amherst. Unfortunately, the Panthers' national title hopes ended in 5–4 overtime loss to instate rival Norwich a week later. Junior Jessica Young and senior Carly Watson earned All-American honors in a season in which they led the Panthers to a 19–7–2 record.

A new Middlebury podcast exploring life's unexpected twists and turns is available for earbuds worldwide. Produced and hosted by radio vet and documentarian Erin Davis, the program—titled *It's Not What You Think*—features Middlebury students, faculty, staff, and alumni as they relate how they have handled radical change and unexpected circumstances during the course of their lives.

Former NSA contractor **Edward Snowden** spoke to Middlebury students via a Skype hookup in mid-March. The American fugitive—Snowden has been charged with espionage and has lived in exile in Russia since 2013—was interviewed by political scientist Allison Stanger, his now-famous visage filling a large projection screen in Wilson Hall. Snowden and Stanger conversed for roughly two hours, with the former intelligence analyst speaking expansively about the dangers of mass surveillance and the vital need for greater government transparency in the United States.

The Rohatyn Center for Global Affairs hosted its fifth annual interdisciplinary conference in March, focusing on the inseparability of language and identity. The conference, "From Scroll to Scrolling," examined everything from the physical aspects of the production of text (think carvings and screens) to the intricacies of text itself (Chinese ideographs, modern typefaces).

Admissions numbers are in: this spring, the **College has offered admission to 1,350 students** in its regular admissions round. When including early-decision admission offers, 1,753 prospective students were selected from 8,910 applicants—representing an acceptance rate of 19.7 percent. Middlebury expects to enroll 605 students in September and another 100 next February. The College will award about $12.5 million in need-based financial aid to the class, with more than 40 percent of the students receiving support.

Middlebury has joined 30 other colleges and universities in signing an ***amicus curiae* brief** filed with the federal appeals court for the Fourth Circuit against President Donald Trump's revised travel ban executive order. Issued on March 6, the EO suspends travel to the United States by citizens from parts of the Middle East and Africa. In the "friend-of-the-court" brief, which was filed March 31, the colleges and universities describe international students, faculty, and scholars as vital to their campuses.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LORIS LORA

Q & A

A Case of Disruption

Ata Anzali, an assistant professor of religion, was on sabbatical, intending to spend the academic year with his family in his native Iran, when the Trump administration announced a travel ban for immigrants from seven Muslim-majority nations, including Iran. During the immediate days that followed, Anzali was unsure if his permanent residency would allow him to return, and, if so, how long would he have this opportunity? This interview took place in late March—in Anzali's Munroe Hall office. It has been edited and condensed.

So, you're not supposed to be sitting here right now.
No, I'm not.

Put me in the moment you and your family first learned about the travel ban executive order.
I try not to remember that.

I'm sorry.
No, that's okay. I was preparing breakfast for the kids and getting them ready for school when I received an email from an advocacy group that I support. The order hadn't been released yet, but they had a draft, and they said, "This looks really bad, and it could include permanent residents." About 10 minutes later, my older daughter woke up and saw that I was upset. She asked what was happening, and I couldn't tell her. I just said, "It's okay. I have a headache." But that was the moment we learned, and from there it got worse.

Amid the confusion on that first day, you didn't know if you'd be detained or deported if you attempted to return, even though three of you are permanent residents and your youngest child is a U.S. citizen?
That's right. We heard that green-card holders from the seven designated countries were being detained at first, and then within 48 hours, we learned we could return, but we didn't know how long that window would be open.

Was it hard to just pack up and leave?
For my wife and me, the decision was simple. If it had been just the two of us, we were going to stay. We thought it was beneath our dignity to be subjected to this treatment; we have done everything right, by the book. But our kids have grown up in the U.S.; being American is part of their identity. We couldn't forgive ourselves if we missed our one opportunity to come back.

The federal courts have now blocked both the original executive order and a revised version. Do you feel relief? Vindication?
Let's just say that I was reassured that a system of checks and balances still exists in this country. I don't see that in my home country, in Iran. Let's say the supreme leader decides on something; there's nobody who would stop him. Just the fact that the courts were able to stop this kind of illegally drafted executive order, that gave me hope. This is why I committed to this country, at least partly.

You wrote an essay for the local newspaper that compared and contrasted your native and adopted countries. A federalist form of government (as opposed to a theocracy) formed a large part of the comparison, but you also wrote about the recent campus protest of Charles Murray . . .
I wrote it that very night.

What bothered you?
I have lived in two different cultures and two different political systems. I understand the anger here; much of it is understandable. But I urge people in America to never take for granted the rights that we have. Progress is made by challenging the status quo, but such progress should also build upon a foundation of what we've already achieved. I think it's a luxury to even debate the notion of free speech. The extraordinary amount of freedom and power that people have in this country in terms of exerting their rights, and the limits that any authoritative body, whether it is the government or the college administration, have in restricting such freedoms—that is something people easily take for granted..

Your scholarship has focused on cultural and religious literacy, both in the U.S. and Iran . . .
I've tried to keep my identity as someone who can cross borders, who can live in two cultures and identify with two cultures at the same time. I want Americans to better understand Islamic and Iranian traditions, and I want Iranians to better understand American traditions of spirituality and religiosity. Unfortunately, it's becoming much more difficult now to do that. Now I feel like I am forced to choose.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRETT SIMISON

DOWNLOAD

Why I Love Tom Stoppard

By Stephen Abbott, Professor of Mathematics

Twenty years ago I received a copy of *Arcadia* from a colleague in our theater department along with a note asking if I would be willing to help her cast make sense of the mathematics in Tom Stoppard's new play. Curious, I started reading. Two pages in, Stoppard arranged to have one of his characters offer a medically precise definition of "carnal embrace" followed in the next sentence by a proper statement of Fermat's Last Theorem. OK, I thought, this could be fun. When the course was over, I wrote about my experience and included the carnal embrace quote in the opening paragraph. The editor sent it back, saying he couldn't print it. Slightly thrilled to have written something warranting censorship, I realized in the ensuing back-and-forth with the editor that the lascivious line in question was much more than a clever hook—this incongruous juxtaposition of math and sex was an opening salvo in a play that went on to explore the creative tension between thinking and feeling in everything from mathematics to art to ourselves.

The revelations continue. Stoppard's plays have been a major catalyst for an ongoing interdisciplinary investigation that has connected me to new ideas, new students, and a new line of research that will hopefully culminate soon in a book exploring the tangled history of mathematics and theater. My thesis is similar to the one in *Arcadia*—that the head and the heart are not just compatible but codependent; that even the most rational approach to the pursuit of truth inevitably requires the capacity for self-reflection and all of the poetry that comes with it.

NEWS

Dan, In Real Life

Dan O'Brien '96 is in the passenger seat of a car driven by his uncle—well, his step-uncle, actually, the stepbrother of Dan's mother. The two have not seen each other in years, decades perhaps, and Dan is searching for answers, primarily this one: why is his family so screwed up?

Except Dan is "Dan" and Skip is "Skip," who, at this moment is being played by Alex Draper '88, a Midd theatre professor. Alex and Dan (no quotes) are perched on a pair of stools, metal lecterns positioned in front of each, and they are reading from Dan's most recent play, *The House in Scarsdale: A Memoir for the Stage*. The reading is taking place in the Axinn Center's Abernethy Room; it's Dan's first visit to his alma mater in almost 15 years.

For 90 minutes, Dan reads the part of "Dan" while Alex masterfully plays the roles of a rotating cast of bizarre characters: there's "Regina," the step-grandmother; "Skip," the step-uncle; the brother who has twice attempted suicide; a private detective; a pair of psychics; "Dan's" wife, "Jessica"; and, finally, "Dan's" paternal uncle, "Brian," also known as "Mickey," who may—or may not—be "Dan's" biological father.

Now, you should know that "Dan's" parents have never had a good relationship with his maternal grandparents, probably because "Dan's" mother, who comes from the highest of Scarsdale's society, married "Dan's" father, a plumber who didn't want to be a plumber and instead launched a failed career as a computer consultant; or maybe it's because "Dan's" parents sued his mother's stepmother and her step-siblings after the death of "Dan's" maternal grandfather—inheritance was the issue. Then there's this: according to "Dan's" brother, at least the one who still talks to him, their father always felt that "Dan" . . . "didn't belong and Dad hated you more than the most." Maybe it was because "Brian"—his father's brother, known as "Mickey" to most—was "Dan's" *real* father.

That could cause some hatred.

So, you can understand why a rapt audience laughed and gasped and gawked and even cried during the reading, right? OK, well now let all of those quotation marks that have delicately adorned the character names fall away; *The House in Scarsdale* is called a "memoir for the stage" for a reason. For the past six years, O'Brien has interviewed family members—at least those who will talk to him—in an effort to understand why his family is "so messed up." This play is drawn from these conversations.

"I don't have a family," "Dan" (Dan), tells the private investigator during one scene of *Scarsdale*.

"Dead?"

"To me they are . . . or I am to them."

"Dan" (Dan) pauses. "It's a long story."

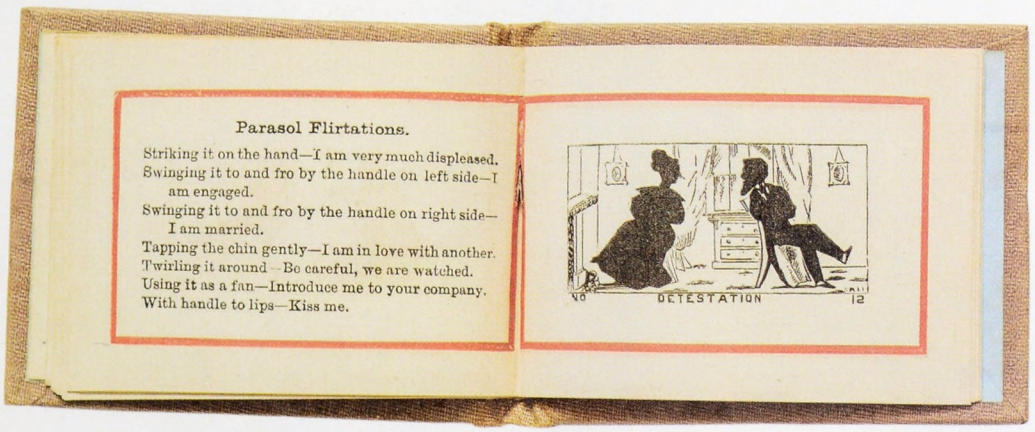
ILLUSTRATION COURTESY OF © MATTHEW AND EVE LEVINE, PHOTOGRAPH BY TODD BALFOUR

QUOTATION

"In the days after the violence, some have spun this story as one about what's wrong with elite colleges and universities, our coddled youth, or intolerant liberalism. Those analyses are incomplete."

—**Allison Stanger**, Russell J. Leng '60 Professor of International Politics and Economics, writing in her *New York Times* article "Understanding the Angry Mob at Middlebury That Gave Me a Concussion."

ARCHIVE


Parasol Flirtations.
Striking it on the hand—I am very much displeased.
Swinging it to and fro by the handle on left side—I am engaged.
Swinging it to and fro by the handle on right side—I am married.
Tapping the chin gently—I am in love with another.
Twirling it around—Be careful, we are watched.
Using it as a fan—Introduce me to your company.
With handle to lips—Kiss me.
DETESTATION

LOVE BITES

Given the strict formalities of courtship in the late 19th century, young ladies and gentlemen of the day could hardly be faulted for resorting to indirect ways of sharing their amorous feelings. The coded gestures under "Parasol Flirtations," above, are just a few of those laid out in a tiny book titled *The Little Flirt: Containing Handkerchief, Glove, Fan and Parasol Flirtations*, published in New York in 1871.

At just over two inches high and three inches wide, the book would fit nicely in the palm of a young lady's hand. And at a cost of 25 cents, a young man could present it as a means for the couple to send and receive flirtatious communications without tipping off others within hearing.

The book lists the secret meanings conveyed by a number of items. If a young lady didn't have a parasol handy, she might, for example, use a handkerchief to get her message across: "Drawing across the cheek—I love you. . . . Drawing it through the hands—I hate you." (One wonders, however, how obtuse a suitor would have to be to need a handkerchief signal to pick up on those sentiments.)

Students examining the College's copy of this little book, one of fewer than 10 known to exist, wonder: Is it for real? Rebekah Irwin, director and curator of Special Collections and Archives, says, "As far as we can tell, yes."

To what degree it was a serious how-to guide for flirtation or a tongue-in-cheek response to the restrictive mores of the day is hard to determine. Dating etiquette has changed over the decades—parasols and handkerchiefs have given way to the cell phone as the handheld accessory of choice.

But that doesn't mean the back-and-forth of romance has gotten any simpler. "A hundred fifty years from now," Irwin says, "someone will likewise need to decode 'Swipe right.' In this light, putting your parasol handle to your lips doesn't seem so bizarre."

NUMBERS

Middlebury's Center for Community Engagement (CCE) seeks to "prepare students for lives of meaning and impact through service, scholarship, and citizenship." That's its mission, but what does it mean? And to what end?

1,500

STUDENTS INVOLVED IN COMMUNITY SERVICE-RELATED ACTIVITY, ANNUALLY

65,000

ANNUAL HOURS OF SERVICE PERFORMED BY THESE STUDENTS

100,000

DOLLARS AWARDED ANNUALLY BY CCE FOR STUDENT AND FACULTY COMMUNITY-SERVICE INITIATIVES

9

MIDDLEBURY ALTERNATIVE BREAK TRIPS ORGANIZED ANNUALLY TO SITES AROUND THE WORLD

9

SERVICE-LEARNING TRIPS ORGANIZED FOR FIRST-YEAR STUDENTS DURING ORIENTATION

PHOTOGRAPH BY TODD BALFOUR

Hello, Birdies

Spring's arrival in Vermont is often heralded by the sights and sounds of our avian friends. Some have been here all winter; others are returning from trips south. We asked Stephen Trombulak, a conservation biologist and landscape ecologist, to identify 10 birds common to our campus at this time of year.

ILLUSTRATION BY OLGA BAUMERT

1 CHICK-A-DEE-DEE
One of our year-round avian residents, the black-capped chickadee, appears to relish the arrival of spring as much as humans do. The chickadee begins building its spring nest in earnest as soon as winter's chill begins to recede.

2 THE ONE WHO KNOCKS
North America's largest woodpecker, the pileated woodpecker, is heard more often than seen, its distinctive hammering a common sound along the campus's Red Kelly Trail, echoing among the trees.

3 THE AGGRESSOR
The blue jay is one of the most recognized birds in the region, and its assertive voice can be heard across the campus during the spring months. If you do hear a blue jay, it's likely that some other creature is the target of its wrath.

4 A-LISTERS
The cedar waxwings are highly social birds. They travel and gather in flocks and can often be found in fruiting trees. The stand of trees adjacent to Meeker House on the southeast side of campus is a waxwing hot spot.

5 SPLASH OF RED
Robins tend to return to Middlebury from their winter southern sojourn by mid-March, their distinctive red breast a colorful reminder to all that the arrival of spring weather is not that far away.

6 THE PEST
First seen in Vermont in the early 20th century, the European starling has been annoying—as well as displacing—native bird species ever since. It is also an expert mimic, capable of imitating the calls of other birds.

FAMILY TIES

Deep connections to the town and the College led Kate Perine Livesay '03 to choose Middlebury—not once, but twice.

By Tim Etchells '74

Photograph by Paul Dahm

On a spring evening in 1999, Kate Perine and a friend were poring over their honors economics homework in Rosenwald-Shumway, a girls' dorm at Deerfield Academy. Kate was wrapping up a postgraduate year at the independent school in western Massachusetts after finishing up her career at Middlebury (Vt.) Union High School the previous year.

But Kate had more than just homework on her mind. Another consequential deadline loomed: she had to decide where to go to college. She'd been accepted at both Amherst and Middlebury; coaches at both schools were hoping to have her on their field hockey and lacrosse teams. She had visited both campuses but couldn't seem to make up her mind. As the month between her acceptance letters and decision day wound down, her parents, and two admissions offices, grew increasingly restive. "They were both great choices," she says now. "In retrospect, there was no bad outcome—though I guess that's up for debate, because who really wants to wear purple?"

After listening to perhaps more than she wanted to hear about Kate's dilemma, her friend suggested a solution: flip a coin. At first, Kate thought it was ridiculous to leave that kind of decision to chance. But her friend argued it would be a way to get at Kate's true feelings. Say it's heads for Amherst, and tails for Middlebury, and you flip the coin, and it comes up heads. If you're excited, then you know Amherst was right for you. But if you feel inclined to flip again, then you know Middlebury was the school you really wanted. So they flipped the coin, and Kate now says she doesn't remember whether it came up heads or tails. But she does recall the hollow feeling in the pit of her stomach as she contemplated the coin flip going Amherst's way. In that moment, she was sure where she wanted to go.

Fast-forward to today, and you can look back on an 18-year series of events set in motion by that coin flip. It includes two NCAA championships in lacrosse at Middlebury as a player; 10 years at Trinity College, eight as head coach, with a national title in lacrosse for the Bantams, their first; and an eventual return to her alma mater, in fall 2014, as assistant to Middlebury's legendary lacrosse coach, Missy Foote. Kate spent a year as Missy's assistant, helping her and the team reach the NCAA Final Four in 2015, the final season in Missy's 38-year, hall-of-fame career. Then Kate, now Kate Perine Livesay, took over the program for the 2016 season, which ended with another NCAA championship for the Panthers, and coach-of-the-year awards for both Kate and her assistant, Alice Lee.

Back in 1999, in Middlebury, Kate's parents couldn't foresee any of

this. They were just happy Kate had made a decision, finally, and they knew where to send a deposit. And while they hadn't pushed her in one direction or another, they were beyond thrilled to hear that Middlebury College was the choice.

Ken Perine and Carolyn Leggett Perine '73 had long family connections with the College and the town. Both grew up in Middlebury and were classmates at Middlebury Union High School. Carolyn Leggett, president of her senior class, was a four-sport athlete at MUHS, playing field hockey, basketball, and softball, as well as a little lacrosse on a club team. She would go on to Middlebury College, graduating in 1973. Ken Perine was a cross-country runner, a ski racer, and a golfer. He was senior class vice president. He earned a degree from Dartmouth but spent his last year of college at Middlebury.

Carolyn's mother, Janet Leggett, worked for decades in the dean of students office at the College. Carolyn's sister Jane also worked at the school, as did numerous cousins and in-laws. Ken's father, Gordie Perine '49, worked in admissions and then in alumni affairs and fundraising at Middlebury. (He became known over his many years at the College as "Mr. Middlebury.") Gordie, who came to Middlebury after serving in World War II, and his wife, Alice Neef '47, met as students at the College. Alice, who also received a master's from the Bread Loaf School of English, was a teacher for many years at Middlebury Union High School.

After graduating from Middlebury, Carolyn joined the admissions office, expecting to spend a couple of years there. She retired 38 years later as associate dean. Ken retired a couple of years ago after a long run as president of the National Bank of Middlebury.

Given all those connections, it seemed surprising that of their four children—Chandler, Jennifer, and twins Kristen and Kathryn—none had chosen to attend Middlebury, until Kate's fateful coin flip. Chan went to Bowdoin College, followed a few years later by his sister Kristi. And Jenn had chosen the University of Vermont.

Carolyn and Ken say there was no pressure on Kate to pick Middlebury, and Kate agrees. But her parents do think her postgrad year at Deerfield made it easier for her to do so. Kids who grow up in a college town often feel the need to expand their horizons when it's time to choose a college. But Kate had already been away; her decision was to return home, not simply to stay put. She also got some positive reinforcement from her Deerfield classmates; many were dying to attend Middlebury. It was, ultimately, the family connections, her love for the place, and her respect for Missy Foote that tipped the scales in Middlebury's favor.

Ken says his father, Gordie, was also wondering whether there would be another generation of the Perine family at Middlebury. "My dad would never have pushed Kate in that direction," Ken said, "but he was secretly hoping." Carolyn recalls that even in his last days, Gordie made it to all of Kate's home games. "One of our best pictures is of him and Kate, after a lacrosse game, and he's on a golf cart with an oxygen tank," Carolyn said. "He was her biggest supporter." He passed away in 2002.

No doubt Gordie—"Grandpa GoGo" to the Perine kids—was a big supporter. But Kate and her siblings had no more enthusiastic fans than their parents, who introduced them to sports of all kinds at an early age. Carolyn, who had also played lacrosse in college, started up a girls' youth lacrosse league when her daughters were old enough to get involved.

It wasn't long before Carolyn and Ken became fixtures on the sidelines at high school games. They were the couple with the tripod and the video camera, taping just about every game their kids played. Carolyn started things off, just because she enjoyed doing it, and then Ken joined in as play-by-play guy. "The way I remember it," he said, "we were watching the girls play basketball, and I was very vocal. Carolyn got tired of listening to my harangues, so she handed me a microphone and said, 'Here, you can talk into this. You can't swear, you can't say bad things about people. You have to be positive.' "

During Kate's four years at Middlebury (she also played four years of field hockey and two years of basketball), the lacrosse team lost a total of three games, put up 51 straight wins in one stretch, and took home two NCAA titles, in 2001 and 2002.

Thus was born a family hobby that would produce hundreds of tapes, from both high school and college games, still filling most of a room in the Perine household. They shared tapes with the parents of athletes who'd had especially good games, and coaches asked for copies to share with opposing teams. At the end of each season, Carolyn would make highlight reels for the teams.

The filmmakers kept at it right through their children's college careers, though it was a little more complicated when they had kids on men's and women's teams at both Bowdoin and Middlebury. They recall some horrendous weather conditions, with perhaps the worst being a game, not in Maine or Vermont, but at Connecticut College, where the field was still surrounded by snow, and the wind was howling off the frigid waters of Long Island Sound.

They also saw a lot of good lacrosse. During Kate's four years at Middlebury (she also played four years of field hockey and two years of basketball), the lacrosse team lost a total of three games, put up 51 straight wins in one stretch, and took home two NCAA titles, in 2001 and 2002.

After she graduated in 2003, Kate spent part of a year working at Two Brothers Tavern in Middlebury, saving up for a five-month trip to New Zealand, Australia, and Southeast Asia with two college teammates, Dana Chapin Anselmi '02 and Meg Bonney Martinson '03. "My parents said, 'That's fine, but we want you to have a job to come back to,'" Kate recalled. She had looked into graduate assistant coaching jobs and found that another former teammate, Julia Bergofsky McPhee '02, would be winding up a two-year stint at Trinity at about the time Kate got back from her travels. She landed a job there, coaching field hockey and lacrosse and working on a master's degree in history.

As her two-year stint wound down, Kate learned Trinity head coach Kara Tierney was going to be away for a year as her husband did a one-year residency at Dartmouth-Hitchcock Medical Center in Hanover, N.H. Kate took over as interim head coach and the team did well, qualifying for the NCAA tournament. "That was really exciting," Kate said, "and it turned out that early in the season, Kara announced she wouldn't be coming back. So it was just total luck that we did really well, and they said, 'Well, we don't feel the need to do a search.' So I just sort of fell into the head coaching job. And it ended up being a great gig."

That summer, 2007, Kate married Reeves Livesay, a Bowdoin grad. She started work as the head women's lacrosse coach in the fall, and later that academic year she completed her thesis and earned her master's degree. She would go on to serve as head coach for eight years, turning Trinity into a powerhouse in the NESCAC and on the national scene. She had a record of 127 wins versus 26 losses, for an .830 winning percentage; her

teams won four NESCAC championships and, in 2012, an NCAA title.

In the Livesay years, the Bantams also became something of a nemesis for Missy Foote and the Middlebury Panthers. In Kate's last five years at Trinity, starting with the 2010 season, they defeated Middlebury eight straight times, including the regular season and NESCAC and NCAA playoff games; six were one-goal wins.

KATE'S SUCCESS WAS IN MISSY FOOTE'S MIND when she began thinking about retirement. She tells the story of being in a meeting of the Porter Hospital board of directors when the discussion turned to succession planning for the hospital's longtime CEO, Jim Daily. They talked about having someone come in and work with Daily for a year before his retirement. "And sitting right across from me, at the other end of the table, is Ken Perine," Missy said. "And so I'm looking at Ken, and I'm literally writing notes to myself saying, 'Ahh, now I know how I want to do this. I want someone to come in and learn the ropes for a year, and I know who that person should be.'"

Missy had always admired Kate's competitiveness and field sense as a player. "What makes her a great coach is what made her a great player," Missy said. "She was a low defender, and she loved to be able to see the whole field, to evaluate what was going on. She knew, three moves ahead, what she was going to do with the ball."

Missy raised the possibility with Erin Quinn '86, Middlebury's athletic director, of asking Kate to consider coming on as an assistant for a year, with the understanding that she would take over when Missy retired at the end of the 2015 season. He was supportive but also said they could do it the old-fashioned way, with Missy retiring and then starting the search for a new coach. But as he and Missy talked it over, they came up with a lot of pluses to having a carefully planned transition. If they could get Kate to agree, Erin said, instead of telling prospective students that they really didn't know who the coach would be next year, "we'd be able to say that Missy, a hall-of-famer, was going to coach one more year and then retire, and, holy cow, the new coach would be Kate Livesay, who won a national championship at Trinity."

Kate's tenure at Trinity had been great, and she wasn't looking for another job, but she and Reeves, by then the parents of two girls, Alice and Dana, were thinking a little more about the future, and where it might take them.One important reason was the diagnosis Carolyn Perine received in February 2011: she had cancer of the appendix. She had her first operation in March of that year, the start of a long series of treatments. At the time of her diagnosis, she already had four grandchildren, and all four of her children were expecting new arrivals. "Despite my losing 50 pounds from some intense chemo," Carolyn said, "Ken and I were at the births of all four girls, two in Boston, one in Hartford, and one in Middlebury." Six years later, their tribe of grandchildren has grown to an even dozen.

All of the issues in Middlebury made it hard for their grown children, part of such a close-knit family, not to be nearby. Jenn and her family lived in town, Chan and Kristi were down in Boston, and Hartford seemed a long way from home. So when the possibility of a return to Middlebury came up, Kate was ready to take it seriously.

"When I was at Trinity, I was happy to be there, and didn't allow myself to daydream about what-ifs," she said. But things changed when her mother got sick. "It's just so hard to know what's around the corner with an illness," she said, "so for us, we were willing to do whatever we could to be near my mom, with our kids. That was a huge part of the decision to come back." By the time they got to Middlebury, Kate and Reeves had a third child: Annie was born in 2014, the week before they moved north.

Missy and Kate agree that their year of coaching together could hardly have gone better. Missy was still very clearly the head coach, but Kate brought her own strengths to the job. "It was great," Missy said. "It was like having two head coaches, on and off the field." Erin Quinn points out that head field hockey coach Katharine DeLorenzo was also an assistant in lacrosse that season. "I was hoping that the women on that team appreciated what they had," he said, "with those three on the sidelines, all amazing coaches, all incredible role models."

The team had a great run through the regular season and playoffs, making it to the NCAA semifinal game. There were only two seniors on the team (though two important players)—Katie Ritter '15 and Cat Fowler '15—so Kate got to know well the team she would be taking over in 2016.

In 2015, the Panthers lost their regular-season game to Trinity, Kate's former team. And they did so again last year, Kate's first season as head coach. But in that game, Kate felt, you could see the beginning of the end of the Trinity jinx. The game was close at halftime, and the team "realized that if we played hard, we could make them uncomfortable, we could take them out of their flow," Kate said. In the second half, they lost some draws and a few calls didn't go their way, and they wound up losing, 13–9. Kate believed the players just hadn't developed enough confidence in themselves. "But we learned that we needed to be more aggressive defensively," she said, "and play as more of a unit offensively. We spent a lot of time on offensive movement from that game on."

Turns out that was the team's first and last loss of the season. Three weeks later, in the NESCAC final at Trinity, the Panthers built an 8–1 lead at halftime and held on for a 10–7 win that gave them an automatic NCAA berth. Trinity received an at-large bid, and it was not hard to envision the two teams meeting again in the national championship game.

"By the time we got to the NESCAC final," Kate said, "we talked in the locker room about how this isn't Trinity you're playing. This is the team that's in the way of you winning the NESCAC championship. And we played a really great first half, and even though Trinity came back in the second half, we did what we needed to do. And we won. If we'd played a perfect game, maybe we wouldn't have had the same focus going into the NCAAs."

The team played well and beat Gettysburg in the NCAA regional final, and then it was on to the Final Four, which included Trinity. In the semifinals, they faced Cortland State, which had been ranked first in Division III most of the season. "I wasn't sure we were better than Cortland, and I'm still not sure," Kate said, "but we certainly played better that Saturday."

Middlebury won, 16–11, advancing to the championship game—against Trinity. The Panthers built a 5–0 lead at halftime, and held off a Bantam rally to win, 9–5, and take their first NCAA title since 2004.

Ken and Carolyn Perine, longtime chroniclers of their daughter's athletic career, were celebrating, but the 2016 playoffs were different for them. They didn't travel to Philadelphia for the games but instead spent the weekend taking care of Kate and Reeves' three girls, so that Reeves, now a teacher and soccer coach at MUHS, could make the trip.

As for Kate—now with four national titles, two as a player, two as a coach—she's no longer the uncertain kid who flipped that coin at Deerfield in 1999. "It's not Kate Perine, mom's seventh grader, or Kate Perine, the MUHS sophomore, or the Middlebury College first-year," says Erin Quinn. "It's Kate Perine Livesay, professional coach. And I think it's important that she went off and found her own voice, and crafted her own messages, which are really consistent with Missy's but are authentic to who Kate is. So when she came back she was firmly standing on her own two feet."

Andrew Forsthoefel's Long Walk

The summer after graduating from Middlebury, a young man walked out of the back door of his home in Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania—and didn't stop until he reached the Pacific Ocean, 4,000 miles away.

An excerpt from *Walking to Listen*

By Andrew Forsthoefel '11 Illustrations by Stacey Rozich

"WHY DON'T YOU JUST DRIVE?"

That was one of the first things some people asked me when I told them what I was doing. The answer was simple: Sure, driving would get me there faster, but it would cut me off from everything in between the beginning and the end. And where was "there," anyway?

Something human is sacrificed traveling at high speeds, I came to believe, because humans are actually quite slow. When we walk, we are brought back to ourselves again, immersing our awareness in the body and all its sensitivities, creating space for the mind to breathe and explore and play. There's so much to feel, and there's nothing to distract you from feeling it. Walk long enough and this immensity of feeling begins to blur the boundaries between you and everything else. One elderly man called it "the white time." His name was Jerry Priddy. He walked two miles every morning, hadn't missed a single day since 1995. That was like walking across America four times.

"You amble along," he said, "and it's like being whited out in a snowstorm. You can't see anything and you're not aware of anything, and it's going on around you. It don't amount to a whole lot, but the sum total is it's a beautiful experience when you get through. It clears your head. You're there."

There was no such thing as boredom in the white time because everything was always in flux. The white time demanded my engagement. I couldn't just sit in it, as I would in a car, because I was my own vehicle. I was married to the movement. I *was* the movement. Each and every stride was an active stitch binding me to the land and to everyone I met. In this way, the road wasn't a contradiction, like it would've been at car-speed. When you drive, the car isolates and insulates you from everyone and everything you pass; it's a severing from the surrounding world. When you walk, however, the road takes you from the beginning to the end not by severance but by connection—connection to the people you meet, to the land you touch, to the sun and the wind and the rain.

Despite the growing magic of it, the walking was, at the very same time, still utterly miserable at the end of most days. I'd been walking all through the winter by now, and it hadn't gotten any easier. By dusk, I was always ragged and raw. The blisters kept coming, and I hadn't gotten used to the ass chafing yet. I gave up hope that I ever would. The worst, however, was the Deep Itch. I won't elaborate, but a piece of advice if you're heading out for a long hike: bring baby wipes.

There was, in fact, something worse than the Deep Itch: mosquitos. It was February now, warm enough for them. They could fly faster than I could walk, which was unfortunate because I was about to walk through the swamps of Mississippi and Louisiana.

I'd heard horror stories about the breeds on the Gulf Coast. "They're bigger than VW bugs." "They drink DEET like blood." "They'll carry you away." They only caught me twice. The second time, I was in southern Louisiana setting up camp in a field shielded from the highway by a grassy berm. When the steady pestering became a full-fledged attack, I took refuge in my tent. I lay naked on my back, watching the mosquitos slowly flood the space between the mesh ceiling and the rainfly outside. There were hundreds. They floated so delicately, silent little sprites poking at the mesh skin, hopeful for a drink. I watched them for nearly an hour, the ballet of bloodsuckers.

But the first time the mosquitos swarmed me, almost in Mississippi, I was on the road, exposed. I put on my rain jacket. It didn't do much. Now they all just went for my face. I started swatting at the air and slapping my face, bellowing. This was craze walking, a manic, delusional unraveling. If I found myself babbling in an argument with the headwinds, begging aloud to the rain for mercy, or nursing personal grudges against each and every mosquito, I was craze-walking.

The mosquitos abruptly disappeared at around 5 p.m. I peeked out from my rain jacket. An egret was standing in the marsh, its ivory white shocking against the tall brown grass, and two blue herons burst out of the forest. Pelicans cruised above, joined for an improbable moment by a bald eagle. I started shouting, "Yes!" Over and over again. Perhaps a side effect of the craze-walking.

This was the real-life swamp, the bayou. The mosquitos were benign compared to the bigger beasts lurking deeper inside. There was legitimate cause for concern with the alligators. Wild boars ran free, and bobcats, too, and packs of stray dogs. Somewhere in the murky waters swam saw-toothed monstrosities called alligator garfish. There was even rumor of a panther, I would soon be told. And everything was soggy, which meant there were precious few camping spots. Not that it mattered. I wasn't going to sleep on the ground in that hungry place. The tree canopy seemed much safer. Then again, there was the panther.

When I first crossed into Mississippi, I was spared a night in the swamp by a benevolent alligator rancher named Allen and his girlfriend, Addie. Allen ended up letting me stay in the guest room of his apartment above the ranch's showroom. He had a few alligators in captivity, including a 13-footer called Big Bull, but those weren't the ones to worry about. There were others outside the fences. Hurricane Katrina had flooded Allen's compound when it blew through, raising the swamp right over

This was the real-life swamp, the bayou. The mosquitos were benign compared to the bigger beasts lurking deeper inside. There was legitimate cause for concern with the alligators. Wild boars ran free, and bobcats, too, and packs of stray dogs.

the pens. When the waters subsided, the alligators were gone, all 150 of them. Allen had recaptured 40 in the seven years since the hurricane. The math didn't favor camping.

The ranch was right on the edge of the swamp next to Highway 90 outside Pascagoula. Out back, a small fleet of airboats propelled by gigantic fans bobbed by a dock, and a swath of mucky marshland was fenced off for the alligators. Shining a flashlight that night from Allen's porch, I could see their eyes gleaming.

The TV played in the living room, a show about passion killings. It was part of a series called *Deadly Women Tuesday Marathon*. Sitting between Allen and Addie, watching the grisly reenactments, I wanted to crack a joke—"I promise I'm not taking notes"—but I thought better of it. We were all sleeping under the same roof that night, and I didn't want to put anyone on edge.

"Allen watches this to make sure none of the women he's fooling with are on there," Addie said. She had a riotous laugh. She called me "kiddo" and "dear," and earlier, before Allen invited me inside, she had come out to my tent and brought me a plate loaded with lasagna. And then another one. After the second plate, I started calling her my Mississippi mother. She said that if her son were walking across America she'd inch along behind him in her car the whole way, shouting advice and honking at strangers. "You stay away from that boy!" "Drink some water, honey!" Addie reminded me of my Aunt Ginger back home. She'd said she was going to follow me in her minivan. My Aunt Janet had promised to join her.

"Your poor mother," Addie had said when I first met her. "I don't know how she's doing this." That was probably the most commonly asked question of all: "How is your mother doing this?" We talked often, and I asked her once myself. *How are you doing it?*

"If I don't let you die," she said, "if I don't embrace that the end of your life could be at 23, then it'll be a lot harder. I'll freak out. So I have to completely let go and say yes to anything. I have to say the same yes you have to say, in a different way. I just have to work very hard to stay still. There are times where inside I'm like, 'No! No! No!' and I have to lock her up in the bathroom, that animal mother.

"So at night I assess: 'What's the fear? What's hard about this?' I'm worried about you being outdoors. It's so anti-intuitive for me, because you were in my womb. You need to be sheltered somewhere, but you're on a road without a shoulder with freaking 18-wheelers.

"That's the hardest. 'How will it be if he dies, or if he gets seriously, seriously injured?' And I say, 'It will not be good, *and* he can't not do this.' Because I know that if you don't do this thing, it won't be good for you. So it's really about letting you not come back. It doesn't fit with the animal mother in me, but my yes is becoming stronger than my fear. It's a process. Every day is, 'He could die today.' I feel very alive. Awake. I literally feel like I'm in two places at once—where I am and where you are. I think that's just love."

The night before I left home, we had a bonfire out in the backyard. It was at the fire that I first felt, somewhere beyond my intellect, that I might actually die on this walk, and that this might be one of the last times I ever saw my mom. We prayed. I wasn't entirely sure to whom or to what, but that didn't matter to me. All the discussions I'd had in high school and college about the existence of God seemed so trivial now, even moot. I wasn't interested in proving or disproving anything. I only wanted to start this walk on the right foot, and that meant acknowledging my own tininess, honoring the fact that I couldn't do what I was about to attempt to do alone. At the end of our homegrown backyard ceremony, my mom washed my feet with warm water, a Catholic ritual that seemed relevant now given all the walking my feet had in front of them. That was when Mom first let me die.

I found many mothers on the road, and Addie was one of my favorites. She kept making me laugh. On the TV, a woman was braining her sleeping lover with a cricket bat.

"God, this is insane," I said, looking away.

"Well, I lost my sanity a long time ago," Addie said. "But don't worry, I found it again. I keep it in a little bottle at the bottom of my drawer, so it's not lost anymore. I just don't have it on me. I'll get it out when I'm ready. Until then," and here she leaned forward to look at Allen, "watch out, baby."

We both laughed. Allen shook his head and grunted.

"Oh, he's an old crank," Addie said. "But I'm an old bitch, so we get along."

Allen wore cowboy boots and a big belt buckle. He was from southern Louisiana, the first Cajun I'd met, born and bred on the bayou. He'd suffered a couple of alligator bites in his lifetime. The worst one was from a seven-footer. It almost took his hand off.

"It wasn't no big deal," Allen said. "He didn't do it on purpose."

"You ever wrestle any?" I asked.

"No, not really. Just when we had to go out catching them after Katrina. You gotta jump on they backs and hold them down. I don't do tricks anymore, like them guys like they do? Put them heads in they mouth and all like that? That's people that ain't got no brains. That's crazy."

"What do you do if you get caught by one?" I asked. "A big one, like that guy you have out there?"

"Gator like Big Bull grab you? They ain't nothing you can do."

Allen told me a few more swamp stories into the recorder. The conversation drifted into nostalgia—how things used to be, how today's just not the same—and then, rather abruptly, we were talking about the Apocalypse.

A Great Tribulation was on its way, Allen said. An Armageddon. A God War. I would know it when it came. It wouldn't be tornadoes or earthquakes or another Katrina. It would be like nothing anyone had ever seen before, something unbelievable, like fire raining down from the sky.

"Says in the Bible, 'One will be taken along and one will be left behind.' So if you're left behind that means you're probably going to be destroyed. Bible says that God separates people, just like a shepherd. Separates the sheep from the goats. Says the sheep know his voice. The goats? Well, they're gonna blow off into everlasting destruction. The sheep go off into everlasting life. God already knows who the sheep are."

Allen spoke quite matter-of-factly about the end of the world, but perhaps that was to be expected from someone who'd nearly lost a hand to an alligator and didn't think it was a big deal.

"No one can know for sure," he said, "but I think it's coming soon."

I could see how the promise of an apocalypse was comforting as Allen described it to me. It explained the baffling complexity of the world. When Armageddon arrived at last, everyone would know the truth of this mystifying human experience. It would be absolute—there'd be winners and there'd be losers, the ones who just never got it. Sheep were sheep. Goats were goats. That was that. I almost wanted to believe it myself.

I didn't know what to say as he expounded. Mostly I kept quiet, wondering if he thought I was a goat. To me, he was neither goat nor sheep. He was Allen. I was Andrew. We were each our own kind of animal, a tiny, unique branch in the dendritic evolution of humanity. Walking the country was like an exercise in taxonomy, cataloguing the varieties of the human species. I'd already encountered so many, and would meet many more as I continued: hitchhikers and hobos, waitresses and their regulars, road-trippers, ranchers, and roughnecks, raccoon hunters, deer slayers, hog stalkers, mothers of five and seven and ten, firefighters, police officers, professors and pot growers, laughing cowboys and solemn mechanics, the hippy-dippy ice sculptor, the drunken hibachi chef, the farmers of cotton and corn and goats, fledgling sweethearts and ancient lovebirds, an old-time bounty hunter, a small-time shrimper, a homemade-ice-cream maker and a biscuit baker and a master of crawfish étouffée, a Hopi glassblower, a Navajo medicine man, a Cajun mystic, an ex-con, an ex-president, preachers of fire and brimstone, football heroes fallen from glory, mariachi DJs, a deluded messiah, cosmetologists and embalmers of the dead, wannabe crop-dusters, would-be walkers, the lost, the found, the saved, the damned, and an old man on the highway called Nowhere.

And then there was Addie, my Mississippi mother, and Allen, the doomsday alligator rancher. Of course, all these people were far more than the titles I've just given them, but that's taxonomy, finding some kind of order in the chaos and classifying it. Why bother, in this case? Because then an amalgam of indistinguishable faces splinters off into hundreds of millions of fragments—individual human beings. The closer you look, the more varieties you find, and any goat-and-sheep dichotomy starts to look completely absurd. Americans become Mississippians, who become alligator ranchers, who become Allen, who likes hunting in the swamp on his airboat at dusk and watching the *Deadly Women Tuesday Marathon*; who believes in goats and sheep, and probably thinks you're a goat; and who feeds you a huge breakfast in the morning anyway.

Reaching the Gulf Coast was bizarre, like crossing into a new state. *Did I really just walk to the Gulf of Mexico?* A bit to the north I'd begun to see seafood joints and Cajun markets and billboards for beaches. It seemed impossible. My footsteps were actually covering ground, one by one making finite that which had once seemed so infinite.

On Highway 90 I passed through Pascagoula and Biloxi. The signature of Hurricane Katrina was still written everywhere, almost seven years later. Twisted trees kowtowed at absurd angles. Buildings were flayed down to their structural skeletons, or being built anew.

In the bayou country just north of New Orleans, fishing boats lay beached on the marshy banks, rotting.

Pearlington, Mississippi, had seen the worst of it. The quaint little bayou hamlet had become a war zone. Those who'd stayed for the hurricane had stared straight into her furious eye. I'd arrived in the town at sunset and, as always, I needed a place to camp out. A bar was on my left, a church on my right. I went left.

The bar was called Turtle Landing. I took a seat next to a tan, rough-faced man with an aquiline nose whose cigarettes smoldered in the dark. His name was Randy Turpin. His partner, Susie Sharp, looked strong and sturdy, and smiled a lot. She wore glinty glasses. They'd both just come back from the Mardi Gras parade in Bay St. Louis, the same one I'd walked past that morning. When I admitted I'd never really taken part in a Mardi Gras parade, Susie festooned me with a bunch of beads and a crown of purple panties, thrown from the floats. Everyone at the bar seemed to be wearing some mark of Louisiana loyalty—Saints sweatshirts, LSU hats—and although no one else was wearing panties like a swim cap, I thought I fit in better with them on.

After a few beers, Randy and Susie offered to put me up at their place for the night. At their kitchen table, they told me their Katrina stories. Everybody in town had one.

"You ever have one of those dreams where you're falling and wondering whether you're going to hit the ground or not, and you just won't wake up?" This was Randy. "We never had a chance to figure out whether we were going to hit the ground or not. You just can't wake yourself up from that nightmare until it quits. I've had over six years to think about it now, and that's as close as I can put it. That falling dream. You know you're falling, and you know you're dreaming, but you won't wake yourself up. And then the pressure changed, and it was like you were taking off vertical in a jet and your ears just go POOF!"

He spoke with little emotion, his voice sandpaper rough. He was the kind of guy I'd want to be around if I ever found myself trapped in a Category 5 hurricane, the kind of guy who takes an ax into the fray, which was exactly what he did. I wouldn't have thought to do that, but it made sense: if the water rose too high, you'd have to get to the roof somehow.

"And then everything got calm," Randy said. "Dead calm. They tell you about the eye of the storm? That's what we was in. Pretty blue sky above you. Someone said, 'It's over!' and I said, 'No, we got the other side of this sombitch to go through. Something bad fixin' to happen.' About 10 minutes later, something bad happened. That's when we seen the water. It just rose up so quick. You either moved right then or you drowned. You were past the point of being scared. There's no room for being scared."

"Everything that was down went up, and everything that was up came down," Susie said, showing me pictures of the aftermath. It didn't seem possible that water and wind could be responsible for such devastation. It looked more like the work of mercenary giants, legions of them. The bartender at Turtle Landing had told me that the whole bayou had emptied itself out onto Pearlington, the water climbing as high as 28 feet. Houses floated off their foundations, crashing into telephone poles like possessed pinballs. Trees snapped. Refrigerators shot through the roofs of flooded homes, propelled by their own airtight buoyancy. After it was over, sludge coated the town. Dogs lay dead. Fires burned.

"It looked like a nuclear bomb went off," Randy said. "But we know how to survive in the woods and on the water. Hunting, fishing, trapping. Nobody went hungry. There's no 'me' in this town. It's 'us.' Because it's us against the elements down here. It ain't us against the government. It ain't us against the blacks. It ain't us against the whites. It's us against what we got to deal with out there." He pointed in the direction of the swamp. "Yeah, we just know how to get along. You do what you do with what you got. You have food to spare? You spare it. That's just the way it goes."

"Everybody knows everybody," Susie added. "And if you don't know somebody, somebody you know knows them."

"So somebody like me sticks out?" I said.

"No, you don't stick out," Susie said. "You're just . . . noticed."

"We trust in people," Randy said. "It costs us a lot sometimes, and sometimes it don't cost us nothing but a handshake. It might be our curiosity. It might be just the way we are."

This story is an excerpt from Walking to Listen: 4,000 Miles Across America, One Story at a Time. *Reprinted by permission of Bloomsbury Publishing.*
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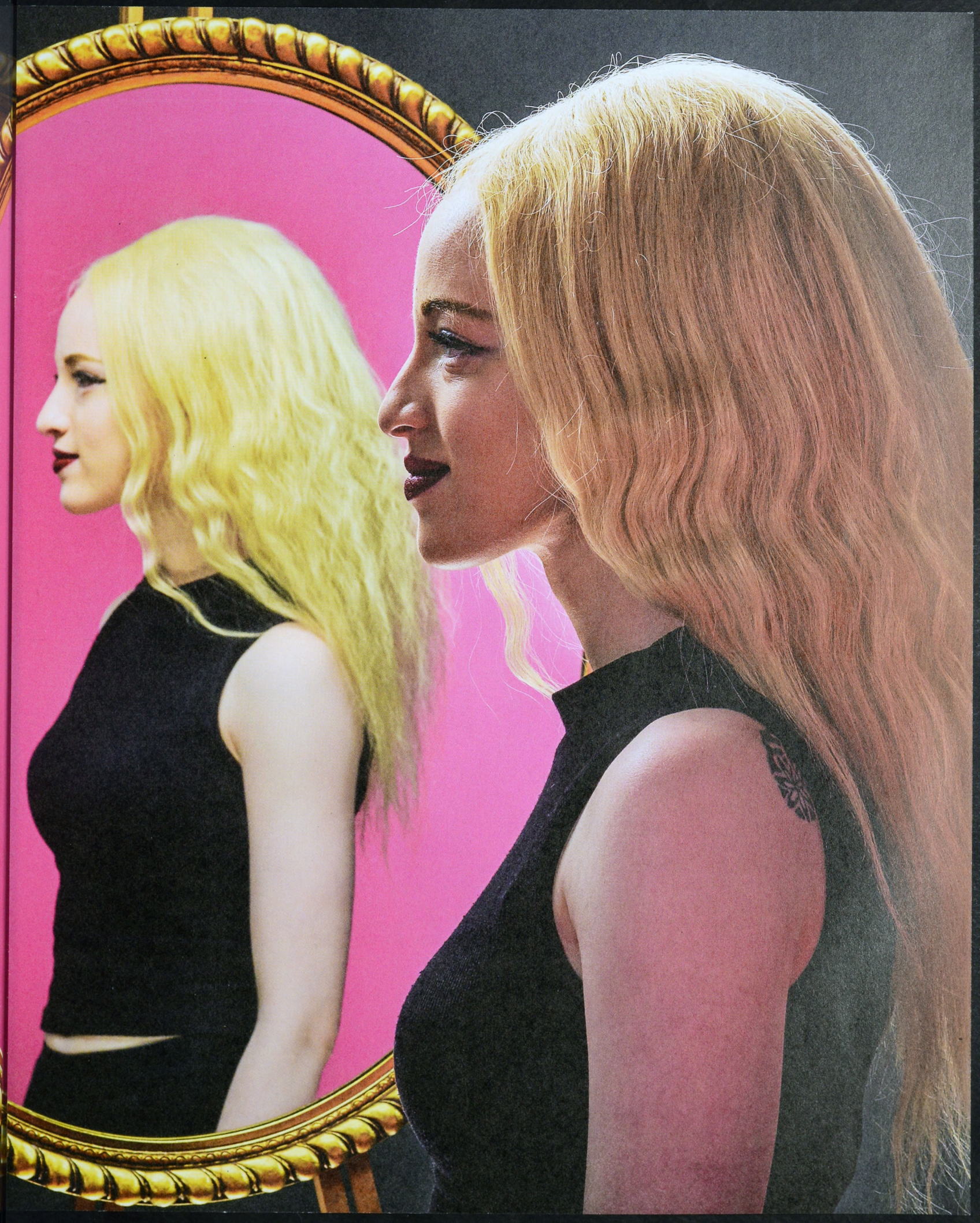
THROUGH THE *Looking Glass*

For much of her life, Meron Benti has been seen as being different. How she views herself is another story.

By Matt Jennings Photographs by Brett Simison



MERON BENTI doesn't remember much about her early childhood in Ethiopia. What she does recall are fragments of memories: car trips to the capital city, Addis Ababa; the waiting rooms of doctors' offices; certain rooms of her house in the mid-sized city of Shashamane. The house that she rarely left, at least during daylight hours, unless it was for another visit to some new doctor.

She doesn't remember the rare occasions when she did venture outside with her family; she only knows about the people who would stare, the children who would follow them down the street, the hecklers who would suggest that her mother had committed adultery with a European, or, worse, that her mother was bewitched and Meron was the daughter of the devil. She only knows about these things because she heard them in stories told by her family years later.

She doesn't remember her first day of kindergarten, or much of kindergarten at all. Of course, she wasn't privy to the fact that the school in her neighborhood didn't want to take her, that the teachers didn't want to teach her, that she was thought to be incapable of learning in a "regular" classroom, and that the school administrators felt they had no way to accommodate "her differences." She doesn't remember what other kids said to her or if they said anything at all. What she does recall of her year of kindergarten in Ethiopia was going home at the end of the day and staying there until it was time to go to school the next morning.

"I guess I just blocked all of this out," Meron would tell me many years later.

When the school year was over, her parents made plans for Meron to move to Italy to live with her adult brother, Ayle. She would never live full time with her mom and dad again. She was six years old.

ALBINISM IS an inherited genetic condition that reduces the amount of melanin pigment formed in one's body; when it affects the hair, skin, and eyes, this is known as *oculocutaneous albinism*, of which there are seven types. Meron doesn't know which type she has—"It really doesn't matter, at least not to me" she says—though it's likely she has OCA1 or OCA2, the latter being the most common form of albinism worldwide and the most prevalent in people of African descent.

In either of these types of oculocutaneous albinism, a genetic defect disrupts the normal production of melanin, the pigment that gives human skin, hair, and eyes their color. The result for people with OCA1 or 2 is extremely fair skin, light-colored eyes, and hair coloring that ranges from white to light blonde.

Meron is the youngest of 10 children, nine of whom have dark skin. Her parents, too, are black, yet they both carry the albinism gene. Albinism is a recessive trait, which, if you recall from high school biology, means that each of her parents carries a recessive gene for the condition, but they do not manifest the condition themselves. Both parents gave Meron a copy of their chromosomes; she had a one-in-four chance of an autosomal recessive inheritance of albinism. Unlike her siblings, the odds played out differently for her.

Being different meant a move to another continent and country, to a place where her condition was better understood and medical options were more readily available. "Most people think of albinism as being 'devoid of color,'" says Murray Brilliant, one of the world's foremost experts on the genetics of human albinism. "And while this perception can lead to social stigma—such as what Meron experienced as a child and often resulting in even more dire consequences for patients in other regions of the world—the condition is defined, medically, by deficits in vision." (It should be noted that Brilliant was told about Meron and her condition in an interview. He has never met her.)

Meron's vision is severely compromised, the result of undeveloped retinas that are lacking a critical layer of pigment known as the *retinal pigmented epithelium* (RPE). One of four distinct pigmented layers in the human eye, RPE helps maintain photoreceptor cells; with a limited (or nonexistent) RPE, there are fewer of these cells at the center of each retina. The result, says Brilliant, is a degraded field of vision.

Think of a photograph with a limited number of pixels per square inch, he explains to me. "If you enlarge the photo, the image gets pixilated, it gets blurry," he says. People with albinism may be able to see something up close—say, 10 or 20 feet away, relatively well, but as distance increases what one sees gets more and more blurry.

Meron has told me that she is extremely nearsighted, which might not be technically true, Brilliant notes, as albinism doesn't affect the shape of the eyeball, but the result is the same. Objects that are more than, say, 20 feet away become very blurry to her. To illustrate what this is like, she recalls standing on a street corner in Oakland, California, a few years ago. Traffic was zooming past her, and her attention was drawn to a box on the far side of the intersection. She had never seen such a contraption before, and in the middle of the box was a blurry, digitally lit hand. Then the hand disappeared and the box appeared to be empty. She stood there for about 30 seconds, just staring at the box, not even noticing that the traffic in front of her had stopped. And then the hand was back, and the rush of cars had resumed. She couldn't see the numbers counting down the time she had to cross the street.

"I REMEMBER EVERYTHING about Italy," Meron says, contrasting her recollections of living in Europe with her hazy recall of events in Ethiopia.

At six years old, she and an older sister, Mimmi, settled in a small village in Tuscany, where their brother was working and playing soccer on a semipro team. (Though Mimmi was less than thrilled about moving to Italy, too, their parents felt it was essential that Meron have a female presence in her life.)

The timing was fortuitous: just a few months prior, as Meron's parents were exploring medical options beyond Ethiopia for their daughter, her brother had struck up a conversation about his sister's condition with a neighbor in the small Tuscan village where he lived. This neighbor

wanted to help and offered both to introduce Meron to an ophthalmologist that she knew and, as an Italian citizen, to sponsor her immigration to Italy.

The ophthalmologist had a litany of eye problems to consider and treat. In addition to Meron's retinal issues, she is extremely light sensitive, the result of a reduced layer of pigment in the iris; she also has a condition called *nystagmus*, which affects both vision and depth perception. This causes her hazel eyes to dart rapidly back and forth, an involuntary movement that she no longer notices, but is evident when you talk to her in person.

She thinks that her vision issues had as much to do with her Ethiopian teachers not wanting her in their classroom as her skin coloring did, a theory that Brilliant thinks is reasonable. ("There's an assumption that one is incapable," he says, "especially when at a young age and in places where help is less accessible.")

In Italy, Meron does not recall her vision being a social or educational handicap, but there were new challenges. For the first time, she recalls being cognizant of looking different than her siblings, perhaps because *they* stood out in a predominantly white region. She recalls the sidelong glances of this "big black guy walking down the street with a little white girl." And while she reminds me that her appearance was more stark then—"I was six or seven years old, so I wasn't wearing makeup. My hair was white, my eyebrows and eyelashes were white, my skin extremely pale"—she says that people didn't really pay much attention to the albinism. "What seemed to make a difference to them was my being an immigrant," she says.

At first, she says, people assumed she was Scandinavian, but when she explained that she was Ethiopian, opinions of her grew harsher.

"I was bullied," she says, "though I guess I didn't know what that was then. I just thought people were being mean." She remembers one classmate in particular, who, upon hearing she was from Ethiopia, began to sing about Mussolini invading her country. "He told me his grandmother loved Mussolini," she says, a sense of wonder still present in her voice all these years later.

Her brother tried his best to assimilate Meron into the culture of her new home. He insisted that she learn Italian, and by the time school started in September, she was nearly fluent. And she says that while she missed her parents intensely at first, gradually she allowed her memories of them to recede. It was her way of coping with being away from them.

It was six years before she returned home for a visit. She went alone, and she has a clear memory of walking off a plane in the Addis Ababa airport and becoming overwhelmed.

For six years, she had not seen another black person aside from her brother and sister, and now she appeared as the only white person in this bustling airport. And then there was the rush of people, not just her immediate family, but distant relatives and family friends. "I didn't recognize my brothers," she remembers. "I couldn't tell who was my brother, who was my nephew, who was a neighbor. And then my mother . . . she seemed taller than I had remembered her, so I guess I was looking at her funny, and she burst into tears. She thought I didn't remember her."

But the truth was, she says, she *did* feel estranged from her mother. Her coping mechanism had worked. "At first, it didn't feel like she was my mom."

Gradually, over her two-month stay, familial ties emerged. It wasn't exactly normal, she says ("though what counts as normal?"), but it was normalized. Being 12, though, she was also much more aware of how she was received outside of her house. She remembers walking around town with her siblings and having other kids harass her. First they would approach her asking for money ("That happens a lot in Ethiopia; people assume that if you are white then you have a lot of money"), and then when her brothers grew defensive, tipping off the others that she was with them, the remarks turned caustic.

The stories she had heard about being called a "devil child," she says, apparently were true.

MERON RETURNED to Italy, yet says that in all her time there, she never felt at home. She found herself missing Ethiopia, a feeling that intensified after another visit the following summer. "I thought about moving back for high school, but my brother told me that was a bad idea," she says. "He was probably right." So she began to cope the best way she knew how: by forgetting.

By this time, her brother, Ayle, had taken a job in the United States and had moved to Oakland. She and her sister remained in Italy and settled into a predictable routine: "She worked; I went to school," Meron says. Around this time, Meron began modeling, first for fashion students at a local university, and then with an agency. Yet she also says that she began to isolate herself from the rest of her surroundings; looking back on this period, "it wasn't that different than when I was a child in Ethiopia." She wasn't hiding exactly, but she wasn't engaging with the culture (aside from her modeling), either. She went to school, a rigorous science academy, six days a week, and she studied all the time.

I ask her if she was sad, lonely: "You were a teenager," I say, "and, sure, this can be a time filled with adolescent angst, but it's also an age when many lifelong friendships are born."

She shrugs. "No, I still think of myself as being pretty lucky. I mean, during that time I had Facebook friends, people with albinism, who were teenagers like me, and they needed guide dogs to get around or walked with a cane. I felt fortunate that I didn't need any of that."

Meron probably would have finished her studies in Italy, had she not received a phone call from her brother inviting her to come visit him in America the summer after her third year in high school.

I ask if this was her first time coming to the United States.

"Yeah—the first and last time," she laughs. "That's when I stayed."

WHILE RESEARCHING this story, I came across a portfolio from an Italian fashion shoot in 2013 featuring Meron that currently appears on the website behance.net. Highly conceptual and stylized, the shoot is titled "Beauty and the Beast." Meron is the "beauty" in this concept, and the images of her are striking. She's sitting in a white chair, her pale skin and blonde hair accentuated by a pale peach-colored dress and an orange flower that she holds in two hands, close to her face.

"That was my favorite shoot," she tells me when I ask about it a few weeks ago. "I loved the concept."

She pauses and starts to say something, then stops.

"But . . . ?" I say.

"They were interested in having someone with very fair skin, which was fine—most of the shoots were of that nature," she says. "But in this one, they really emphasized my whiteness. They even added white makeup on top of my pale skin and my hair! It took me two days to wash it entirely out of my hair."

She continues: "I've always wanted to do something more colorful, like what we did with Brett." (She's speaking of the photo shoot for this story.) "Those vibrant colors feel more like me."

I ask her if she felt that the white makeup further masked her identity in addition to accentuating her whiteness.

Again, she pauses. "I don't know if I would have phrased it that way then, but it certainly makes sense now."

Meron tells me that she had never thought about the concept of race until she came to the States a few years ago. "Ethnicity yes, race no," she says. "Race is not a concept you really think about in Italy, at least not where I was," she says, "because everyone is the same. And in Ethiopia, that's literally true. Everybody is the same race."

She first thought about this concept and how it applied to her when she was registering for high school in Oakland, where she was, once again, living with her brother.

We all know the question, a prompt to check off a box identifying one's race, only Meron had never seen such a question before.

"There were all of these choices, and I was very confused," she says. "I thought, *I'm white, but my whole family is black.*"

"So, what did you do?" I ask.

"I checked black."

The significance of her decision was not lost on her, especially as she spent more time in the U.S. "I may lack melanin, but I'm Black," she says. (The capitalization of "Black" in this instance is intentional.)

During the past few months, Meron has emailed me a handful of stories to read and videos to watch. One piece she sent me was a story that appeared on National Public Radio, titled "People of Color with Albinism Ask: Where Do I Belong?"

"When I saw that story"—she first saw it online before listening to it—"I was so excited. I thought, *Yes, finally someone understands me.*"

What she had begun to experience in the United States was that she was Black, "but not fully, if that makes sense?" she says. What she means is that the longer she has spent time in the U.S.—first in Oakland and now at Middlebury—she has grown to understand what it means to be Black in America. "I consider myself Black, but I have white skin, so people don't see me that way, at least superficially, and how you are seen can mean everything."

She continues: "I go places with my Black friends; they are looked at differently. I have seen them followed by clerks in stores, and that never happens to me. Ironically, the same treatment that Black people can have in the United States is what I experienced in Ethiopia. So I can relate, but I'm not facing that situation anymore. At least not here."

Immediately after arriving in Oakland a few years ago, she applied for asylum in the United States. The process was long—it was 18 months from the time she applied until a decision was made—but because of her personal history in Ethiopia, her application was approved. She recently applied for a green card to obtain permanent residency status, a process that took her to an immigration office in St. Albans, Vermont, about 20 miles south of the Canadian border. After handing in her paperwork, a clerk summoned Meron back to her desk.

"I think you made a mistake," she said, sliding a form across her desk to Meron, the form where Meron had indicated her race.

"No, I didn't make a mistake," Meron replied.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes," Meron said. "My whole family is black."

"If you say so."

Meron is now a sophomore at Middlebury; how she got here from Oakland Tech High School isn't all that interesting. "Google," she laughs (though she does credit a history teacher for encouraging her to apply to Ivies and the top liberal arts colleges, types of schools she had either never heard of or never given any serious thought to previously).

But her experience so far has been "amazing," Meron says. An anthropology major, Meron's focus has returned to her native Africa, though with designs that expand beyond Ethiopia. "This is strange for an Ethiopian," she laughs. "There's a joke that Ethiopians consider themselves apart from the rest of Africa." In January, she took the intensive leadership and innovation course called MiddCORE, and for her class project she came up with the idea of a summer camp in Kenya for people with albinism. She chose Kenya rather than, say, Ethiopia, she says, because not only is albinism more prevalent among the populace, but the stigmatization and associated danger that comes with it is higher.

I've learned that as bad as Meron had it in Ethiopia, there are countries in sub-Saharan Africa where having albinism can cost you your life. A recent report by an albinism advocacy organization called Under the Sun has documented hundreds of attacks against people with albinism in countries such as Malawi, Tanzania, and Kenya. (In Tanzania there were gruesome reports of killings and dismemberment.) Meron acknowledges that attempting to start her camp in Tanzania wouldn't be safe for a college student, though she quickly says she could envision starting a nonprofit that serves people with albinism in Tanzania or Malawi in the future.

And as for now, even Kenya may be too risky. Meron applied for a fellowship with Middlebury's Social Entrepeneurship Program in the hopes of putting her idea into action. But her application was denied, in large part because of the risk associated with the endeavor, the program's faculty director, Nadia Horning, tells me. But to say Horning was impressed with Meron's application would be an understatement. "This is somebody who will be an agent for social change," Horning says. An associate professor of political science with a focus on African politics, Horning has gotten to know Meron through the African student organization Umoja. Horning is the group's faculty advisor, and this year Meron is its copresident. Horning has learned the same thing that I have during the course of reporting this story: "All her life, Meron has taken a deficit, a handicap, and turned it into an asset," she says.

Though Meron did not receive funding for her project, she, along with a few other applicants, were offered a nonfunded opportunity to continue researching projects under the auspices of the Center for Creativity, Innovation, and Social Entrepreneurship where they would have space to work and access to advising. Not everyone who was offered the opportunity accepted, Horning says, though Meron did immediately upon the offer.

Meron Benti has an elaborate tattoo on her back consisting of a constellation of symbols that form the shape of the continent of Africa. She says that because her phenotype does not contain any Black features, she wanted something on her body that "hinted to people that I am African." A heart symbol represents Ethiopia. The image also contains native African species such as the sankofa bird and the denkyem crocodile, as well as West African Ashanti symbols.

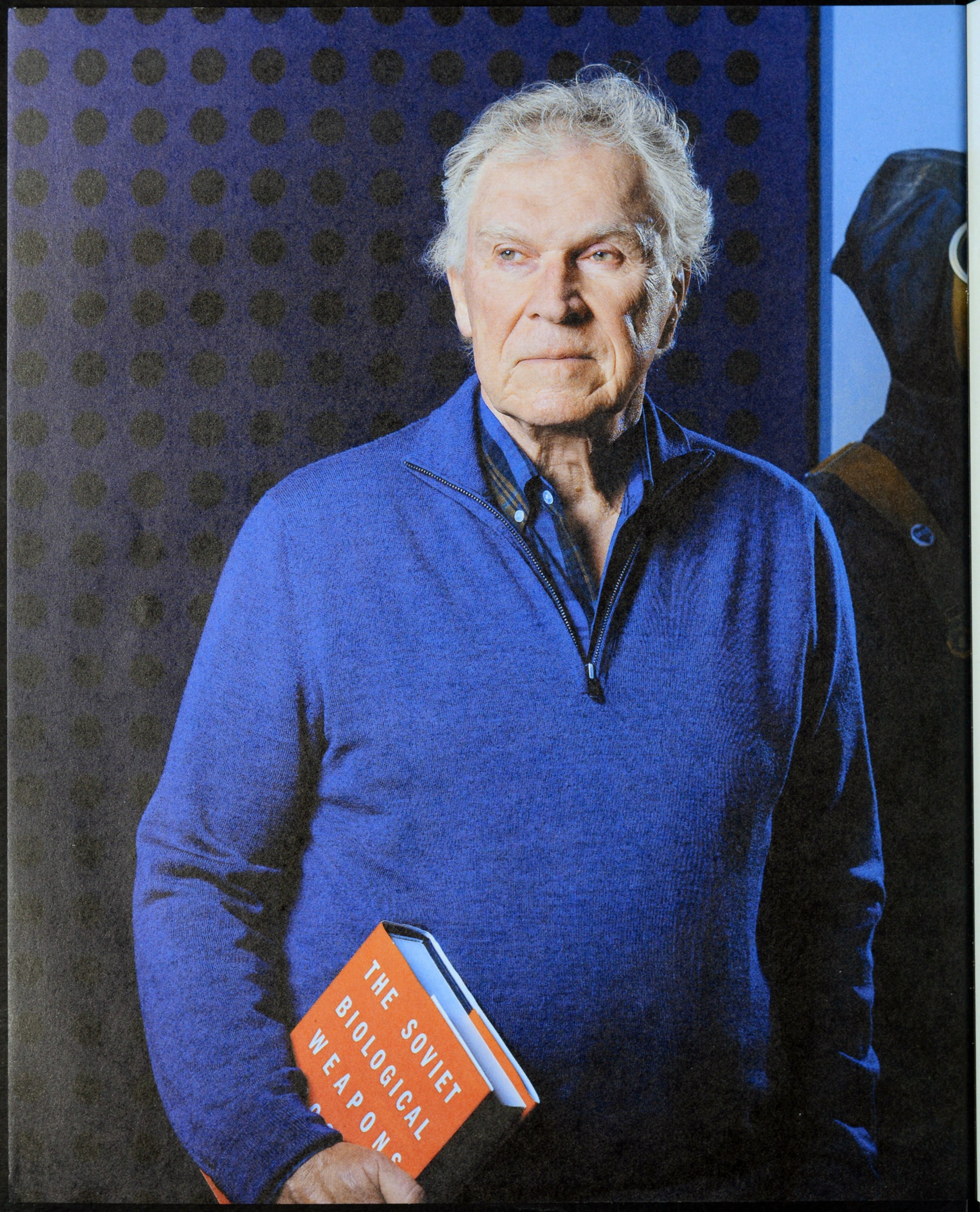
I joke that it's not very Ethiopian of her to be thinking so deeply about other African countries, and she laughs. She says that the symbols not only reflect her origins but also her adaptability to live in different environments. She tells me that until coming to Middlebury, she had never really met any Africans who were not Ethiopian. (The irony that she had to come to rural Vermont to do so is not lost on her, but she hastens to add that the fact that Middlebury facilitated this is one of the many reasons she loves the school.) Now these students of color from other countries, the United States included, are among her best friends.

Not too long ago, a group of students organized a Women of Color brunch, to which Meron was invited.

"I don't think they realized how happy that invitation made me feel," she says. "When people acknowledge me as being a person of color without me having to remind them . . ."

"It's your identity," I say.

"It's more than that," she says. "It's belonging." M


THE SOVIET
BIOLOGICAL

WHAT RAY ZILINSKAS KNOWS WILL TERRIFY YOU

THE BLURRY SURVEILLANCE camera footage from Kuala Lumpur's international airport showed a woman in white approaching the estranged half-brother of North Korean leader Kim Jong-un from behind. She daubed his face with a toxic substance—which one, investigators did not yet know. Kim Jong-nam died on February 13, en route to the hospital.

Over 8,500 miles away at the Center for Nonproliferation Studies in Monterey, California, Raymond Zilinskas watched the video on the *New York Times* website and followed reports on Kim Jong-nam's death. As director of the chemical and biological nonproliferation program at the Middlebury Institute of International Studies, his office is like a mini-museum of chemical and biological weapons protection gear. Standing near the entrance is a life-sized mannequin in mud-colored, heavy rubber, full protective gear from World War II. Above his desk sits a brunette mannequin's decapitated head, enshrouded in a gray gas mask shaped like a horse's snout. The same masks were passed out to protect civilians during the 1941 Pearl Harbor attack, Zilinskas explains during my recent visit.

Nearby, another doll head with long-lashed eyes, this one draped in blue and pink Mardi Gras beads, wears a gas mask once used by the Israelis. And in a corner, a dummy sports rubber boots and a gray apron over white protective cloth that cloaks the face, mouth, and head, with only the eyes visible under protective goggles. The Soviets used such suits in the 1940s and '50s to catch rodents, Zilinskas says. They would take gerbils out of the traps and comb them for ectoparasites, which would fall into the pots of oil they carried. "They would take it all to the lab," he says, looking for *Yersinia pestis*—an organism that causes bubonic plague.

Viruses, contagions, contaminants, and germs—he knows how they can kill you when used as weapons, which is why soon after Kim Jong-nam's death Zilinskas began fielding questions from journalists. Malaysian authorities reported that there had been a second face-smearer, also a woman. One of the suspects appeared on the surveillance footage in a T-shirt with "LOL" on its front. The two were apparently hired assassins for the North Korean government. Of all the mysteries, one in particular burned: Which poison might have killed him?

At first, Zilinskas says, "I thought it was cyanide," a substance once used by KGB agents. "They would squirt a cloud of cyanide, and when that happens the person who is receiving it goes 'Huhhhh,'" Zilinskas says, sucking in air. He is 78, in gray jeans and loafers, with a tuft of white hair and white eyebrows that dip into a V-shape when he talks. "It takes a minute, maybe two minutes. Boom. Gone."

But when Zilinskas heard how long it took for Kim Jong-nam to die—20 minutes—he knew it could not have been cyanide. Something just as potent and paralyzing was at play, and it may have offered one of the clearest affirmations yet into the extent of North Korea's chemical weapons capabilities.

Ten days after Kim Jong-nam's attack, Malaysian authorities reported that the killers had used the nerve agent VX. That's when the deluge of emails and phone calls to Zilinskas from around the world really started. A reporter for the *Los Angeles Times* wrote him: "It's a big story, and everyone's scrambling—and you know this issue better than most."

BEYOND HIS COLLECTION OF DOOMSDAY PARAPHERNALIA, Zilinskas is one of the world's foremost experts on chemical and biological weapons. He is frequently called upon to answer questions about such topics not only by journalists, but by other academics, historians, governments, and even Hollywood writers. Zilinskas recently served as an advisor to the FX television show *The Americans,* helping the writers and producers grasp plot lines involving lethal pathogens.

His exhaustive research has taken him around the world to Uzbekistan, Kazakhstan, Ukraine, Belarus, Kyrgyzstan, Moldova, Tajikistan, and beyond. He spent 11 years conducting dozens of interviews with former Soviet scientists, and combing through documents and intelligence files to cowrite, along with Milton Leitenberg, *The Soviet Biological Weapons Program,* a stunning 921-page investigation published in 2012 by Harvard University Press.

The book uncovered a large-scale offensive biological weapons program, detailing how the Soviet Union amped up its production facilities using microbiology to weaponize bacteria and viruses, and alter pathogens to make them resistant to vaccines. The Soviets hired tens of thousands of scientists and technicians for this undertaking, despite having signed the Biological Weapons Convention in 1972, which bans the development, production, and stockpiling of biological weapons.

Zilinskas wrote about how Soviet scientists created new strains of pathogens, genetically engineering *Legionella pneumophila* (which causes Legionnaires' disease) to secrete certain peptides along with pathogens, which stimulates a host's immune defense system—activating immune cells capable of destroying the myelin of nerve cells (destruction of myelin in the human body induces a multiple sclerosislike illness).

Zilinskas's work also revealed how the Soviets transferred a gene that codes for the production of the diphtheria toxin (which causes diphtheria, a throat and nose infection), into a new host, which was *Yersinia pestis* (the plague source) to make it more virulent than strains found in nature. And his book documented how the Soviets weaponized *Bacillus anthracis,* which causes the

By Erika Hayasaki

Photograph by Elëna Zhukova • Illustration by Edel Rodriguez

disease anthrax. Indeed, in 1992, then Russian President Boris Yeltsin admitted that an anthrax accident, which infected 94 people and killed 64 in the Soviet city of Sverdlovsk in 1979, had been caused by its own military development.

"It is frightening because the idea that someone can and is willing to apply science and medicine in order to manipulate and grow microorganisms for the purpose of deliberately bringing about illness and death contravenes so much of our society's ethics that it is beyond the pale of civilized behavior," Zilinskas and Leitenberg write. "The possibility that virulent bacteria or viruses will be developed to arm biological weapons and, when used, threaten vast populations with disease and death is incomprehensible."

ZILINSKAS TRIES NOT TO LOSE SLEEP over threats that could occur at any time. If he knew a pandemic disease was approaching, he says, he would work to take precautions that would help the community, but he knows "the probability of me being injured while driving is much, much greater than being injured by chemical or biological weapons."

Yet, as Zilinskas has proven, the possibility is real.

In his research, he visited anti-plague institutes from Soviet times, including one that led to the discovery of a top-secret report about a smallpox outbreak in 1971 in Kazakhstan. "There had been no smallpox in Russia and the Soviet Union since 1936," Zilinskas thought at the time. So how did the outbreak occur? "What happened here? What was the big mystery?"

He found out there had been an accidental discharge of the variola virus, which causes smallpox, on a small island in the Aral Sea, between Kazakhstan and Uzbekistan. The virus had drifted off and reached a marine research ship, infecting a 24-year-old fisheries expert who was sampling sea water and sea life specimen like plankton. The ship landed in Aralsk, Kazakhstan, where the infected woman developed a fever and rash. Over the next three weeks a dozen more cases turned up with similar symptoms, traced back to her, and five people died. It turned out the virus had come from open-air tests carried out on Vozrozhdeniye Island—a leak from a Soviet chemical weapons lab.

"I was so upset when I learned that the Soviets had weaponized smallpox virus," Zilinskas says, leaning back in his office chair. "Smallpox had been wiped out by the world in 1977 . . . so the whole world was susceptible. People weren't being vaccinated anymore."

A framed photo behind him shows a version of him from a time when his hair was not white. In it, he wears a short-sleeved button-down with a pocket protector, standing in front of an airplane marked "UN" in blue. It was taken in 1994, when he served as a United Nations biological weapons inspector in Iraq, participating in two expeditions encompassing 84 facilities that were researching, developing, or producing microbial products. "We had to go out to these fields to look at the agricultural helicopters to see if they'd been converted to use chemicals of biological weapons," he remembers. "That was the hottest I've ever been," estimating it was about 125 degrees at times. The inspectors were followed everywhere by Iraqi minders who monitored and videotaped their visits.

On his desktop computer, Zilinskas pulls up a file with the words *Iraq's BW Facilities Map* in neon green. He points the cursor on a map to a desert area where the Iraqis developed and produced chemical and biological weapons in bunkers. He notes Salman Park, a main research laboratory, and Al Hakam-main, a development lab and plant with large fermenters, as well as a foot-and-mouth disease vaccine plant that had some production of botulinum toxin and *Bacillus anthracis*. "It was exciting," says Zilinskas, who is still a consultant to the U.S. Department of Defense.

His interest in politics and war began when he was a boy. His parents were from Lithuania, and his mother was pregnant with him when the Soviets invaded. She fled Red Army soldiers and while en route in November 1938 ended up giving birth to him in Tallinn, Estonia. With infant in arms she managed to get onto a fishing boat and make it to Sweden, where Zilinskas was raised speaking Swedish. His English carries faint traces of the accent. He was seven when World War II ended, and he holds onto a vivid memory from a year later when the Soviets sent a ship to the Stockholm harbor intending to cart Lithuanians back. The soldiers stood on the harbor with menacing looks, holding machine guns, waiting to round up and load people. "My family was deathly afraid of being deported to the Soviet Union," he remembers. "Stalin was not a very nice guy. . . . We all were wondering, 'Are we going to be shipped out?'"

They did not get sent back. At age 12, he immigrated to the United States, first to Chicago, then to Los Angeles, where he attended high school in San Fernando and joined the Army Reserve after graduation. He was sent to Fort Ord in Monterey for eight weeks, then to Fort Gordon in Georgia to be trained as a military police officer. He was assigned to a U.S. Army Reserve division in Los Angeles as a medic, and spent time training at a military hospital in Fort Ord during the Vietnam War. The experience sparked his interest in pathology in patients. He says he encountered "parasites I've never seen. We would have different types of malaria. We would have fecal stuff. People who would have ringworm."

Zilinskas got his medical technologist license from the state of California, working part time at a hospital where he immersed himself in everything from hematology to blood banking to clinical chemistry and microbiology. He then returned to California and went on to work as a clinical microbiologist for 16 years before entering graduate studies at the School of International Relations at the University of Southern California.

It was the early 1970s, and the first genetic engineering studies were emerging. Zilinskas wrote his dissertation on policy issues generated by recombinant DNA research, and genetic engineering techniques for biological weapons development. While in graduate school, he also remembers taking a European history course and writing a paper on Swedish politics, vis-à-vis the Soviet Union after World War II—inspired in part by that moment from his childhood in Sweden, watching Soviet soldiers with guns looking to deport Lithuanians.

The ascent of his career has run parallel to a period of proliferating questions and concerns over biological and chemical weapons development and control. Even since the Biological Weapons Convention, there has been reason to believe that offensive bioweapons programs have made strides in China, Syria, and Russia, not to mention that deadly agents may be making their way into the hands of terrorist groups.

These perils are evolving, which is what makes Zilinskas's role on the world stage so important, says Rita Colwell, former director of the National Science Foundation. Colwell also previously served as president of the University

of Maryland Biotechnology Institute, where she recruited Zilinskas in 1987 to launch its center on bioethics, microbiology, and biotechnology. He came to the Center for Nonproliferation Studies in 1998. "He's keenly interested in ethical processes, how one does medicine, how one does science," she says. "And he cares deeply about policy issues associated with national security and intelligence."

After the reports linking VX to the Kim Jong-nam attack became public, inquiries to Zilinskas about the nerve agent multiplied. A journalist from the AFP news agency asked him in an email: "How did the attackers avoid coming to serious harm when they appeared to handle it without any form of protection?" and "How was Kim able to walk and get help given how quickly VX is supposed to work?"

As with other nerve agents, Zilinskas explains, VX inhibits the acetyl cholinesterase enzyme, which under normal circumstances breaks down the chemical acetylcholine. When receiving a signal from the neurological system, acetylcholine stimulates muscles to do their normal work. But if acetyl cholinesterase is destroyed by VX or other kinds of nerve agents, acetylcholine does not break down, and muscles go into involuntary contractions.

"Your eye pupils turn to pinpricks," Zilinskas says. "You start drooling. Your sweat glands start going. You defecate. You urinate. And in the end your breathing is not efficient anymore. You die of asphyxiation."

As with cyanide, however, pure VX would have taken out Kim Jong-nam in far less than 20 minutes. A single drop can kill. And anyone who came close to it or had the substance on their hands could have died too. "I immediately thought about binaries," Zilinskas says, explaining that when VX is divided into two separate compounds, each is harmless on its own, and each can work in a slower release form. But when mixed together, the chemical result becomes a deadly weapon. This would explain the involvement of two suspected face-smearing women: "One has the precursor, the other comes and smears it," Zilinskas says. "Now there is VX."

There were news reports that one of the women involved ran to the bathroom after the attack, which also fits with Zilinskas's suspicions, because the effects of VX can be mitigated if quickly washed off. "It seems to me at least one of them must have had training in how to do this," he says.

North Korea is not a state party to the Chemical Weapons Convention, but it is part of the Geneva Protocol, which forbids chemical and biological weapons in warfare. "We have known they have a big chemical industry, so they certainly have the capabilities to produce any chemical they want to," Zilinskas says. "We've been thinking for a long time that yes, they have chemical weapons. . . . Now, if it's really the North Koreans behind this, it's proof."

On Zilinskas's desk, alongside a copy of the *Monterey County Weekly*, which features a full front-page photo of Kim Jong-un and the headline "Going Nuclear," there is a thick stack of printer paper with handwritten markings in the margins of the text. It is Zilinskas's latest manuscript. The book, cowritten with Philippe Mauger, examines biosecurity and biotechnology in Vladimir Putin's Russia.

"It's going to go to the publisher this coming week," Zilinskas says, looking relieved and satisfied. The spark for this newest project came in 2012, when the Russian government newspaper *Rossiyskaya Gazeta* published an essay by then Prime Minister Putin, in which he stated: "What is the future preparing for us? . . . In the more distant future, weapons systems based on new physical principles (beam, geophysical, wave, genetic, psychophysical and other technology) will be developed. All this will, in addition to nuclear weapons, provide entirely new instruments for achieving political and strategic goals."

Soon after, then Minister of Defense Anatoly Serdyukov promised to implement "the development of weapons based on new physical principles: radiation, geophysical wave, genetic, psychophysical, etc." In August 2012, the U.S. Department of State noted that Russia has remained engaged in biological activities.

Their production of any kind of bioweapons would violate the Biological Weapons Convention, but as Zilinskas points out and as outlined in his previous book, Russia inherited the past Soviet program of offensive biological research and development. The microbial strains for potentially murderous manufactured bacteria could be reactivated for a "third generation" of biological weapons. Russia's recent behavior, he says, indicates that such a program could already be under way.

A future with "genetic weapons" would include powerfully emergent methods, including gene editing technologies—which has shown immense promise for treating disease and strengthening the human species, but which in the wrong hands could also wipe out an entire population. This technological ability to alter organisms is progressing so rapidly that government regulators can't keep up, and the idea of containing such research globally is an impossible goal. It is frightening to consider what would happen if terrorists used gene editing tools—which can be obtained relatively easily and at a low cost—to unleash highly lethal modified pathogens upon enemies. Zilinskas brings up a Pakistani scientist, Abdur Rauf, who had a degree in microbiology and was working to set up a bioweapons lab for al-Qaeda. Rauf had found a way to produce *Bacillus anthracis.*

"His notebooks fell into the hands of the CIA when the Americans came in in 2001," Zilinskas says. "If there is a person who knows about microbiology, if he gets a colony of *Bacillus anthracis*, has a fermenter, is able to dry the spores . . ."

Take the Tokyo subway massacre of 1995, when the Aum Shinrikyo cult unleashed the odorless chemical weapon sarin, killing 12 people. "Anybody with good chemistry, chemists, and chemical equipment could do it," Zilinskas says. Aum Shinrikyo "bought the precursors and they made the sarin used in the Tokyo subway, but they did also produce VX."

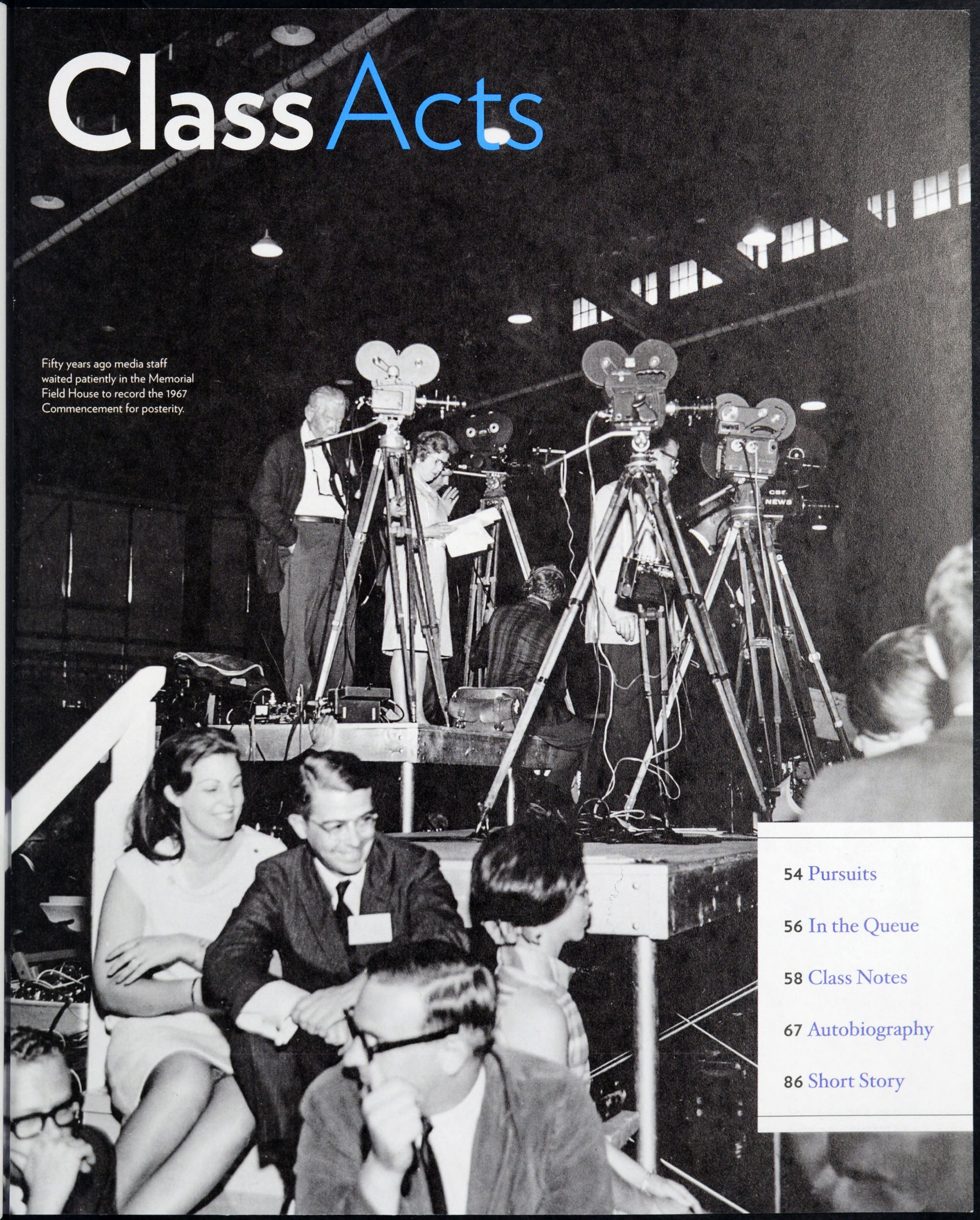
If they could do it, so could other terrorists, so could North Korea, so could any smart extremist, radical, insurgent, enemy, or incendiary with the right tools.

Less than two months after the murder of Kim Jong-nam, Zilinskas began fielding messages again—this time in response to the reports of 86 people, including 28 children, who were killed in a chemical weapons attack in Syria. Hundreds more were injured, and horrific images of dying children being hosed down, and parents cradling their dead kids flooded news reports. Authorities suspected sarin gas unleashed by the Assad regime, despite its denial of involvement and joining into the Chemical Weapons Convention.

Zilinskas saw the photos, which reminded him of Damascus in August 2014, Halabja in March 1988, victims in Auschwitz, and the Stalin purges of 1930s. Today the images are pervasive. With the Syrian attack, unlike past generations of chemical warfare, "Now you have hundreds of people with cell phones taking videos and photos," Zilinskas says.

Before the two most recent nerve gas attacks, concerns over chemical weapons seemed to have taken a momentary back seat to nuclear weapons in the public eye. Zilinskas agrees that nuclear weapons remain of highest concern for the world's population. But, he adds, "We probably will see more uses of chemicals by well-organized terrorist groups such as ISIS and, perhaps, Taliban, and who knows what North Korea might do beyond assassination."

Class Acts



Fifty years ago media staff waited patiently in the Memorial Field House to record the 1967 Commencement for posterity.

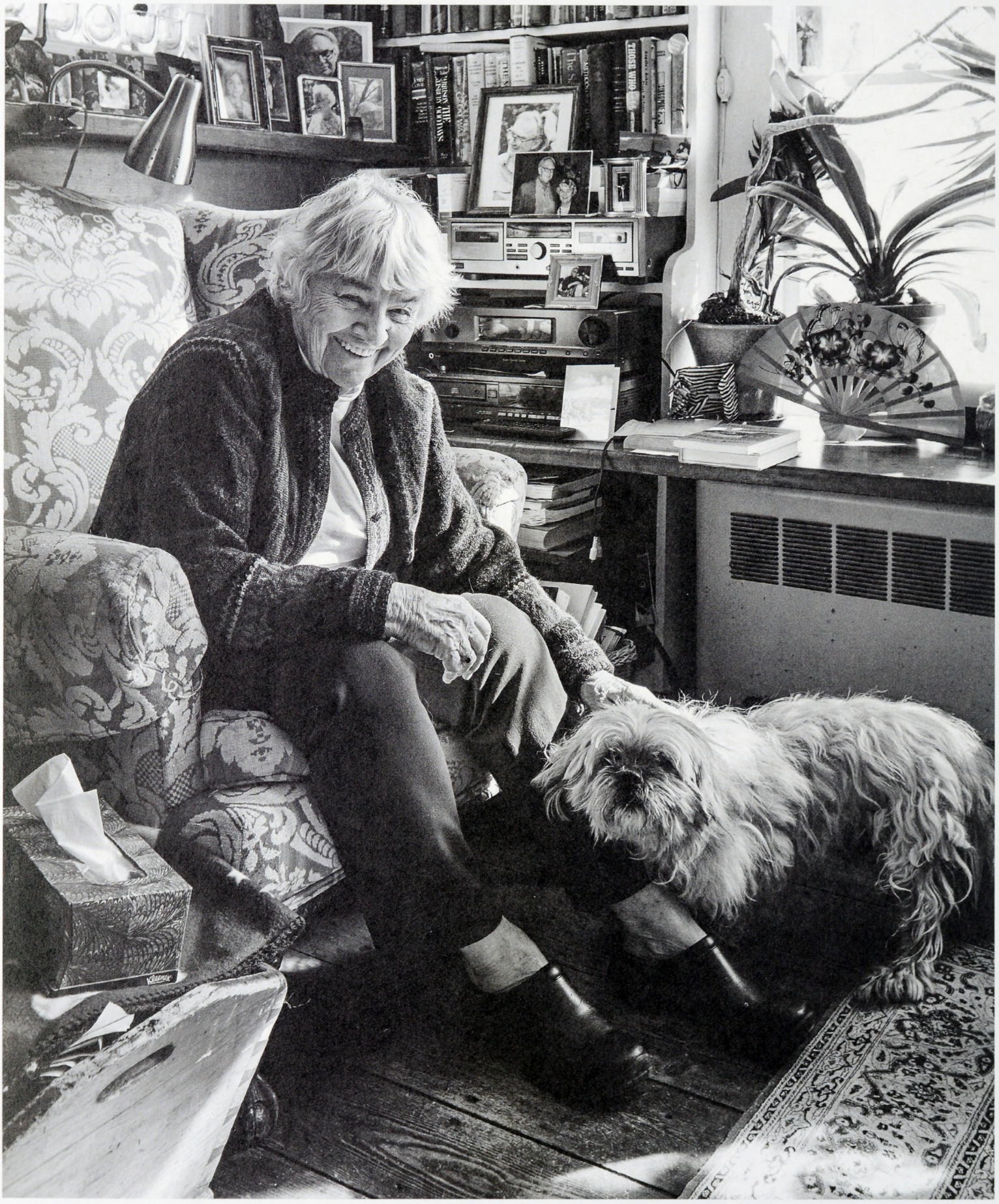
54 Pursuits

56 In the Queue

58 Class Notes

67 Autobiography

86 Short Story


THOSE WHO

By Sara Thurber Marshall

A Life Story

The first time journalist Barbara Cummiskey '52 met Grey Villet, it was in the lobby of the Beverly Hilton Hotel. He'd been assigned to photograph a story she was developing and was seated on a couch, surrounded by cameras and wearing old jeans, sneakers, and a wrinkled denim shirt. After she sat down next to him, he stood up to his full six-foot, four-inch height and, peering down his nose, said in a rich South African accent, "I suppose you want a martini?" Inwardly she groaned. She was going to have to put up with this attitude for the next several weeks?

Thus began their love story. The year was 1961 and Barbara was among a small number of women reporter-writers at *Life* magazine. She had pitched a series of three stories about what it meant to strive for the American dreams of fame, wealth, and success—goals that too often ruin lives. She had the perfect subject for success: Victor Sabatino, the owner of a national line of foam-rubber-furniture stores. Sabatino was developing stores in California. As a "natural" for such a story, Grey, then *Life*'s bureau photographer in Los Angeles, was assigned to it. "After he ordered that martini for me and a pot of tea for himself (the second put-down!), I explained what I hoped we might accomplish with Victor. We spent a day with Sabatino, and I could see from the way Grey began shooting the story that he totally understood its essence. That night, when we got back to the hotel, he walked me to my door, kissed me lightly, and told me I was going to marry him. After three more days of working together, I agreed."

Barbara and Grey were the perfect collaborators, sharing an almost electric sympathy. They recognized that to get to the truth of any essay, they had to be low-key in their approach in order to let people tell their own stories. They chased stories that were intensely human, showing what makes people tick and what drives them to follow a life's passion. Working together until *Life* folded in 1972, they produced some of the finest photographic essays to appear in the magazine. Their first, the Sabatino essay, appears in *Life's Great Essays*.

Everything changed after 1972. "The years after *Life* ended were hard," Barbara says. "I sold real estate, he built houses. Slowly the importance of Grey's work to photojournalism was fading." When Grey died in 2000, Barbara had a new goal. "It became my *raison d'être* to make sure his legacy stayed alive and to preserve at least its essence." Her first stop was the *Life* archives, to see what photographs she wanted to preserve for books and exhibitions.

Then in 2012, Nancy Buirski did a documentary on Richard and Mildred Loving, the interracial Virginia couple behind the Supreme Court decision that invalidated laws prohibiting interracial marriage. Grey had done a photo shoot with the Lovings in 1965 for a *Life* story. He had eventually given many of the photos to the couple, and their daughter shared them with Buirski, who, knowing Grey was dead, hadn't bothered to get permissions to use them. "When I learned about the documentary and the photos, I hired a lawyer and informed Buirski that if she didn't credit Grey BIG, I'd sue," Barbara says. Buirski complied. Once director Jeff Nichols saw the documentary and Grey's stills, he was inspired to create the movie *Loving*, which came out in 2016.

At that time, Barbara was completing a 2016 retrospective of Grey's work at Bethel Woods Center for the Arts, located at the site of the famous 1969 Woodstock concert. She acted as cocurator and author for the exhibit. Barbara was also completing a book combining Grey's Loving photos with her own text, as she had done so many times before.

After 16 years, Barbara feels she has accomplished what she set out to do. Through her perseverance, Grey's artistic legacy has been saved.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRETT SIMISON

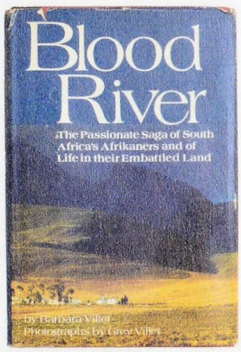
PARALLELS

DIVERTED CAREER PATH

Barbara did not set out to be a journalist when she left Middlebury with a degree in American literature. She meant to be a teacher and earned a Ford Foundation scholarship to attend Harvard. She earned her MAT but was heavily influenced by one of her professors, Albert Guerard, who was in the French Resistance during World War II. His German counterpart was Conrad Kellen, head of Radio Free Europe (RFE) in New York City. Guerard suggested she go to work for Kellen. At 23 years old, she was working the Czech and Hungarian desks and had the side assignment of being RFE's reporter at the UN.

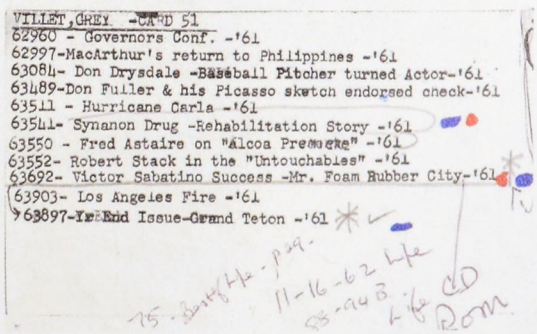
CONTINUING COLLABORATION

After *Life* folded, Barbara and Grey produced several books together, including this one on South African history and its grief, which was named a *Time* Notable Book of the Year in 1980 and nominated for a Pulitzer.



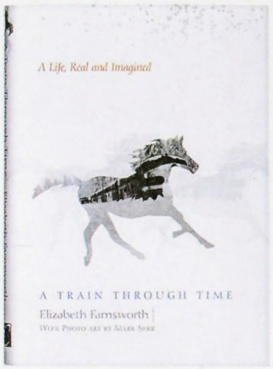
ON THE WAY

One of Barbara's first tasks in preserving Grey's legacy was to sit in the basement of the Time-Life Building in NYC, going through Grey's assignments for *Life*. The search yielded thousands of images of historic and aesthetic importance, which she has archived in print and digital form. Thousands more ranging over a full spectrum of the final decades of the 20th century remain to be digitally preserved.


VILLET, GREY. -CARD 51
62960 - Governors Conf. -'61
62997-MacArthur's return to Philippines -'61
63084- Don Drysdale -Baseball Pitcher turned Actor-'61
63489-Don Fuller & his Picasso sketch endorsed check-'61
63511 - Hurricane Carla -'61
63544- Synanon Drug -Rehabilitation Story -'61
63550 - Fred Astaire on "Alcoa Premiere" -'61
63552- Robert Stack in the "Untouchables" -'61
63692- Victor Sabatino Success -Mr. Foam Rubber City-'61
63903- Los Angeles Fire -'61
63897-Xmas Issue-Grand Teton -'61

BOOK REVIEW

Tangled Tracks of Memory



A foreign correspondent explores the way her mother's death shaped her reporting from some of the world's biggest trouble spots.

By Susan H. Greenberg

When Elizabeth Fink Farnsworth '65 is nine, she returns home from a sleepover to find her father crying in the bedroom. "We lost Mother last night," he tells her. "She's gone." Though Elizabeth knows her mother has been in and out of the hospital, and has even seen her "purple scars where breasts had been," she can't quite fathom what he means. "She's gone somewhere for reasons we don't understand," she tells her stuffed bear, Louie. "We'll find her—I promise."

In her affecting new memoir, *A Train Through Time*, Farnsworth strives to understand not only the mystery of her mother's death but also the way it shaped her career as a filmmaker and foreign correspondent. Reporting for PBS from places ravaged by war and tyranny—Pinochet's Chile, post-Khmer Cambodia, Haiti under military rule, a scorched Vietnam—she is drawn to stories of grief, resilience, and redemption. *Am I most comfortable on the edge of loss?* she wonders. Brief, disconnected scenes from these reporting trips intermittently punctuate the central narrative, which follows her and her father on an epic train trip from their home in Topeka to California, a destination that resembles the Oz of the Frank Baum books she reads along the way: colorful, verdant, restorative. Peering out the window, Elizabeth studies every face they pass, searching for her missing mother.

Their six-day journey proves both cathartic and highly eventful. Somewhere between Utah and Nevada, Elizabeth's father apologizes for all the euphemisms and tells her what happened. "It was the first time anyone had used the word *dead* when talking about my mother," she writes, in one of the book's most powerful scenes. Fortunately, there are plenty of distractions on the train: she and another girl discover

ILLUSTRATION BY JASU HU

a shuttered car carrying a spirited white horse. The train gets stuck in a blizzard, losing power when it hits a wall of snow. Passengers cut up curtains to keep warm. Food and water supplies dwindle. The air grows fetid. Emergency generators spew carbon dioxide into the berths, sickening passengers.

Anyone paying attention to the slender volume's subtitle—*A Life, Real and Imagined*—won't be surprised to learn in the final pages that the journey didn't transpire exactly the way Farnsworth so vividly describes it. Though she meticulously fact-checked the snippets from her reporting trips, she explains, she let her imagination remake her memories of the train trip—and help her reconcile her mother's death. It makes her an uncommonly sensitive and engaging companion for readers along for the ride.

EXCERPT

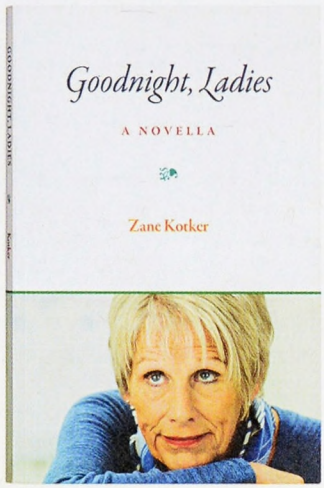
A sign on the redbrick station read "Rawlins, Wyoming." I went to the doorway and stood for a moment, looking around. . . . In the window of a small house, I saw a woman brushing her hair and pinning it up. She looked like my mother.

I ran toward her across the street and sprinted up a path to the house as the conductor called, "All aboard!" The engineer blew the horn and then blew it again. The woman opened the front door, and we stared at each other.

"I thought you might be someone else," I said, and turned back toward the train. The conductor was waving frantically for me to come. I ran as fast as I could, and when I got to him, he reached down and pulled me into the vestibule as wheels began to turn.

My father came down the aisle, scowling. He had seen what happened. In our compartment, he spoke sternly. "What were you looking for?"

I couldn't tell him the truth, so I said nothing.



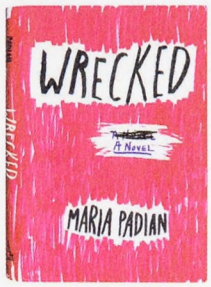
Time to Live

By Sara Thurber Marshall

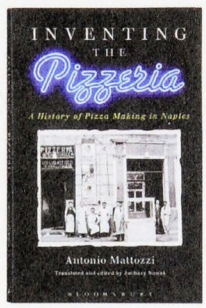
Though some say 70 is the new 60, turning that age can often make people reflect on the stage of life they have reached. In the novella *Goodnight, Ladies* by Zane Hickcox Kotker '56, we meet three women going through that process. In the opening chapters, we see how each one is dealing with the new decade: Nikki feels that if she just counts time by minutes, her time remaining will be like a "cosmic phone card of unspent millions"; Pru has reluctantly decided to move from a townhouse to a condo in her retirement community, but feels it's where she'll go to die; Chessa gets a rescue dog for company and names him after her college boyfriend. What these friends have in common is that they are all widows who have watched someone they love die. And moving on is difficult, lonely, and full of question.

Kotker weaves the stories of these three women with beautifully crafted, witty, and wry prose, and we are easily drawn into their poignant dilemmas, whether it's trying out Match.com or discovering a newfound friend dead in her bathroom. By age 70, life lived and depth of memories stretch a long way into the past, and the future is only uncertainty, except for the knowledge that death awaits. With wisdom and courage, each of these women marches forward with a plan. Kotker deftly captures the essence of this stage of life, when time can become the enemy if you let it, or it can be a precious commodity to be savored.

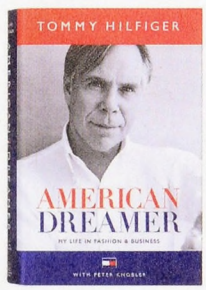
EDITORS' PICKS



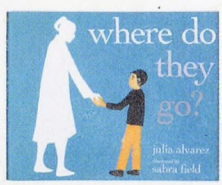
MARIA PADIAN
Wrecked: A Novel
In this young adult novel, Maria Padian '83 tackles the thorny yet current topic of sexual assault on a college campus.



ANTONIO MATTOZZI TRANS. AND ED. BY ZACHARY NOWAK
Inventing the Pizzeria
Zachary Nowak, MA Italian '10 is the translator of this fascinating history of the origins of pizza in 18th-century Naples.



TOMMY HILFIGER WITH PETER KNOBLER
American Dreamer
Once again Peter Knobler '68 has collaborated with an influential American of the 20th century, this time telling Hilfiger's story of building his brand.



JULIA ALVAREZ ILLUS. BY SABRA FIELD
Where Do They Go?
Two talented alums, Julia Alvarez '71 and Sabra Harwood Field '57, have produced a beautiful children's book that attempts to explain where our loved ones go when they die.

ClassActs

Directors of the Middlebury Alumni Association (MAA) Wendy Russell Tracy '95, President • Thomas D. Steinle '84, Vice President • Robert V. Sideli '77, Past President • Michelle E. Cady '08 • Skip A. D'Aliso '79 • Kristen Forsberg '04, MIIS '07 • Janine Hetherington '95 • Shana Mitchell Hopkins '94 • Samuel S. Libby '09 • R. Drew Miller '03 • Anne Harris Onion '69 • Katie Rosin-Green '97
Ex Officio: Meg Storey Groves '85, Associate Vice President for Alumni Relations and Annual Giving • Beth Connor, Director of Alumni and Parent Programs • Jeffrey Stauch '05, Director of Annual Giving

If anyone in the Classes of 1935, 1936, 1937, or 1938 would like to share news with the Middlebury community, please send it to Sara Marshall, Alumni Editor, 152 College St., Middlebury College, Middlebury, VT 05753 or to smarshal@middlebury.edu.

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I wish my classmates all the best.
—Class Correspondent: A. Roger Clarke (arogerclarke@aol.com), 7 Rundel Park, Rochester, NY 14607.

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If you have any news you'd like to share, please send it to Sara Marshall, 152 College St., Middlebury Magazine, Middlebury, VT 05753 or to smarshal@middlebury.edu.

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If you have any news you'd like to share, please send it to one of us.
—Class Correspondents: Elizabeth Wolfington Hubbard-Ovens, 22 Inverness Dr., Apt. I-116, New Hartford, NY 13413; Margaret Shaub, 7 Aspen Dr., Apt. 236, South Burlington, VT 05403.

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REUNION CLASS Greetings to my classmates! Reunion is June 9–11 and I hope you can make it back to campus!
—Class Correspondent: Nancy Hall Whitehouse (whitehousenancy@ymail.com), 75 State St., Unit 61, Portland, ME 04101.

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Correspondent **Stuart Walker** reports: At the risk (taken by certain followers of Mark Twain) of exaggerating the condition of a number of members of the class, I had declared that **Ralph Crawshaw**, **Moncrieff Spear**, and **Robert Nims** were no longer with us and now that sad news has been verified. So that means—with the recent death of **Bing Byington**—the male members of our class are reduced to six: **Phil Backup**, **John Gale**, **Warren Hassmer**, **Dumont Rush**, **Ted Peach**, and me. • **John** likes his new home at the retirement facility in Raleigh, N.C.—far from Gloucester and the Atlantic Ocean but near his daughter. He enjoys the walks he can take in its vicinity. • From the porch of his cottage (on which he often sits), **Ted** has a grand view of forest and meadow on the western slopes of the Sierras. He walks regularly thru the nearby forest and hikes a quarter mile several times a day to the home of his son, Jeff, for meals. He shares the cottage with his 25-year-old grandson (Jeff's son). They frequently drive together to the town cafe where Ted is greeted as one of the regulars. He had a slight stroke last year (that now requires the use of a cane) and has had some loss of short-term memory, but needs little help in caring for himself. He enjoys World War II movies, which remind him of his Army service. He enlisted immediately after graduation and was in occupied Austria in 1945. Son Jeff adds, "He always liked to work on the road (we have a two-mile driveway) and forestry projects. He likes to play with his dogs and enjoys watching football games. He has 10 grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. He likes an occasional glass of Jim Beam." • **Warren** writes in his Christmas card to me, "I admire your daring. As Frost put in a poem, titled 'The Trial by Existence,' 'To find that the utmost reward / Of daring should be still to dare.' In August, my neighbors gave me a 95th birthday party. I lost my one brother last summer, leaving me with no relatives on this earthly space. Four years ago, I lost—after 54 years of shared life—my companion at 82. I make the most of my remaining life to the arts of gardening, music, and painting. In the fall, I made and planted five new beds of spring bulbs and moved back into my hoop greenhouse exotics like hibiscus, incarvillea, and tivorchina and 30-year-old Meyer lemon trees. I'm sorry but I won't be at the next class reunion. I am verily rooted here." • **Phil** must be the best preserved (for his age, 95) amongst us as during his regular winter sojourn in Hawaii (the Big Island), he has shot his age (on the golf course) several times! He and Ruth are planning to join John, Warren, Dumont, and me at our 2018 75th reunion. • My ability to drive a car has been lost due to macular degeneration, but I won the last regatta in which I sailed. I also participated in the Ice Bowl Race on the Severn River on New Year's Day (which I've won 34 times since 1955) but this time ran aground and was a long last. But I caught up and finished a close fourth. Wait 'til next year—looking for my 35th win! • Correspondent **Jean Jordan Sheild** reports: **Natalie Dane Richdale** was in Kennebunk, Maine, in her condo during the winter months. She keeps busy volunteering at the Brick Store Museum two or three times a week and still drives everywhere except when it snows. She enjoyed the holidays with her son and his wife and a daughter who live nearby. In the spring she moves to her home on the shore. Her daughter from Denver will be bringing her book club of 12 for the third time. They usually come in September and stay about a week. Natalie enjoys having them and they do all the food shopping and cooking. Sometimes they go off on a hike or sightseeing but most of the time they just enjoy talking about their trips or books and watching the sunsets over the ocean. • News from **Gertrude "Scotty" Lacey Thornton** involved a new project. Her daughter, Elaine, was visiting her for two weeks and they were preparing a brochure advertising a class that Scotty was going to teach about Japanese brush painting. Scotty has taught this class to people in her own neighborhood for several years, but this brochure would go to residents of another building. She's planning to make a presentation on closed circuit TV demonstrating the process and showing some of her paintings. The classes will be free but they will have to buy supplies. They will also put fliers in each of the 359 mailboxes. What an ambitious project! We wish her well! She'll be celebrating her 95th birthday in June at the Marriott Hotel on the ocean and is expecting about 30 family and friends. • Just a short note from **Carolyn Ohlander DePodwin**. She continues to enjoy Talking Books and highly recommends a book on Abigail Adams, which includes letters between her and her best friend, as well as between her and husband John, president of the U.S. after George Washington. She found it very interesting and an eye-opener on life in those days. She also enjoyed another book that told the history of World War II, written by David Kennedy, called *Freedom from Fear*. These are great books for those long summer evenings!
—Class Correspondents: Jean Jordan Sheild (sheildfamily@gmail.com), 4408 Winnequah Rd., Monona, WI 53716; Stuart Walker (stuarthodgewalker@gmail.com), 1888 Luce Creek Dr., Annapolis, MD 21401.

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If you have any news to share with classmates, please send it to us!
—Class Correspondents: Ruth Wheaton Evans (rrwe@verizon.net), 80 Salisbury St., Unit 603, Worcester, MA 01609; Elizabeth Ring Hennefrund (eliz.bet@earthlink.net), 397 Old Sherman Hill Rd., Woodbury, CT 06798.

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Marge Watson Haller writes, "My news for the year is two greats, my first. I had a great-grandson born April 19 and a great-granddaughter born November 3. Very exciting for me. I had my 93rd birthday on January 2. I am still bowling and doing pool aerobics as well as enjoying the many interesting things to do here at Southgate. It is a little harder to get up and down—if I get on the floor, I mean, but I guess that is to be expected. All in all, I am doing well. I never expected to be on the first page of *Middlebury Magazine*'s class notes!" • **Elaine King Dandh** writes about something nice that happened. "We are beginning a play-reading group in our 'elder village.' A local professor of theater, Eric Wiley, had written a play about the comic aspects of growing old, a great hit with what we call 'winter Texans.' I emailed him and asked him to lend us scripts. He googled me, found I had attended Middlebury, brought the scripts to my cottage, and told me that some of his family had

worked at Midd and others had attended there. We sat for two hours talking about the value of liberal arts colleges. Now I'll look for Wileys in the Class Acts." • **Jessie Woodwell Bush** writes, "The storm Matthew in October 2016 was well covered in the news. Its full force was felt in St. Augustine, Fla., where son Steven lives. All members of his family, including the pets, escaped to safe havens elsewhere, but there was considerable damage to his house. Ongoing repairs forced us to cancel our usual trip there at Christmas. Also, damage to a nearby motel forced us to cancel our reservation. Christmas here at home was celebrated with our daughter's family on Christmas Eve. We are thankful that, despite the storm, our family survived safely and still enjoyed the holidays." • I (**Mew**) learned of **Lee Van Leuven Morehouse**'s death on January 3. Over the years, Bruce and I visited Lee and husband Dick '43 at Six Moon Hill, in Lexington, Mass., as well as on the island of Vinalhaven in Maine and later years at Quarry Hill in Camden, Maine. Dick and Bruce were both B-24 pilots in the Eighth Air Force. The Jamien Morehouse Wing at the Farnsworth Art Museum in Rockland, Maine, speaks to their daughter's talents. Jamien was an artist who died in 1999. At Middlebury, Lee was an especially attractive classmate and over time we learned to chant, "Love 'em and leave 'em Van Leuven." Her marriage to Dick, however, lasted forever from 1946. Two of their three children graduated from Middlebury, Jamien in 1973, and Bruce in 1981. • Recently I had a surprise phone call from **Betts Allen Sutman**, who lives in Basking Ridge, N.J. While we were on the phone, Bob Allen phoned, **Manny Bailey Allen**'s husband. A sort of old home week all at once! Hope to hear from you. Best, **Mew**

—Class Correspondent: Mary Elizabeth Wisotzkey McClellan (maryliz124@comcast.net), 124 RiverMead Rd., Peterborough, NH 03458.

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Correspondent **Betsy Barclay Wales** reports: News arriving here suggests care and caution! Three of our classmates have been recuperating from injuries sustained from descents to unfriendly surfaces. **Jean "Lucky" Luckhardt Stratton** fell after attending a lovely presentation of the *Messiah*. **Mary Nasmith Means** fell after dining out with friends and managed to break her arm in two places. **Miriam Edmunds Le Baron** fell at home. All have been recouping with strenuous physical therapy schedules. Their advice is to tread lightly. • **Lucky** reports they had a fine Christmas with pieces of their several blended families. However, after Christmas was over, they took a nap. • **Kay Craven** still enjoys life on Cape Cod, Mass., and still spends time at her piano. She says she's been out of touch with Midd friends lately. • Correspondent **Joan Campbell Shaw** reports: On a cloudy, raw day after the inauguration, I (**Cam**), with some of my children and grandchildren, joined several thousands of others at the Vermont state capitol in Montpelier (and all over the world) to voice our concerns for the future. It was a very exciting and inspiring event and gives one hope for our country. Former Vermont Governor Madeleine Kunin spoke to the largest crowd ever assembled there, as did Bernie Sanders, our senator and defeated presidential candidate, who received a deafening ovation! As one of the oldest attendees, with a "Nasty Woman" sign around my neck, I became the subject of many photos and several hugs. One picture appeared in the weekly, *Seven Days*, and another on Facebook that resulted in more than 1,500 comments. I felt like a celebrity. • **Barbara "Flinkie" Flink Ewels** enjoyed a week with her two daughters and a granddaughter last April in Vero Beach, Fla. At another time, lunching with her daughters at a restaurant in Peterborough, N.H., Flinkie handed her credit card to the waiter and when he came back, he returned the card and said the bill was already paid. It turned out that a kind lady had paid the bill. As Flinkie describes it, "I went over to thank her and said I'd like to pay it—she said, no, I reminded her of her mother!" • The news I received from **Mary Elizabeth Cummings Nordstrom** is that a wonderful collection of Big Band songs, just donated to Huntington Common, has enlivened her twice-monthly Thursday afternoon half-hour parlor piano programs. She said that "engaging a resident to emcee has made the whole thing more interesting, both for the audience of up to 20, and me." Mary Elizabeth is in good health and was looking forward to a visit from her daughter, Chris, who lives in Massachusetts. • **Cindy Darby Westmoreland** took another trip last year, this time traveling north through Virginia and Delaware with daughter Lindy to visit family and friends. Cindy said she remembered Dover, Del., as a child being a small town and now it has grown into a big city, which made it a challenge to even find her old home. But they did! • **Barbara Busing Harris** sent the happy news of two new great-grandbabies. Bennett Eric Townsley arrived in Hartford, Conn., and is the grandson of Barbara's son, Peter '74, and Jane Alice Onion Muntean arrived in Athens, Ohio, granddaughter of Barbara's daughter, Anne Onion '69. And that makes nine greats! • **Sheila Schmidt Rowland** reports from the Residence at Shelburne Bay that her husband Bill died in early January. He and Sheila brought four children each to their second marriage and he was well-known to several of her classmates who enjoyed their hospitality in Nantucket, Cape Breton, Southington, Conn., and Rindge, N.H. • A note from **Jeanne "Pic" Picard Johnson** brought the sad news that her husband, Art, passed away December 11, 2016. She noted that Art was a fixture at all our reunions, beginning with 1956 "where he made a few friends." (Note: He made *a lot* of friends, who really enjoyed his company!) Pic also said that she is trying to bring her health to a better physical state. We send our sincerest sympathy to Pic on her loss. Also, in mid-February she moved to a smaller apartment so here is her new address and phone number: 800 Rice Valley Road N, Apt. F-23, Tuscaloosa, AL 35406. Phone: 205-349-8723. • We send condolences to the family of **Nancy Stratton Enos-Hall Thompson**, who died November 20, 2016. Classmates may remember her as Nancy Stratton who joined us after two years at Radcliffe College, when her father, Samuel Stratton, became Middlebury's president and "kept the College afloat" during the World War II years by procuring a Naval V-12 unit for the campus. An extensive obituary appeared in the *Ithaca Journal*. Nancy is survived by three children, three stepchildren, five grands, and two great-grands. There is to be a memorial service in Middlebury at a later date.

—Class Correspondents: Joan Campbell Shaw (camshaw46@comcast.net), 49 Cottage St., Manchester Center, VT 05255; Betsy Barclay Wales (betsywales@icloud.com), 78 Scott Dyer Rd., Apt. 222, Cape Elizabeth, ME 04107.

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REUNION CLASS **John Moriarity** sent a terse but delightful message: "I am 93 and going great guns. I am living with my son in Wantagh, N.Y." • News from **Valerie Williams Burkig** concerned her family because they "have more interesting lives than I do." Her nephew, Ken Williams, who lost his wife 18 months ago, had come for Thanksgiving because he was lonely. Her son, Andy, came to see his cousin Ken while Andy's wife attended daughter Lindsey's graduation from Officer Training School. Andy had his phone in hand so they could all follow Lindsey's progress to northern New York State, where she will have her first post. Lindsey graduated from Oklahoma Univ. in May and was commissioned a second lieutenant. Her sister, Kathryn, is attending Blin, a junior college associated with Texas A & M, and their brother is a high school junior. • **Phil Briggs** and wife Jean (Sloan) '49 have been busy tripping around the globe. They traveled to West Africa and several other places. When I wrote them for news, they were about to leave on a 26-day cruise starting in Miami, stopping at many Caribbean islands, and going up the Amazon in Brazil to Manaus before returning to Miami. From there they were flying directly to Shelburne, Vt., where they were spending Christmas with the entire family before leaving for Arizona. They still have no great-grandchildren but have eight healthy grandchildren, so they still have hope. • **Joanne Buckeridge Booth** credits living in her retirement community for giving her a lot of mental and physical stimulation. She is also a member of a UCC church in Portland, Maine, which inspires and enriches her plus offers a great many opportunities for fun. For the last few years she has been part of a "diversity group," which aims to remind themselves that we are a diverse society and that we have to be concerned with minorities left behind. Recently they had a panel discussion with some Muslim students at the University of

Maine. The students had been refugees from Iraq and Somalia but they have been here for several years and so speak English well. Joanne is also part of a singing group, which sings for the joy of singing. She recently choreographed a "sort of jazz dance" for a variety show. In celebration of her birthday, some of her daughters went to NYC with her to see *Hamilton*, as well as to see her sister in Memphis, and to visit New Orleans to celebrate by listening and dancing to jazz. Joanne is grateful for the gift of life and hopes to make the reunion. • **Anne Macomber Wood**, like many of our classmates, joined the nonagenarians last March and had a celebration with her family. Son Fred and Cindy came from Ohio, grandson Ryan from South Carolina, and son Doug and Carol from Marlborough, Mass. Granddaughter Leah was married last September, so they had a chance to catch up with more relatives from California, Virginia, and Maryland. The rest of Ryan's family was there, too. She has two great-grandsons: one three and one five years old. Anne has given up driving but is fortunate that her retirement community has a van. • **Jean Mace Burnell** now has four great-grandchildren: two boys and two girls. She saw the boys for Christmas, as they live in Oregon, but not the girls, who live in Colorado. Jean is still volunteering, hiking, and generally staying out of trouble. Several of her kids are retired. She hopes to get to the reunion, but that depends on her being able to find someone to go with her. • **Betsy Hornaday Fry** has moved to a smaller and less expensive apartment at White Horse Village. She is still deciding about the reunion. • **Alice Neef Perine** had a busy Christmas with lots of family noise and fun. Her latest great-grandchild (number 12) is named after Gordie '49 and has his smile. • When **Carl Parkinson** last contacted me, he had just been released from the Savannah Hospital as a result of gallstones, but he now feels fine. He has a lot of medical appointments ahead of him this year. • We have lost more members of our class: **Jane Valentine Talbert** on September 21, **Doris Reynolds Cleveland** on October 12, and **Ruth Barber Toner** on December 12. • Hugh Barber '73 sent the following note: "**Leah Young** died peacefully on January 31 at the age of 91. She lived her entire adult life in Brattleboro, Vt., and lived independently at the time of her passing. She had no surviving family. She was born in Springfield, Mass., and graduated from high school there. After graduation, she was accepted at Green Mountain College and attended her freshman year there. She then transferred to Middlebury and graduated in 1947 with a BA in English. Her first job following graduation was for Holstein-Friesian Corp. in Brattleboro, Vt., from 1948 to 1951. She then joined Barber and Barber law firm as secretary and later became a highly qualified paralegal with specialties in probate and real estate law. In 1991, she retired after a distinguished 40-year career with the firm. In her later years, she became a consultant to Manley Apartments, a downtown block of mixed residential and commercial tenants. Leah spent a lot of time at the Brattleboro Senior Center doing volunteer work and socializing with other members of the center and she will be missed by all who knew her."

—Class Correspondent: Jeannette Atkins Louth (wmjalouth@comcast.net), 99 Depot Road West, West Harwich, MA 02671.

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Shirley Feyrer Suter writes, "After I graduated from Middlebury, I worked for the Citizen's Committee for the Hoover Report (economy in government). My first husband, Arthur Betz, and I had five children, and we celebrated our 60th anniversary before he died. Last year I married William Suter, a Rutgers graduate whom I met at our local duplicate bridge club. We have traveled the world the last several years (mostly cruising) and enjoy lectures, reading, playing bridge, dancing, etc. I lost one son in an accident eight years ago. I have a son in Hawaii and a daughter in Phoenix, while two other daughters live in Orange County." Shirley's address: 49-A East Highland Avenue, Sierra Madre, CA 91024. • **Adele Stemmler Taylor** gives a report from the Taylor family: "Our twin California granddaughters graduated last June from Middlebury and Williams—both ceremonies were impressive, and it certainly was a wonderful treat to attend such a special Midd graduation. I practiced walking up Chapel Hill so that I will be ready for our 70th (!) reunion in June 2018! Woodbury, Conn., is—and has been for the past 66 years—a wonderful place to raise a family and to live, now especially so, with many amenities for seniors. Our youngest son, Sam, is now living with us, helping to take care of Norm, who has dementia. A challenge indeed—every day is a new adventure." • *Alumni editor note*: I'm sorry to report that **Bart Nourse** died on January 25. I had the pleasure of working with Bart when he served as the class correspondent for 1948. He enjoyed contacting classmates, gathering notes, and relaying their news and I always enjoyed my interactions with him. We send sympathy to his widow, Tiffany Clark Nourse '47, sons Jim and Bart, daughter Tiffany '79, and their families.

—Class Correspondent: Adele Stemmler Taylor (adelesilverfox@gmail.com), 471 Washington Rd., Woodbury, CT 06798.

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Correspondent **Rachel Adkins Platt** reports: Last week I had a lovely trip down memory lane with **Cathy Grusauski Fagan**, who has lived many years in South Orange, N.J. She talked of her childhood growing up on a farm in Kent, Conn., on Route 7. She told me the house was a stagecoach stop in years past. She was the only girl with several brothers, and as her mom died when she was very young, she was the cook and housekeeper. She started at Middlebury at the age of 16 and fully enjoyed her years there. When she got married, her husband was working in Maplewood, N.J., and hence the move to South Orange. She still lives in the same house with four bedrooms and commented on the beautiful wood trim throughout the house. She has a cousin living with her as her husband died in 1997. They never had children, but lots of nieces and nephews have filled her life with joy. She and her husband did a lot of traveling together. At present her health is pretty good, although she has had sciatica but is much better now. Good news. She spent some time in our conversation on her family's past. Her forebears came over in the 1860s during the potato famine, just before the Civil War started. Some of her ancestors were British, and they discovered in recent years that one of the men might have been a lord in England. • My good friend, **Barbara "Buzz" Myers White**, called me and shared with me her happiness in living on Lake Champlain near her daughter, Marilyn White Sowles '79. Buzz had a wonderful Christmas with her children and grandchildren and relatives about. As her vision is somewhat limited, she is fortunate to have her evening meals with her daughter and family and finds her life very full. Buzz, I'm so happy for you and am sure all your classmates are also. 'Til next time, all stay well and keep in touch. • Correspondent **Dixon Hemphill** reports: I talked to **Edward Hutchinson**, who told me he still lives in Queensbury, N.Y., where he lived when he went to Middlebury. His wife died four years ago. He has two daughters, whom he sees quite often. Years ago he purchased a cottage on Lake George and has visited there every summer. I asked Ed if he skied in college and he said he wasn't much of a skier but he did wax skis for team members on many occasions. He told me he worked for the Imperial Wallpaper Company for 30 years. Unfortunately, Ed is now in a wheelchair but his outlook on life is positive and he said he has lived a good life so far. • Several of our classmates have died. **Herb Broner** died on December 10 and **Donn Barclay** died on January 1. Donn lived in my hometown of Westerly, R.I. His obituary mentioned that he was an Eagle Scout and had served in the Army Air Corps during WWII in China, Burma, and India. He worked in management positions for both General Motors and Chrysler for many years. One of Donn's pursuits was bridge and he often played with my sister-in-law, Anong, at the Westerly Senior Center. • I was also very sorry to learn of **Bob Whittier**'s death on January 11 and send my sincere condolences to his family. Although I didn't know Bob well at Middlebury, I got to know him quite well after he phoned me about seven years ago and asked if I would be interested in taking over his position as 1949 class correspondent. Obviously, I accepted and have enjoyed this job ever since. After our 55th reunion, June and I drove from Middlebury to South Hamilton, Mass., where Bob and Sally lived. There we spent a very enjoyable afternoon talking about old times at Midd, as well as our days in the Navy. Sadly, Sally was in the early stages of demen-

tia while we were there and not long after was moved into an assisted living care center near their home. She died some years later. Bob served three years in the Navy as a pilot during WWII. In 1946 his squadron operated out of San Diego, where he flew training missions aboard two aircraft carriers. He remained in the Naval Reserve and joined a unit in Squantum, Mass. He was recalled to active duty during the Korean War and served one year in Pensacola, Fla. Bob often phoned me during my time as correspondent and I always enjoyed talking to him. I will miss Bob—he was a good friend. • Bob's son, Jack, adds, "Dad had a lifelong commitment to Middlebury. He thoroughly enjoyed his time there and my sister and I heard stories our whole lives. But more importantly, lifelong friendships were formed at Middlebury. The longevity of the friendships was of great value to Dad—he treasured his friends and the years only brought more depth to the relationships."

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I had a nice letter from **Ray Edward Harter**. He was at Middlebury for three years, then went to Rhode Island School of Design for a year after that. Then he went on to Yale and came out with an architecture degree. He enlisted in the Navy and was a pilot. He also worked as a structural engineer. He loves music and is into the viola. His address is Flagstaff, Ariz., yet he dreams of the Pacific Northwest. He was widowed in 2012. • I received Christmas cards from **Joan Metzger Brisbin** and **Jackie Brooks Davison**. Joan is in her winter quarters with Lany and they are still playing tennis. Jackie was disheartened at the outcome of the presidential election. She is enjoying opera, trips to NYC, and life in general. • I started looking at the ladies' occupations in our class. **Faye George Berube** lives in Fall River, Mass., and listed supervisor, rehab teaching program, at Massachusetts Commission for the Blind. **Barbara Mclaren Boucher** lives in Denver and listed psychotherapist. **Jacque Snyder Braddock** is in Fredericksburg, Va., and was a librarian. **Louise Laverie Bresky** lives in Calgary, Canada. **Marianne Ughetta Brew** lives in Somers, N.Y. **Virginia Ringo Cleary** lives in North Andover, Mass. Continued next time! • I thought you might like to learn something about the male members of our class. **Daniel Baker** lives in Hot Springs, Ark. **Don Belden** is in Denver, Colo. He was an associate professor at the Univ. of Denver. **Stephen Welch** lives in Vergennes, Vt., and was the owner/president of First Welch Corp. **Cyrus Whitney** from Wycoff, N.J., worked for Aubrey Lanston & Co. • **Dex Whittinghill** lives in Bedford, Mass., and worked as corp. general traffic manager, Nashua Corp. • I'm sorry to say that **Curtis Cushman** died on December 21. A loyal member of our class, he wrote us letters encouraging us to give back to our alma mater and led by example. • Send me a note or call me to get in print.

—Class Correspondent: Virginia Orrall Albert (alan8165@outlook.com), 1451 S. Greenville Ave., Apt. 2117, Allen, TX 75002. (469-795-6310)

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I (**Lee**) was pleased to hear from **Meg Curry Gregg** who wrote, "I am delighted to let you know that Don has published a second book called *The Scarred Double Eagle*. This is primarily a children's book based on stories his grandfather told him of the Old West, cowboys, and Indians, but it is also appealing to all ages." Those of you who read Don's book *Pot Shards* know what a talented writer he is so I, for one, plan to read this new book before I give it to our granddaughter. Don taught at Williams three days a week for their winter study month. We almost crossed paths, as Bob and I were in the Berkshires at our time-share at the same time. • **Roland Coates** has finally finished writing his memoir. Wife Liz admitted to taking forever to edit it and insert photos, but Roly was patient and took up writing poetry while waiting for her to finish. It has been sent to the publisher. • **Marty O'Brien Fenn** has made the decision to age in place, in the old house with "everything I love." She has five grandchildren, three in California, and two in Sweden in college. Marty is in a book group that has been together for 21 years. • **Cristina Schweiker Herrlich** continues with three volunteer jobs and a long swim every other day, as well as growing a vegetable garden and a flower garden. She visited her children in Nashua, N.H., last Thanksgiving and also enjoyed a lovely time at Lake Winnipesaukee with her children during the summer. Cristina enjoys her life in a friendly senior independent living apartment in Essex Junction, Vt. • **Joan Macklaier Birkett** spent a week in Montreal last October with her son and daughter, visiting with Joan's brother. They spent time driving past former homes and exploring the Native American Reservation, meeting French-speaking villagers. She also enjoyed a reunion with old friends while there. Joan enjoys spending time on the computer, writing poetry, and keeping up with email. She tries to walk every day and participates in Qi Gong class twice a week at the local fitness center. She writes, "I am grateful for continuing health, meeting moments in travel, home projects, family, and friends. Lots of challenges at this time in new unfolding world events. We can only go forward with positive intentions for peace, health, and healing for all." • We're sorry to report the death of **Gretchen Deckelman McCombs** in November. **Phyllis Cole Deming** sent a copy of the program for Gretchen's memorial gathering, along with the obituary telling of Gretchen's very memorable life of teaching and volunteering, including her being awarded the "Woman of Achievement" award by the YWCA of Greater Pomona Valley, Calif., and the Chino, Calif., "Layman of the Year" award. Our heartfelt sympathy to Gretchen's family and friends. • I (**Lee**) had another wonderful chat with **Ellie Hight Morris** in which we shared the "joys" (?) of growing old, along with stories of the REAL FUN of being with the young people and being exhilarated by their spirit, energy, and wit! • Correspondent **Beth Huey Newman** doesn't stay put for long! She spent Thanksgiving with her grandson in Texas, meeting her new most wonderful great-grandson, and then Christmas in Minnesota with her daughter and family. • Again, we hope to hear from ALL of you. Enjoy the summer and let us know what you are doing, thinking, hoping. Best wishes for health and happiness! **Lee** and **Beth**

—Class Correspondents: Lee Webster McArthur (rlmca@verizon.net), 725 Willow St., Cranford, NJ 07016; Beth Huey Newman (bethhueynewman@gmail.com), 300 Woodhaven Dr., Apt. 2509, Hilton Head, SC 29928.

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REUNION CLASS Correspondent **Chuck Ratté** reports: I had written to **Bob Barker** because I had fond memories of his congenial personality. He always greeted me on campus with a happy smile, and we often stopped for a moment of friendly conversation. After 60 or so years, I wondered why I had not corresponded with him much sooner? As class correspondent, I have a list of all the members of the class and I had passed by G. Robinson Barker's name several times. Who is G. Robinson Barker? I took a chance and sure enough, it was Bob Barker, a friend I should have corresponded with long ago. Well, I recently received a most informative, comprehensive letter from Bob that I would like to share. In the summer of 1951, Bob took a job with a paper company at Blue Mountain Lake in the Adirondacks. About mid-summer he learned that his draft board was looking for him. He had a choice of military services and chose the Navy. After boot camp, he was assigned to a weather squadron stationed in Jacksonville, Fla., and became a hurricane hunter. After two years, he was discharged, married, and returned to finish his degree at Middlebury, graduating in 1956. He then entered Yale School of Forestry. By this time his family had grown (three girls). With his master's in forestry, he was immediately hired by St. Regis Paper Co. in Pensacola, Fla., later moving to the company offices in Jacksonville. He quickly moved up in the company by improving his computer capabilities and, combining those with satellite technology, he received a NASA grant to validate use of satellite data as a means of determining forest resources and reserves. After many successful years at St. Regis, he joined a French satellite company's U.S. marketing firm and relocated to D.C. The job involved a large amount of travel and his wife was able to join him on most of his travels. In retirement, they moved to Athens, Ga., and he began teaching a course in spatial information for resource

management at the Univ. of Georgia. He and his wife are now busy attending weddings of grandchildren and he says, "Man, we are pooped!" Bravo, Bob, for a successful career that started back in Middlebury in 1948. • I heard from **Bill Huey**, who lives on Hilton Head Island, S.C., which was hit hard by Hurricane Matthew. The Hueys evacuated at the governor's orders. Luckily they had planned a two-week trip to Europe to celebrate their wedding anniversary. When they returned, they found their home had not received any damage and they helped in the clean-up. • I received a most welcome and unexpected Christmas card from **Bob Morgan**. Bob has retired and is settled in Great Falls, Mont. He said to give him a call to chat about the good times at Middlebury so I did and we got reacquainted quickly. We both plan to attend our 65th reunion. I look forward to continuing our fun, but too short, chat in June, Bob. • Correspondent **Jean Vaughan Varney** reports: I was pleased to hear from **Louise Erb Mayr**, who had interesting news. In December, she and husband Otto traveled to Lindau, Bavaria (Germany), for a celebration honoring the publication of a book Otto had recently finished writing, *The Siege of Lindau.* This took place during the 30 Years' War, which raged from 1618–1648 and involved Germany, Austria, Switzerland, and other great European powers of that era with Sweden being the aggressor in the Lindau siege. While some of you (history majors?) may find it interesting to read, be forewarned that it's written in German! After the festivities, they moved on to Berlin and joined their son Otto V and wife, Berlin residents. While there they happened to stroll by the Christmas market just before the December terrorist massacre there. The following day they all flew from the Berlin airport (which was crawling with security) to Barcelona to embark on a two-week Mediterranean cruise along the coasts of France and Italy, stopping at major spots such as Marseilles, Livorno, and Naples. A December they'll not soon forget I'd say! • I spoke briefly with **Barbara "BB" Bieber Zeiller**, who resides in Towson, Md. I vividly recall spending a night with BB and husband John '51 in late 1953 when they were living in Norfolk, Va., while John was doing a Navy stint. I was en route from Newport, R.I., to Key West—a scary five-day drive straight down Route 1 to meet Ensign Varney's ship. After Norfolk the Zeillers did some moving and ended up in Towson, where they spent 23 years before moving to Williamsburg, Va., and spending another 23 years. Now, what goes around comes around, and she has been back in Towson for the last four years. She's in a lovely smallish retirement community and fortunate enough to have all three daughters living nearby, one of whom several of us met at our 60th reunion when she accompanied her mother (who regrets she will not make it to the 65th). Another daughter stops by once a week and out they go for lunch, shopping and maybe a movie. What fun. After years of tackling about every known form of needlework but one, she is now enthralled with needlepoint, which she turns into pillows, tapestries, and so on. She also knits for Project Linus, which distributes blankets, afghans, etc., to those in need. She stays active by playing croquet and doing her thing on the putting green. • Scribe **Barbara Cummiskey Villet** has written before of her involvement in the making of the recent four-star rated movie *Loving* in which her late husband, Grey Villet, is portrayed as the *Life* magazine photographer that he was. I was anxious to see the film not just because a classmate was instrumental in having it produced but because, as a transplanted Virginian, I wanted to know more about the racially mixed marriage issue in the state and how it came to the attention of the Supreme Court. I was delighted to see her name in the list of credits. Well deserved, Barbara! • See page 55 for more about Barbara!

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I have for some time been looking forward to our next reunion, when I would hand over my job as class correspondent to a worthy successor, but the sudden onset in our home of the problems so many of us face—age, disease, and narrowing horizons—suggest my attendance there is problematic. I have decided I can no longer manage the job of class correspondent. I hope that by the time you read this, a successor or successors will be in place. But I must say good-bye. I am grateful for those who have kept in touch (you know who you are), as well as those who have answered their nagging phones to talk with me. I wish there had been more such talk. I have enjoyed it all, and I wish you all well. For me, Middlebury was special from the beginning. I have a vivid memory of the cold, clear, brilliant winter Sunday of my first campus visit. Watching all the lovely ladies parading toward Mead Chapel, I thought, "This is the place for me." And it was. Later, after the Navy and grad school, I was fortunate enough to return and learn how to teach English literature from my amazing and supportive colleagues in the English Department. And Hathaway Cottage, the little house on the corner, which today honors our friend Chaplain Scott, became our first real home. Expensive to heat on an instructor's salary, it still remains dear to our family as our first home, with a fireplace for our Christmas stockings. And the lovely Middlebury ladies were now our babysitters. My job as class correspondent and the talks I have had with many of you over the years, at reunions or through these pages, have helped keep these memories fresh and alive. I am so grateful. So thank you and farewell. At least for now.

—Class Correspondent: Bob Parker (middman53@gmail.com), 1003 Fruitland Rd., Springfield, OH 45503.

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Correspondent **Julie Howard Parker** is having a wonderful time writing an autobiography. At page 275 she is only 34 years old so it is turning out to be an *Anna Karenina* or *Agony and Ecstasy*. There are fun bits about friends at Midd, Tiff (**Anne Tiffany**) and **Janie Potter Van Duser**, and falling in love with **Peter** on the way home to Detroit and Chicago at Christmas in 1951. Luckily **Bill Joyce** was dying to get his hands on the steering wheel, and knew the way to his New York home, so Pete sat in the back squeezed against Julie. Peter is truly a man of the forest, never so happy as when he is walking the woods in Vermont or California, always learning more about redwoods or our pine plantation or when and if the ash borer infestation in lower New England states is going to devastate our Vermont woods. Always new worries. The latest is that a certain kind of earthworm, not native to the U.S., is ruining the soil under trees, exposing their roots, and taking out all the nutrients. • Correspondent **Tom Ryan** reports: It's cold here in south Texas; 22 degrees last week. But it will be 82 next week, so it all averages out. • I had a nice conversation with Betsy Heath Gleason '58 who, with husband **Bob Gleason**, lives in Middlebury in one of a number of cottages adjacent to Porter Hospital. All is going about as well as can be expected. "The cottage is cozy, and people are lovely." They were planning to visit St. Martin in the Caribbean for three weeks of sunshine. A really nice way to cope with Vermont winters! • **Lois Wanstall Kaufmann** is a new Middlebury resident, having moved into the Residence at Otter Creek in mid-2016 and, after a series of intraresidence moves, into her permanent apartment November 1. She and her husband had spent some 20 years in Vero Beach, Fla., before her recent move back to Vermont to be closer to family. "I miss Florida, but Vermont is also really nice." And she likes the Otter Creek facility. "Look at the ad on the back of the *Middlebury Magazine*!" • **Nick Miller** also moved into a retirement community last March. I wasn't surprised when he said that he is already on two management committees! After retiring from Aetna in 1990, Nick and his wife traveled for years on bike and road trips through most of the European countries. After losing his wife to cancer in 2015, Nick decided to move to his present quarters in Connecticut. He is still keeping his financial mind busy raising money annually (he says he is a hell of a grant writer), as he has done for the past 42 years, for a large 4-H farm facility in Connecticut. • **Susan Lackey Willoughby** and husband Ron are living in downtown Toronto, a city the Economist Intelligence Unit calls "one of the most livable in the world." They live directly across the street from what Susan said is reputed to be "the world's best farmers' market." And she should know! I think I can state, without fear of contradiction, that she is the only one of our classmates who spent their career raising natural, organic beef cattle in Canada. She and her husband generally had some 50

head of cattle at any one time, keeping them very busy and vacationless. After selling that business in 1996, they made up for some lost time. Ron, after retiring from Imperial Oil, spent additional time traveling the world installing moveable roofs on various venues, particularly in the Middle East, an expertise he acquired in Toronto. Two children, after traveling the world, are also back in Toronto. • **Ferd** and **Mary-Lou Bayles Wyckoff** say they are hanging in there, with the usual aches and pains. They had some travel to the Carolinas last spring, for grandchildren's college graduations, and have continued travel to the Outer Banks. It used to be a beautiful area, with wide open beaches and an enormous variety of sea and land birds. Ferd says, "Not anymore!" Now, it's very congested and overbuilt with huge homes on the barrier islands. Enough to drive the architect in Ferd crazy! This spring, they are off to Alaska on a very comfortable cruise ship, which should be a great trip! • A personal medical note regarding a drug called Levaquin. In June, I had a bad cough, went to the doctor who said, "pneumonia," and prescribed Levaquin. It cured the pneumonia, but ruptured my left Achilles tendon (recently surgically attached), and I couldn't walk for seven weeks. Not fun. Watch out for Levaquin. • And now, the bad news. We recently lost **Nancy "Whit" Whittemore Nickerson**, who died in early December. When we were class correspondents together, she was a joy to work with, always willing to help and to do a little more. We send our condolences to her family. • And **Jim Ashworth** died in October. I knew Jim more than casually; we took a number of classes together and, while we were there, the campus and student body was small. Almost everybody knew almost everyone. Jim was a DKE and I think, one of the founding members of the FADC, which was either the Fine Arts Drawing Class or the Friday Afternoon Drinking Club. Since the meetings were generally held on Friday afternoon at the DKE house, you figure it out. • Let's all stay active and stay connected!

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Correspondent **John Baker** reports: **EB Baker** says, "We are fine here on Cape Cod. Barbara and I are living a good retirement life now, particularly having just shucked off our retirement theatrical commitments, which after 16 years were beginning to wear us down. If you're ever on the Cape, look up the Eventide Theatre Company in Dennis (or online, where the company is well described). It's been a great run, but now our focus has shifted to home and family (some far-flung, requiring travel!). We live in Brewster in the house we bought 20 years ago to retire to, a plan/decision that has paid off. Please give us a call if you get over this way." • I was concerned when I couldn't reach **Pete Baldwin** but EB said that the Christmas card from Pete and Caroline (Whitmore) '54 sounded fairly good and he believes they live in town while the kids now live at and manage the farm. Pete—let's hear from you! • **Earl Samson** sounds upbeat. He and Susan sold their winery but still live in the same house in Little Compton, R.I. • **Henry Van Vleck** sounds as cheery as ever—he's still living in Granby, Conn. • **Alan Frese** sounds busy. He lives in Stamford, Conn., but has kept his apartment in New York, where he continues to stay involved in the New England Society and the Friar's Club. He gave up his sailboat a while ago and sold the Architectural Book Publishing Company, which his great-grandfather founded about 1900. The company was noted for several photographic books by Samuel Chamberlain. • I also caught up with **Dave Corey** and **Roy Craig** but would like to hear more updates from them. • Correspondent **Carlene Snyder Howland** reports: When I talked to her, **Pat Hinman Makin**, back home from a visit to her daughter in Maine and from skiing there in icy conditions (they got a foot of fresh snow only after she left), sounded as positive as ever, as she talked about sailing in Martinique with friends. Her youngest grandson is in his senior year at Midd; two older ones are in Truckee, Calif., connected with ski patrol at Sugar Bowl and coaching at the ski academy in that area. She has a granddaughter who works in "branding" (advertising) in San Francisco. I hope she will find her way out West to visit them and maybe pay me a visit. She talks of being in touch with **Roy Craig**, and of seeing **Carol Hawkins Rowe** and her husband, who live close by. • When I talked to her on a chilly January day, **Joan Tolley Bassett** and husband Alt '53, having just enjoyed a big holiday gathering of their family, were going through old files, which included Middlebury reunions. They have lived in their Princeton home for 55 years and have enjoyed it very much. They were planning to celebrate their 61st wedding anniversary with a trip to a favorite haunt in Delaware and were excited about a trip to Venice, Fla. They recently saw **Earl Samson** and his wife, as well as **John Denny**, who lives in Princeton, N.J. • Sad news: **Ruth Buddington Hergenrother** passed away at her home in Salt Lake City on October 15. She graduated from Newton (Mass.) High, then majored in English at Midd. She married Robert Todd Schimke in 1959, acquiring two stepchildren, and then had two of her own. They lived in Palo Alto, Calif., as her husband was on the Stanford faculty. Ruth later remarried, this time to Karl Hergenrother, her childhood sweetheart, and they moved back east to Chelmsford, Mass. She worked for Arthur D. Little, in Boston, until her retirement. Ruth loved art in all its forms and had great appreciation for nature, which she enjoyed photographing. She especially liked spending time at the beach, on both Atlantic and Pacific coasts. • Thanks to communication from three of you, we have additional news to share. • **Junie Stringer DeCoster** reports from St. Paul, Minn., that in October 2016 she had an art exhibit at the Groveland Gallery, which has represented her for 30 years. Junie also reported the death of **Denis Pfeifler** on January 6. He and **Ann (Singleton)** had been married over 60 years and have three sons. • **Junie, Judd Zecher Colton,** and **Scotty MacGregor Gillette** live close enough to meet for lunch several times a year. The most recent rendezvous was held in Minneapolis, at Scotty and Peter Gillette's newly completed condo in a downtown "senior" building. They combined two units, designed their own space, and now can enjoy its southern exposure with lots of sunshine and a good view of the Mississippi River, as it winds through the city. They are located close to the Guthrie Theater. Some of their other friends have moved into the same building, so there is a sense of community there. Scotty says she is still playing tennis and golf and traveling extensively with Peter to the Caribbean, Phoenix, and Sicily this year. She is very grateful for good health and for having all three of their daughters, spouses, and grandchildren in Minneapolis. • **Mimi Dupont Learned-Daigle** sends greetings from Norwich, Conn. She enjoys good health and vigor, but she and husband Jim have had to slow their pace this year, due to his bad knee. • OUR PLEA: **Carlene** says, "To keep us all in touch with each other, John and I are happy to report news to you from other classmates, but it's the gathering of that news that has become a challenge. It's not easy for us, as we sometimes hesitate to call and pry into your lives. If you have some thoughts or experiences that you would like to share, please submit them to us. Thanks!" **John** adds, "I've enjoyed the many conversations I've had over the years with our male classmates. But Carlene is right—we would really appreciate more proactive efforts in sharing news. I'll continue to make calls but would appreciate calls or emails from time to time."

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Dick Catlin reports: "**Stan** and **Lucy** asked me to reflect on living close to the College. Over the 10 years we have lived here, I have had the opportunity to get to know many of the professors, coaches, support staff, and students. I have been in meetings with them, attended sport events, music recitals, lectures, and have hosted students in our home, had Midd students on our Timberlock staff, and even taught a couple J-term courses with **Mark Benz**. I continually find myself in awe of the quality of experience the College offers. Years ago I was critical of the College for not having a more open policy to the community and not stepping up to the plate to help the town solve the growth problems that the College was largely responsible for creating. This has all changed with the College helping to make the Cross Street bridge a reality, completing

renovation and using the Town Hall Theater, creating 51 Main, and most recently, helping with the new town office and the subsequent creation of the new and beautiful park. And it's an open campus, allowing townspeople use of the library and sports facilities, and letting us audit courses and more. The College clearly is a leader in setting a very high environmental bar. It's carbon neutral now with biomass heat, solar arrays, land conservation, etc., and exports the desperate need to educate the world on climate change through Bill McKibben's Sunday Night Group, and by example. Bottom line, we can be very proud of our alma mater and yes, I know it often looks like the place is awash in cash. But the reality is that you get what you pay for from professor to groundskeeper. Remember also that almost all of the physical improvements you see are not from student tuition but from designated alumni gifting. The support of the alumni is critical to the reason our College is the leader and high-bar setter it is. Our class has always been generous. Believe me, our contributions are well spent." • **Mike Philbin** writes, "I'm doing well and still enjoying golf and tennis. I'm in touch with **Bob Vuillet**, **Danko** (**Karl Brautigam**), and **John Hoops** every once in a while. Sorry I missed the last reunion, but I'm keeping my travel pretty local, visiting my sons, who are still here in California." • Interesting and sad news came from **Betty Mitchell Munisoglu**: "I had the good fortune to be a guest professor for two weeks last March at Turgut Ozal Univ. in Ankara, Turkey, lecturing on U.S. criminal law and procedure to a class of about 40 students. Because my late husband had been a longtime friend of Turgut Ozal—a Western-oriented, forward-thinking leader in whose honor the university was named and who died while serving as president of Turkey—it was especially satisfying for me to have an opportunity to teach there. The students and faculty were incredibly friendly and responsive, and we actually put on a mock jury trial! Fortunately, the university is located on the outskirts of the city, so a significant bomb explosion at the city center did not cause any disruption. But it put everyone (including me) on edge as it was followed a week later by a bomb incident in Istanbul. In retrospect, those were mild precursors to the events that have unfolded since. The university where I taught has now been shut down by the government and all the professors fired. It was one of 15 universities shut down in the wake of the failed coup. Turkey as I have known it over the past 58 years is unraveling. Will it recover? One can only hope." • **Sy Marchand** writes, "I have refrained from sending in any news because there is very little that is new in my life except for the usual life-cycle events; i.e., less mobility, more aches and pains, and operating in a rut that has been some years in the making. Princeton is an academic community and so I have continued to audit classes in various disciplines made available by the university. It's also a musically active community and I am a longtime member of a local chorus. Then there are the usual pro bono activities—an interest in cycling; trying to keep up with eight grandchildren; reading the books that I promised myself I would read six months ago; and a wife who believes in social activism. Major recent trips have been to Alaska with Walt Disney and the entire family and another to Israel with the eldest grandchild." • Congratulations to Nancy and **Dick Powell**, who report they have just become great-grandparents. Dick writes: "Our great-granddaughter is a gift from heaven—wonderful sunny disposition, good manners, sleeps all night, growing like a sunflower, and a joy to be parents and surrogates the third time around. But two nights minding her is a handful and leaves us drained for a few days. Still, we love her and the role." • Finally, congrats to **Judy Phinney Stearns** in recognition of her lifetime commitment to the young. Judy, longtime volunteer with the YMCA, was honored by her local Y at a special event. The surprise of the evening was the announcement that the Glastonbury Y will build a new playscape for the preschool kiddies, which will be named the Judy Stearns Playground; perfect for the retired kindergarten teacher. Judy says she will be the first one down the slide! Way to go, Judy! • Keep the news coming! • Check out a mini-reunion photo on page 69 and a book review on page 57!

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REUNION CLASS In the winter issue we heard from **Bo Wakefield**, who embarked on another Australian adventure in Western Australia (WA) with wife Kathy. Here is his final note about the trip: "On Wednesday, November 16, my 81st birthday, the Tug and Trailer closed the Western Australia Loop when they brought us safely up our Terranora driveway. Without TV, a microwave, and GPS advice (although I did have my faithful Sony Walkman), Voyage #5 was concluded at 97 days out. The total distance decreased from our estimate as on occasion we had to reroute when finding wet, closed tracks. In total, we put 23,960 kilometers under the axles. Kath was driving when the Tug's rear tire blew in a remote rocky-hill climb on the early Gibb River Road track out of Kununurra. Then I got bogged-to-the-axles thrice! (Without practice the codriver recovered each one with professional 'cool!') No mechanical or fuel failures to report. Saint Christopher must have been with us on every road! We set up and pulled down our tent-trailer on 41 different campsites. Spiritually lifting were the 11 homestay overnights. The conviviality of our old distant friends was found to be instantaneous. Too bad we had to move on! Outstanding on this western circuit were the WA spring wildflowers; the size and diversity of the WA mining industry (mainly iron ore); and the Swan River's daily bell-tower carillon, welcoming all travelers to come and enjoy the city of Perth. WA is a wonderful, young, outstanding destination. Go out and see it! But sometimes in wet weather it became hard work to get to the next campground before sunset. (To eliminate animal strike we do not drive between sunset and dawn!) Wishing a Forney had been in our backseat at least some of the way. Maybe next time? Kath assures me in the next years there will be short trips to explore somewhere we have not yet been. Where?"

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Russ Christensen writes this note about studying abroad, which many students do today: "**Jock Glidden** and I were two of the first experimenters in arranging our own third-year abroad program with the College. Both of us applied to the University of Edinburgh in Scotland in 1956 to attend that institution in 1956–57. Both of us were accepted and proceeded to make arrangements with the College so that credit earned at Edinburgh would be accepted at Middlebury. We did this on our own, and there was no program in effect at that time that sanctioned this process. So, we were the innovators of a program that has subsequently enriched many undergraduate lives. I remember going to find Jock when I learned that he and I had been accepted. I didn't know him at all before that meeting. When we subsequently met in Edinburgh, we became fast friends and remain so to this day. In fact, in 1959, I asked Jock to come to Costa Rica for my wedding to Cristina Fournier. He came as my best man. At reunions, we try to walk together, and he sometimes buys me a new pair of sneakers. It was I who recommended to Jock to take his first course in philosophy. He later majored in it and also taught it in college." • **Jock** adds his memories: "What I remember most about my college years is not the professors and classes at Middlebury. It was more about my junior year at the University of Edinburgh and a classmate I met. Apparently, my proposal to study there was novel to the Middlebury authorities but they did not discourage it. The culture of student life and classes in Scotland was very new to me; that was the point. I was impressed with my first course in philosophy and further study of it was encouraged by Korean war veteran and Middlebury student **Russ Christensen**. Also, I noticed several Edinburgh students hanging out at the partisan coffeehouse, reading *The Mandarins*. It was about postwar existentialism and philosophers in Paris. This was the rage then so I also bought the book, more for the posture than the content. But, I had to start somewhere. When Russ and I returned to Vermont for our senior year, his veteran ranking allowed him to live off campus. He rented a motel cabin north of town and was struggling with Sartre's *Being and Nothingness*. This so impressed me that I eventually made philosophy my life's vocation. I thankfully give Middlebury credit for accommodating our unorthodox scholastic

interlude abroad." • **Bobbie Bang Knowles** writes, "**Elaine Humme** asked how Middlebury influenced my life, a query I've pondered for over a month. Being from NYC, the beauty of the natural surroundings at Middlebury impressed me profoundly, influencing my choice of places to train, work, and live throughout my professional career. Right after graduation—because there was no practical career advice at Middlebury—I went home to NYC to a research technician job at Columbia med school, which evolved into one at Johns Hopkins med school, where I commuted an hour each way through the rolling Maryland hills from a wee apartment next to a cattle farm in rural Harford County. A breakthrough publication led to graduate school admission at Arizona State Univ., at a time when breathtaking, uninhabited desert was within easy access. Armed with my graduate degrees, I stepped into academic science in genetics at UC Berkeley, living at the top of the Berkeley hills where I could spy the Golden Gate Bridge on my daily commute, a joy. The start of my independent academic research career, at the Wistar Institute and the Univ. of Pennsylvania, led to life in the exurban Brandywine Valley, where my kids were 'lifers' at the peaceable Quaker Westtown School, as I climbed the academic ladder to professor in town. Despite sabbaticals in picture-perfect Cold Spring Harbor and Freiburg, Germany, and a dual home life on gracious Fitler Square in Center City Philadelphia and in Westtown, when called to direct research at the Jackson Laboratory in Bar Harbor, Maine, I accepted. A lot of this decision was based on the house I found, where I still live, smack-dab on Frenchman Bay and at the edge of Acadia National Park. We also have a home in Taos, basking in the exquisite light of this rural high desert community. When most people retire, extra innings in the rapidly emerging scientific community of A*STAR in Singapore beckoned, leading to five years of scientific excellence, whilst growing orchids and tropical plants on the roof garden of our three-story apartment. For the last four years, we have spent three to four months consulting in the small Siriraj stem cell institute at Mahidol Univ., living and commuting to work past the eye-twisting temples on the Chao Phraya River rolling through Bangkok. Now living in Bar Harbor, Taos, and Bangkok with family stays in Manhattan and Seattle pleases my eyes. This must be the gift from Middlebury." • We want to thank all those who so willingly contributed to the column. We love hearing from you, and we hope you'll continue to brighten our lives with your reminiscences.

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Paul Schosberg reports that three generations from several states and Australia gathered in Westchester County to celebrate two birthdays and their 58th wedding anniversary. Anyone else up to 58? Paul, besides his horse raising, is now into corgis with Emmy, who was a grand champion and now has two champions in her first litter. The food bill must be a lot less! • **Terry Twichell** writes, "I can't believe my children are now 50 or older. I have four grandchildren enrolled at Thacher, the prep school where I worked for 33 years. It's truly a treat to be able to see them compete in sports and play in bands, and to attend grandparents' days. We have just finished downsizing. I have asked myself many times, 'How could we have possibly acquired all this junk?'" • **Anne Goebel Barkman** has a new grandson, born in July. "It's so nice having two under four years old again now that the others are all adults. I attended Middlebury Alumni College in August; I wish more of us would try it. It's fun, and we're really still not too old to learn!" • **Don Collier** tutors in math at the Univ. of Florida. He recently tutored a young man from the Canary Islands, who spoke no English but who was bright and well-grounded in math. The student's dad was on a sabbatical at the university. Don worked with the student until his English improved enough to follow class lectures. Don previously tutored a young Puerto Rican student with similar issues. He marvels at how his Spanish, which he took at Midd as a fun course, has proven so useful. • **Charlie Davis** and his wife abandoned Idaho in December for 10 days in Cancún on the beach and at Mayan sites, enjoying 88 degree temps. He returned to the Idaho tundra for Christmas with children and grandchildren but found temps 60 degrees different. C'mon Charlie, you spent a few winters at college. • **Barbara Hart Decker** writes, "This summer the Student Conservation Assoc. will celebrate 60 years of volunteers in National Parks and other areas. **Fred Swan** volunteered the first year, **Ailene Kane Rogers** in the second, and I volunteered in the third, right after Middlebury graduation. We all worked at Grand Teton National Park in Jackson Hole. In the fourth year, Ailene and I took over as codirectors and worked with the groups in the Tetons. We visited the students in Zion and Bryce National Parks and spent time with the group in Olympic National Park for the summer. It was a life-changing experience." • Ginny and **Bick Bicknell** were decked out in tuxedo, etc., for a granddaughter's wedding—not his! Last spring took them to Germany, Switzerland, and the Amalfi Coast. Fishing and folk music festivals filled their summer. • **Bruce Cameron** and wife continue to travel: San Francisco, then cruising Europe with visits to Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Berlin, Oslo, Antwerp, Brussels, Honfleur, Normandy, Guernsey, and Southampton and last September in the Harbor of San Diego. He still finds time to volunteer at SCORE, the chamber, and the Senior League. He has become addicted to bridge, which he claims, "Helps my pea-picking brain." • We are saddened to announce that **Barbara Burch Melhado** died of cancer on December 21. **Anne Walker Hayes** remembers, "She was not only very intelligent but extremely kind and generous. Everyone who knew her will miss her." **Anne Martin Hartmann** adds, "At our 25th reunion, Barbara and I shared a canoe on a trip down Otter Creek organized by Bick Bicknell. We had such a good time together, and of course talked the whole way, catching up on our lives. She was definitely a wonderful, and very accomplished, person. I'm sad to know of her death." **Mil Fairhurst** writes, "I go back to seventh grade with Barbara. We played on the Community House basketball team, went to Miss Ehler's dance class, were in the Girls Club, and we 'came out' in the same class. I got to know her better at college, and after graduation **Tevis Morse** and I spent one or two ski weekends at her ski lodge near Stratton Mountain. We were also in Girl Scouts together—a typical '50s childhood. We worked on the 25th reunion yearbook together, spending the weekend at Midd with Mrs. Beowulf Brown as the den mother. We both suffered through Miss Hamilton's class in eighth grade. Barb was a good friend, supportive and with a sense of humor, part of the fabric of my early life." • In California **Dean Beyer** and wife Gretchen enjoy life on their lake and have grandkids within easy driving time. He praises UC Davis for continuing granddaughter Lauren on a basketball scholarship despite her injury on the court. Grandson Kevin is headed for Maastricht University's School of Economics. Son Mark is with the California Dept. of Corrections and Rehabilitation while Jani continues as principal of a Christian high school. Dean and Gretchen have front row seats at all UC Davis basketball games. He's awaiting the doctor's prescription for more golf. • **John Medici** spends hours with his sons collecting rocks. The most interesting trip was last September at a 10,000-foot elevation in Eagle County, Colo., doing exploration/locality evaluation for a friend during aspen leaf change. Also, his sons went to Middleville, N.Y., for Herkimer "diamonds" (quartz) and left Dad to do a Detroit mineral show. "I did seven events in a swim meet as a workout test after a bicep tear; haven't drowned yet. I'm not vegetating at this point, with property upkeep, rock collecting, and swimming as useful activities for health reasons." • **Stu Purdy** was on the move again, this time to Greece, spending three nervous hours in the Istanbul airport. He sailed on a Star clipper from Piraeus (Athens) for seven days to Civitavecchio (Rome) then drove up the west coast of Italy, visiting Pisa, Lucca, La Spezia, Cinque, and Milan. He has returned home, where he is directing a play by a Canadian playwright—*The Best Brothers*, about a pair of brothers (one straight, one gay) dealing with their mother's funeral; it's funny! • Pat and **Fred Swan** spent a weekend in December in NYC attending the Metropolitan Opera (*Manon Lescaut*) and the Broadway play *Martin Luther on Trial*. He is a proponent of the senior subway pass for reduced fare in the Big Apple.

—Class Correspondents: Lucy Paine Kezar

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60 **Bill Stritzler** was selected by the Vermont Chamber of Commerce as its 2016 Citizen of the Year for his extensive community involvement and continual devotion to the betterment of Vermont. His contributions to Vermont were celebrated at an awards dinner in November at his Smugglers' Notch Resort. The following is from the Chamber's press release: "A Cambridge resident, Stritzler is the owner and managing director of Smugglers' Notch Resort. Stritzler currently serves on the advisory board of Butternut Mountain Farm and the Vermont Business Roundtable (where he is past chair). He is past chair of the Nature Conservancy of Vermont, Vermont Public Television, Vermont Economic Progress Council, the Lamoille Economic Development Corporation, and Copley Health Systems. He is also a past board member of the School for Northern Studies. Stritzler first came to Vermont as a student at Middlebury College. After graduating, he returned to Vermont in subsequent years on vacation with his family and became acquainted with Smugglers' Notch Resort. He joined Smugglers' as managing director in 1987 and purchased the resort in 1996. In nearly three decades of leadership at Smugglers' Notch Resort, Stritzler has demonstrated profound commitment to the layers of community in Vermont—town, county, and state—and supported economic growth, corporate social responsibility, and environmental stewardship at each level. 'Bill is a gifted leader, an inspiration for community engagement, and an exemplary representation of the finest ideals of Vermont citizenship,' said Betsy Bishop, president of the Vermont Chamber of Commerce. 'He represents the commitment to employees and long-term business growth that is so vital to the Vermont economy. We are honored to present this award to Bill.'" Bill commented to your class correspondents, "I have no idea if this is Class of '60 newsworthy but it sure will shock my DKE brothers!" • Last spring **Lee Vancini** went on the trip of a lifetime to discover his roots in Italy, accompanied by two sons and a nephew. They found more Vancinis north of Bologna and in Piedmont than in the U.S. Lee actually found a cousin and stayed with families. • June and **Ralph Cobb** split their year between arts-centric Saratoga Springs, N.Y., golf-centric Sarasota, Fla., and random travel destinations. This past fall they were in China for two weeks. Their new joint email is ralphjunec@gmail.com. • In their Christmas photo, Penny and **Art Myles** color-coded their baker's dozen grandkids. Each group held a colored letter spelling a greeting, with an accompanying key to who belonged to which family. Penny and Art took a float trip down the Colorado River. Art had taken the trip years ago with his children. While Penny appreciated hearing about it, she finally experienced it herself. • Dick and **Sally Giguere Giglio** split their time between Amherst, Mass., and Naples, Fla. Last summer they filled their five-bedroom house with an extended family reunion. Dick and Sally celebrated Thanksgiving in Naples with Dud '59 and **Nona Lyons Livingston**. • **Deb Wetmore** reports that she and **Judy Falby Tuttle** regularly get together for skiing and sliding. This past winter season started off with more snow than last year. • **Kathryn Olds Falconer** was proud to report that two of her grandchildren are students at the Univ. of Nebraska-Kearney, where she taught. Kathy has a grandniece at Middlebury. Miranda Evans is a Feb, Class of '19.5. • The highlight of the year for Mary and **John Emory** was dinner at the Elysée Palace in Paris, when Americans Marlene and Spencer Hayes bequeathed their collection of French art to the Musée d'Orsay. • We are sorry to report that **Gerald Barrington** died on October 1. He was an economics major, was a member of the Mountain Club, Players, and the Young Republicans Club. He also worked on the *Campus* and at WRMC and volunteered for the Community Chest. • Our sympathy goes to **Linda Farr Macgregor** for the passing in September of her husband, James, just a month after they celebrated their 53rd anniversary. • Your correspondents could fill the entire class notes section with the news from your Christmas notes. Thank you for your patience. More in the next Midd mag.

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61 Wake up from winter hibernation and send your class correspondent some news! Your classmates want to hear how and what you are doing.

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62 **REUNION CLASS** In discussing how we spend our money (pertinent now with churches, charities, colleges, etc., asking for donations), **Cindy Cooper Bracken** mentioned one thing that they are doing: "For now, we get real educational donating pleasure from the scholarship we've set up for a graduating senior at the Oil City High School, where John and our four boys went to school. We contribute to it each year instead of giving large Christmas gifts to each other. Our first recipient is in his final year of civil engineering at Penn State and we've stuck with him, rather than taking a new kid each year. How fortunate we've been as he's the best one could hope to help—a fine young man and an excellent, hard-working student. We had a great time with him and his girlfriend when I invited them for lunch and a Steelers game. They'd never attended one so were thrilled and I so enjoyed watching them have fun. He'll graduate this year and she graduates next year as a mechanical engineer, so you can see that they're serious students. He's been such a perfect recipient—a boy anybody would be proud to have as a son. We'll have to find another for next year and I doubt we'll be so lucky again." • **Mattie Logan Bicknell** won't be able to join us for reunion but sent the following: "My activities in the past year included leading three book studies, teaching balance class for seniors, and traveling to San Francisco to see my youngest son. Milestone—my oldest granddaughter was married in September. Much of my year was spent getting back on my feet after knee injury/surgery. Thankfully, I am doing well now." • **Helen Stone Alcala** reports, "I retired three years ago and decided I wanted to travel a bit, but not the usual kind of travel. Since I had already done a service program for college students in Mexico, I decided to focus on the French side of my interests. I spent some time on the Internet looking for volunteer opportunities in order to find a way to actually live cheaply for a time in France. I joined the volunteer group that works in Amboise, France, sewing, repairing, and cleaning garments for the festival of the Château of Amboise that takes place during July and August. I found a tiny house that I could rent by the month and set off in early December. I also joined AVF, Accueille Villes Françaises (welcoming new residents to Amboise). AVF is a national organization but each town has a different structure. In Amboise the town provides the 'house' and all the members become volunteers thus providing the teaching. AVF offers a full schedule of activities, all for 50 euros a year. I chose pastel painting and folk dancing as well as the English conversation, thinking that might lead to making some French friends (which it did and I was even asked to fill in for the teacher on a couple of occasions). That first year, I also got involved working with the Red Cross in a group setting, which included both recent immigrants and those French adults who never learned to read in French. In addition to the once a week three-hour class, there were a few trips together by car and van. On one occasion, we went to Villaines les Rochers, the town that has a basket-weaving museum. After the visit we were supposed to stay for our picnic lunch and then in the afternoon make a visit to see the basket weavers at work. Just as we were leaving the museum, it started snowing very hard and it was decided to leave and eat lunch on the way back to Amboise. Unfortunately, I had stopped off in the restroom on the town square and because of some confusion, got left alone in the village. No one from the van checked to see if I had left in another vehicle. Since the leader of the trip had turned off her cell phone, I ended up having my lunch with three young employees at the town hall and after lunch was picked up by the docent from the museum who lives in the same town as the

JEAN SEELER-GIFFORD '60

1 My long volunteer service to Middlebury began when I worked on our 25th reunion yearbook. At our 30th reunion, Vcevy Strekalovsky '60 took me out in a canoe to talk me into being a class correspondent (with my return to shore in question). I'm still at it!

2 After a 25-year career with IBM, I accepted an offer for early retirement and began to knit sweaters. The Old Chapel sweater took more than 100 hours to complete. It was designed and knit during President John McCardell's tenure. I wore it for the first time at an NYC Christmas gathering he attended.

3 After moving to Florida, I placed this ad in the *St. Petersburg Times* and met the most wonderful man. At our wedding, our friends from the tennis club surprised us with an arch of racquets. David and I were together for 14 glorious travel-filled years until his death in 2012.

4 Twice David and I biked the Camino de Santiago in Spain. People who make the pilgrimage to Santiago de Compostella wear the scallop shell, the symbol of Saint James the Pilgrim.

5 I played field hockey from 1956 to '58, when we had informal play days with other colleges. I'm a major fan of the Middlebury field hockey team, and when I learned the team was going to Holland, I asked if I could go with them. I was an unofficial photographer at every practice and game. The team gave me the duck as a souvenir.

6 My bike takes me on many trips around Addison County and to the College, where I audit classes (a perk to living here!).

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10G TIMES
Women Seeking
NEW YEAR EQUALS
New man. Attractive, educated SWPF, 50s, financially secure, enjoys tennis. Seeks tall, active gentleman, for sports, theatre, movies, evening/weekend pleasures. North Pinellas. Ad# 4130
SEEKING SOULMATE
SWPF, 49, wants to meet SWPM, N/S,

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museum. When I finished my visit, she left work for a few minutes and kindly drove me to the train station and after taking two trains, I was able to return safely to my little house in Amboise. The first two years I was in Amboise for four months and then returned in the fall in September–October. In 2015 I added a trip to Andorra with the sewing group and continued with activities at AVF. In the spring of 2015, after returning home to the States, I took a drawing course with an artist friend at Lasell as well as a Chinese painting course at the Danforth Museum, and in addition audited a course, Revolutions and Revolutionary Thought, with my partner, Joseph Aieta, at Lasell College. In the fall of 2016 I added housesitting to my visit, living for the month of September in Noisay, a tiny town about 15 minutes outside of Amboise, where I cared for two cats and 10 chickens and a rooster. I also had the use of an old car and access to all the fruit on the property, the best of which were the mirabelles (small French plums) and the product of the walnuts (a wonderful liqueur homemade by the owners). When I'm in the States I also volunteer for a nonprofit organization, Boston Area Gleaners. We glean from about 25 farms in the Boston area once the farmers have finished harvesting the lettuce, corn, apples, turnips, etc., and the four full-time employees see that this surplus is distributed to people in need. On the family side, one of my granddaughters is a freshman at Williams College, and my partner plans to retire after three more semesters of teaching history at Lasell. Joe and I are planning a trip to Sweden for his last conference and then off to somewhere else in Europe for two weeks, destination unknown at this time." • **Carrie Kittell Hunt** writes, "Since our 50th reunion, husband John and I downsized to our retirement home in Fayetteville, N.Y., a suburb of Syracuse. We volunteer at the International Boxing Hall of Fame, the Fayetteville Senior Center, the Folkus Project, a folk music organization, and our church. We enjoy lunch and art classes at Clear Path for Veterans and I continue membership on Leadership Greater Syracuse's Alumni Committee. Motivated by our Fitbits, we spend time at a fitness center, ballroom dance, and walk at Greenlakes State Park, our closest neighbor. Travel takes us to Virginia, New Jersey, and Boston to visit family. A highlight of last year was our April trip to Lake Erie College, Painesville, Ohio, where I established a BFA dance program in the seventies. A former dance student of mine, now director of alumni relations, gave us a great tour of the campus, noting the many changes over the past 40 years. In August we returned to attend an Arts Gala fundraising event for the college. In the fall I was invited to join a Sacred Dance Collective in Syracuse. Representing different dance backgrounds and experiences, we all shared the joy of moving. This is wonderful!" • Check out **James Cromwell** as Cardinal Michael Spencer in HBO's show, *The Young Pope.*

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I (**Chris**) started gathering news in early December; telephone land lines are diminishing and classmates were extraordinarily busy over the holidays, so these notes are curtailed. It's hard to believe that 54 years ago we departed the Green Mountains and went our separate ways. Much water has passed over the dam in the ensuing years. • **Dave Arnold** (Newmarket, N.H.) informs us that he has weathered several health issues well. Athletic prowess has been dulled a bit leading to a more sedate lifestyle. Last year Dave visited **Chuck** and **Sue Handy Burdick** (Cornwall, Vt.) often, while looking in on his sister in Middlebury. • A while ago **Deborah Bigelow Begner** (Evergreen, Colo.) moved her company, Turkey Mountain Traders, from Vermont to Arizona. She has three grandsons and a standard black poodle and maintains contact with **Vera Maggia Plummer** (Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y.) and **Anita Treiber Himsworth** (Plandome, N.Y.). Deborah welcomes classmates to pay her a visit. • **Courtney** and Carolyn Cooper '61 **Bird** (Falmouth, Mass.) relate that they thoroughly enjoyed a KDR mini-reunion in Watkins Glen, N.Y., hosted by **Charles Honsberger** (Cathedral City, Calif.) at his cottage on Lake Seneca. Correspondents learned of this from **Peter Frame** (Duxbury, Mass.). Attendees were the Birds, Holly and **Dan Donaldson**, Phyllis and **Charlie Honsberger**, Louise and **Bob Pullen**, Mary and **Joel Skodnick**, **Larry Silvester**, **Rex Brown**, and **Peter. Mary Hart Harris** (South Bristol, Maine) and husband John '61 were also there, and word has it that they may be hosting a similar event in September. Stay tuned. • **Wendy Millar Busch** (Willoughby Hills, Ohio) maintains contact with **Donna Souter Nunez** (Severn, Md.). Wendy now has seven grandchildren and enjoys the sport of curling in nearby Cleveland. (Remember the curling demonstration at one of our Winter Carnivals?) • **Judy Bogert Funderburk** (Arlington, Va.) and her husband have successfully beaten some health issues. Judy maintains contact with **Mary Robson** (Port Townsend, Wash.), who is a master gardener and poet/naturalist educator. • We also learned that in the fall **Jackson Kytle** (Stowe, Vt.) hosted a luncheon wherein **Sabin Streeter** (Chappaqua, N.Y.) held forth in fine style. • Your correspondents solicit your assistance in gathering news and encourage you to promote mini-gatherings in various venues. Remember age 70 is new age 50 and some of us are approaching new age 60.

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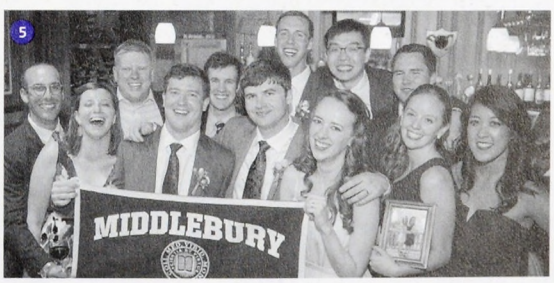
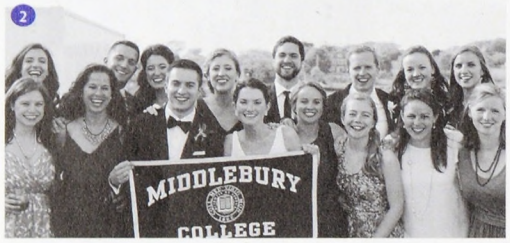
Correspondent **Bob Baskin** reports: I got a note from **Randy McNamara** who says he hasn't written anything in decades, and the last time he was at Middlebury was for our 25th reunion. "I retired in April 2016. For 45 years, I led transformational courses to 300,000 people in 15 countries. I also trained 800 leaders who coached citizens to carry out 100,000 pro bono community projects. That's now behind me and what I'm now working on is ending human contributions to climate change from my website randymcnamara.com. Last fall I met with Bill McKibben, Middlebury scholar in residence in environmental studies and activist founder of 350.org, who has dedicated his life to protecting the environment. Relationship-wise I divorced my first wife, Sonia, in 1969. (She died a couple of years ago.) I have been married to my wife Suzy for 45 years. Our oldest daughter, Megan, has a master's and PhD in sociology and teaches in three colleges here in the San Francisco Bay Area. Our youngest daughter, Haley, is completely consumed with raising our only grandchild, Poppy (2.5). Suzy and I have done a lot of trips together: recently India, Turkey, Antarctica, and 28 days on a five-mast sailing ship across the Atlantic. We volunteer as ushers at the San Francisco Symphony and three Bay Area theaters. This April I am a visiting professor at the International Microemissions University in Solar Valley outside of Beijing, China. Last fall **Bob Seeley** and his wife came to dinner at our home. Bob was one of the trumpet players in McNamara's Band when we were at Middleury—brought back a world of memories, playing at the Rutland Elks Club and the Stu U. We live two blocks outside of the Golden Gate National Recreation Area and walk two miles through the woods to the Golden Gate Bridge a couple of times a week—watching hawks and looking out for coyotes. I would love to hear from anyone passing through San Francisco. You can write to me at my website or call my cell: 415-713-5933." • Correspondent **Dori Ells Jurgenson** reports: Time again for news of the latest class activities. Not long after the last deadline, **Debby Gillette Law** wrote, "Life in Sun Valley, Idaho, is wonderfully busy, active, and varied; it includes dear friends, such as Sandra and **John Flattery**, Toni and **David Holmes**, Sheila and Dates Fryberger '63, and Sandra and Chip Fisher '62, and we have occasional sightings of **Starr Weekes**, as well as members of other classes both before and after us. Bob and I have traveled and skied with the Flatterys, Davis '63 and **Louise Gulick Van Winkle**, Jeff Foran '61 and wife Karen, **Jim Doane**, and **Sam Gordon**. How lucky we are to know Middlebury alums! And we have made several trips to South Africa to visit our daughter and family who live in Cape Town; we often include a photo safari on these long-haul visits." If any or all of these folks get together and take a picture, it could go into the mini-reunions section! It's great to hear of so many Midd folks continuing to enjoy so much activity! • **Ron Reese** writes,

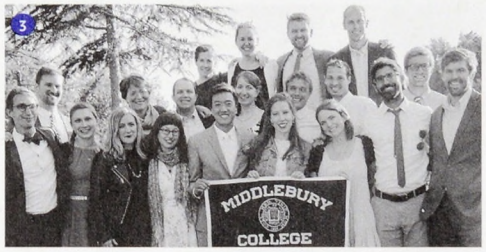
"It's been over two years since **Edith (Carlson)** suffered two massive strokes (the first on Christmas Day 2014, the second on February 9, 2015). She continues to be wheelchair-bound, needing assistance with all the mundane tasks of living. Her speech still is severely impacted but I am getting better at playing Sherlock Holmes in deciphering what she wants to communicate. She reminds me of Noirtier de Villefort in *The Count of Monte Cristo.* Her facial expressions and eyes speak volumes. Occasionally she is able to indicate more directly 'what's up.' She maintains a remarkably positive attitude and continues with private physical and speech therapies. The Edie y'all know is still in there. Progress is very slow, but it is progress. Our situation became more complicated in fall 2015: I was diagnosed with a virulent strain of prostate cancer. The DaVinci robotic surgical removal of the prostate went very smoothly at Wake Forest Medical Center, although over the ensuing month I experienced some unanticipated severe postsurgical complications that necessitated two ER visits here in Roanoke, Va. (of course, on weekends). Our son and daughter lent Herculean assistance coming in from considerable distances to help with Edith and me during those times of trial. Neighbors kindly kept us shoveled out during the winter as I was restricted to lifting no more than a gallon of milk. Subsequent intense X-ray therapy last spring (38 sessions) and continuing hormonal therapy seems to have put things into remission. Because of Edith's needs, I'm on sabbatical from my primary volunteer endeavor of building new hiking and biking trails in our surrounding Blue Ridge Mountains. Edith and I remain in our dear home with me acting as primary CNA (certified nurse assistant). Exhausting work, but a privilege after 51+ years of marriage (and counting—the important part!). We were blessed with a second grandson last summer and the two little Reese brothers give us immense joy via FaceTime and Nixplay. (They are in distant Minneapolis with our son and daughter-in-law.) Our daughter and son-in-law reside in Charlotte. You can follow my occasional updates on CaringBridge.org (search for Edith Reese). Edith and I would love to hear from you. God bless y'all." Those who follow the CaringBridge site will know that shortly after this was sent, in late November, Edith suffered a setback, in the form of a serious blood-clot in her leg, and spent more hospital/rehab time, but is back home continuing the efforts with recovery. Daughter Anna-Loren also had surgery recently—their positive spirit in the face of so much trouble is inspiring! • It's always good to hear from people who say, as **Alice Taliak Imbur** did, "Ours is just normal, regular news of having a wonderful time being grandparents to our three grandchildren, ages 6, 6, and 3. We are grateful for the blessings!" • And also from **Ann Messick Dunlevy**, who wrote at Christmas that she and Jim continue to divide their time between Ohio and Maine, though she wishes for more time in Maine. • Check out a mini-reunion photo on page 75.

1 Maegan Mishico '08 married David Morris on February 28, 2016, in Garrison, N.Y. Many Midd friends joined in the celebration: (all '08 unless noted) Rishabh Kashyap, Leah Day '07, Franny Bohar Orbison, Jude Dry '09, Emily Kron '09, the newlyweds, Alexandra Coleman, Ruby Edlin '19, Abigail Blum, Jessica Haber, Scott Kessler, (second row) Justine Katzenbach, Willie Orbison, Mahsa Jafarian, Evan Akashi, Jessica Singleton, Morgane Richardson, Alexandra Garcia '07, Scott Greene, Andrea Glaessner Greene, Courtney Labarge, Kerry Kiley, (third row) Madeleine Terry, Louis Lobel, Sam Morrill, Eric Muther, Charlie Evans, Dean Atyia, Will Durkin, Matt Doyle, and Jeff Boyd. 2 Elizabeth Logue '03 married Nicholas Levis on March 13, 2016, in Roslyn, N.Y. Middlebury friends who helped the couple celebrate included (all '03 unless noted) Ethan Peterson-New '17, Madeline Logue '17, Matthew Grodd '99, the groom, Ariella Neville, the bride, Felipe Colon, Maryleen Emeric Leal, Drew Miller, Brendan Donnelly '01, Katie MacDonald Spencer, Jason Wolk '00, and Drew Peterson. 3 Several Midd Kids gathered at Camp Ramah in the Rockies, a Jewish outdoor adventure summer camp in Colorado: David Yedid '15, Sofi Hecht '18, Maeve Moynihan '17, Elana Schrager '17, and Jordan Collins '15.



4 Lifelong 1956 pals made it back to campus for their 60th reunion: Karl Brautigam, Joe Manson, Dick Powell, John Hoops, Bob Vuillet, and Jack Beattie. 5 On June 25, 2016, classmates from 2011 joined Danielle Kruse '11 and Marc Kostrubiak '11 at their wedding in Mead Chapel at Middlebury then celebrated with them at the Waybury Inn: Gregg Miller, Julie Tschirhart, Nicholas Spencer, the newlyweds, Carly Lynch, Hannah Dzimitrowicz (in photo held by Carly), Ashley Cheung, (second row) James Schwerdtman, Jim McNinch, Tommy Mayell, Ming Chan, and Harrison Brown. Missing from photo: Courtney Mazzei, Anna Gallagher '12, and Gillian Durkee.





1 Shelsey Weinstein '10 married Patrick Johnson '10 on June 11, 2016, at the Coach Barn at Shelburne Farms in Shelburne, Vt. Judge William Sessions '69 officiated. Many Midd friends helped the couple to celebrate: (all '10 unless noted) Mary Walsh, the newlyweds, Dan Glatt, Maggie Carter, Tom Cantwell '12, (second row) Granthia Lavery Preston '59, Abby Hoeschler, Lydia Ode Slauson, Lily Nguyen '12, Ari Moore, Ilana Prior, Hannah Waite '11, (third row) Nick Martell, Molly Dwyer, Lizzie Horvitz, Mia Lieb-Lappen Panzer, Mike Panzer, (fourth row) Lee McKenna, Edge Trullinger, Mike Waters, William Sessions '69, Bob Sincerbeaux, Joe MacDonald, Dickie Redmond, Bruce Hallett, Sarah Bryan Hallett, Betty Gale Woods '51, and Kurt Feuer, MA English '03. 2 On June 4, 2016, Jamie Herther '10 and Dan Crepps '12 were married at the Wychmere Beach Club in Harwich Port, Mass., surrounded by family, friends, and 14 Midd Kids: Carolyn Birsky '10, Jamie Mittelman '10, the newlyweds, Sarah Crepps '15, Grace Compton '12, Amy Francisco '12, Kaity Conroy White '12, (second row) Eva Alminana '10, Jon Wischhusen '10, Jessica Bruce '10, Jenn Giammattei '10, Johnny Echevarria '12, James Pates '12, Megan McGeehan '12, and Clare Zutz '10. 3 Elizabeth Kelley '09 married Paul Sohn on July 2, 2016, at Oakland Nature Friends in Oakland, Calif. Midd friends who celebrated with the couple included (all '08 unless noted) Brad Hutchinson, Kelsey Nykiel-Bub Yoquinto, Ellen Grafton, Gretchen Schrafft, the newlyweds, Rachel Ann Cole, Josha Nathan, Jamie Hand, (second row) Luke Yoquinto, Emily Irwin, Philip Picotte, Devon Parish '05, Will Bloomer, Chris Waite, Peter Prial '09, (third row) Liz Hand Mackey '09, Emily May '10, Dan Kane '09, Wil Mackey, MA English '09.

4 James Kerrigan '08 and Kirsten McKnight married on June 27, 2015, in Paradise Valley, Mont., with a large group of Midd alums helping the couple (kneeling in front) celebrate: (all '08 unless noted) Lindsay O'Brien Bababekov, MA Spanish '14, Brooke Farquhar, Alex Garlick, Elise Tarbi, Liana Sideli, Abby Blum, Liza Reynolds, Adam Weisman, Nathan Randall, (second row) Alex Elias, Yanik Bababekov, Kevin Carpenter '11, Peyton Coles, Peter Fox Smith '82, Grace Brown Smith '80, John Dawson '04, and Tyler Lohman. 5 At Mead Memorial Chapel on the Middlebury campus, Stefan Claypool '09 and Cynthia Wang '12 were married on June 18, 2016, with many friends in attendance: Porter Westling '12, Izzy Nuttall '12, the newlyweds, Janet Gehrmann '12, (second row) Matthew Johnstone '07, Brendan O'Connell '12, Daniel Watson-Jones '06, Derek Long '08, (third row) Hannah Madson '09, Kofi Appiah '09, Nick Smith '09, (fourth row) Michelle Personick '09, Steve Bertolino '00, Grace Duggan '09, Jason Gutierrez '09, Teresa Jauregui '09, and Nick Bestor '09.

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65 Ginny and **Mike Demas** are enjoying semi-retirement, having sold their businesses three years ago. "We're living in paradise—Naples, Fla. Snow is only for skiing. Actually, we still schedule two ski trips a year, mainly in Colorado and Utah. We have been doing a lot of traveling in the U.S., Southeast Asia (Vietnam was a highlight), and Europe and intend to do quite a bit more. In 2014 we visited Middlebury, since we were touring New England with friends. It was great reconnecting with **'T,'** and I appreciate his great hospitality. I had promised **'T'** that I would attend the 2015 reunion, but then our travel schedule did not allow it. (We were in Kentucky enjoying a hunter/jumper horse show with our daughter.) I'm very sorry I missed it." • Several classmates turned up for Alumni College last August at the Bread Loaf campus: Rick '66 and **Judy Sheldon Mills**, Candy Thayer (widow of **Jerry Thayer**), Cy and **"T" Tall**, **Bill** and Pam Nottage '64 **Mueller**, and **Polly Moore Walters**. The topics were stimulating and the discussions scintillating in the late summer days in the Green Mountains. Consider putting Alumni College on your travel itinerary for this summer. • Kathie and **Phil Nelson** report that their newest grandchild, Louis, is "cute, lots of fun, and a load!" • Marv '64 and **Carol Haas Kelley** spent some time last fall with daughter Dana and her husband in Manassas, Va., and toured some of the Civil War battlefields in the area. "Life moves so fast now," Carol writes. "Good memories are like jewels that catch our souls for a moment, don't you think?" • Sadly, Ken Walters, husband of our multitalented class correspondent **Polly Walters**, left us in January. Polly says, "A fairly smooth and swift transition, thankfully." And Dave Perham, husband of 50th reunion yearbook editor **Andy Johnson Perham** died in February after a two-year long battle with cancer. • Three generations of the family of the late **Jerry Thayer** celebrated Thanksgiving together in Chicago, then sat up front at a Blue Man Group concert, "complete with plastic ponchos which protected us from flying bananas and yogurt." Jerry would have loved it. • **Randy Brock** lost his bid to become Vermont's lieutenant governor, although your correspondents doubt he's finished his distinguished career in public service. • **Sue Ingersoll Clough** passed away in December in New London, N.H., where she spent 52 happy years married to John Clough '63, raising four girls. Sue and John founded Spring Ledge Farm, a highly successful flower, fruit, and vegetable stand on Main Street. Always community-minded, Sue developed a beautiful garden in front of the stand and became so well known in the agriculture world that the governor appointed her to the New Hampshire Agricultural Advisory

Committee. She was also active in land preservation, donating 171 acres that had belonged to her grandfather to create a memorial forest. • **Carol Burr** and husband Roger spent three weeks in the Antarctic on a cruise that followed the route of Ernest Shackleton, whose ship, *Endurance*, became stuck and crushed in ice, but who managed to get all 27 of his fellow explorers to safety. "We went to the Falklands, South Georgia, and the Antarctic Peninsula, kayaked among the icebergs and brash ice, sat next to the penguins and seals, and shared the seas with a variety of albatrosses and petrels. It was an extraordinary trip that made us appreciate the fragility of the environment and the survival skills of the animals that call it home." • After Prof. David Littlefield, one of our star faculty members, died last November, I (**"T"**) sent his obituary to many, especially English majors who knew him well. Thanks for all the notes I received in return. As **Tim Carey** so eloquently said, "Each bit of news like this makes me realize that our lives are short—so it is best to keep on cranking!"

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Since our last column, we're sad to report that we've lost three classmates—**Geoff Demong**, **Martha Faulkner Fenno**, and **Andy Pollock**. Geoff died at his home in Cornwall, Vt., on October 2. According to his obituary in the *Addison Independent*, he is remembered as "a teacher, an athlete, an orchardist, a fireman, a master builder and craftsman, a vintner, and a provider." He and wife **Val (Somers)** raised apples in Shoreham and ran Demong and Company construction until a few years ago. Geoff leaves two daughters, Emily and Kate, and their families, as well has his brother Peter and Peter's wife, **Ann Parker Demong**, among other family members. • **Martha Fenno** died October 12 at the Maine Medical Center in Portland. She and husband Stephen lived in Maine for much of their life together, raising daughter Sarah and son Timothy. Martha's obituary mentions a career in social work and in business but focuses on her involvement in her community, wherever she lived, "organizing activities for children, including annual nutritional poster contests, the Easter Egg Hunt, and the Old Home Days bike races. Martha served on many local committees and the AMPS ambulance board of directors." • **Andy Pollock** died on November 30 at his home in Northampton, Mass., after a six-month battle with pancreatic cancer. His wife, Barbara Tytell, and son Simon survive him. Andy's career appears to have been devoted to the well-being of children and youth. He was the first program director of the Cutchins Program, known at the time as the Northampton Center for Children and Families. According to his obituary, Andy "advocated fiercely for alternative treatment methods and nonviolent restraint in group homes, finding inspiration in the social and civil activism that filled his childhood and teenage years in New York City." He retired from Cutchins in 2011. • **Harriet Williams** sent **Prue** a lovely letter filled with reflections on our 50th reunion and the fine opportunity to chat that she and Prue had during that weekend. Harriet also provided some good book recommendations. (This comes in follow-up to a lively discussion at our 50th that she and Prue got into about memorable books to read.) Harriet has indeed been one busy woman since our June gathering in Vermont. She writes, "Right after Middlebury I went to a reunion in Columbus, Ohio, of kids I went to elementary school with. Since there was a week between the two reunions, I spent it exploring a place I'd never been: Pittsburgh. I did enjoy the stay. The city is made up of little villages that originated from coal mining communities. They still have their own unique characters. A couple of months later, I went on a tour to Mongolia, of all places. A friend of mine was going and she let me tag along on the same tour. It was fascinatingly interesting. We visited several herding families (20 percent of the population are still nomadic herders). They live life differently from the way we do here. In the capital city, the daily life was more like ours, although there are sections of the city where people still live in canvas and felt tents. In preparation for that trip, I read another couple of delightful books: *Hearing Birds Fly* by Louisa Waugh, a memoir from around the year 2000 of the author's year in the mountains of Mongolia, teaching English in a small town, and *Genghis Khan and the Making of the Modern World* by Jack Weatherford." (NB: Prue has read this one also and seconds the recommendation.) "Another thing to experience about Mongolia is the recently released movie *The Eagle Huntress*. In addition to having a nice story, it shows nomadic Mongolian life very much the way we saw it." • From Virginia **Susan Harris Salomon** writes that she and husband **Ron** are still involved in their business, Button Bay Fiber Arts, "although we are doing fewer shows and more wholesale. (Check our website, buttonbayfiberarts.com.)" Sue continues, "We were in Hawaii (the Big Island) for two weeks last October, enthralled by the volcanic activity (past and current), unlike that in Iceland, where it is mostly under glaciers. Ron is teaching tai chi and doing a lot of adult education at the Univ. of Virginia. My focus is the garden—flowers, shrubs and fruit, and vegetables. It does get harder with our changing climate though. It's quite rural here—Bremo Bluff leads to the James River, the goal of daily walks. Richmond provides a lot of very good cultural activities, which was an unforeseen plus." • Looking ahead to June 4–8, 2018, plans are afloat for a women's weekend in Yellowstone Country in Montana—around Big Sky and Cooke City. All women in our class are invited. At our 50th reunion the idea of a women's gathering came up, and **Susan Hellier** agreed to take the next steps. (Actually she was shanghaied!) She enlisted the aid of **Linda Ramsay de Kort** and **Sharon Weston Sutherland** to help plan the event. If you are interested in a sightseeing, walking, and hiking trip to the Yellowstone ecosystem with good friends from Middlebury, please save these dates. We hope that you can make it. More information to come in May. If you're interested in receiving messages as plans develop or would like to help organize, please write one of the following: Susan (gallatna@aol.com, 406-763-4732), Linda (dekort@montanasky.com, 406-755-3704), or Sharon (sharisuth@charter.net, 406-388-1545).

—Class Correspondents: Prue Frey Heikkinen (pheikkinen@att.net), 1914 Wayne St., Ann Arbor, MI 48104; Francine Clark Page (fpage2@myfairpoint.net), 19 Brigham Hill Ln., Essex Junction, VT 05452.

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REUNION CLASS What has 300-plus pages of text and photos, reveals intimate details about friends and acquaintances, and contains dozens of never-before-told stories that reflect both youthful abandon and adult rumination? The answer, of course, is the Class of 1967 50th Reunion Yearbook, which you should have received in the mail this winter. Think of it as the screenplay for the feature presentation that begins June 8, a landmark event that will be filled with lectures, discussions, recreation, country dining, and good old-fashioned schmoozing. You will be renewing friendships and making new ones with people much like yourself, who share a common history as undergraduates but have evolved in their own individual ways over the succeeding half-century. The overall mood we sincerely expect will be celebratory, but it will be seasoned with sober reflection about absent classmates, roads less traveled, and the passage of time. Reunion chairs **Roxanne McCormick Leighton** and **Don Elliman** put it nicely: "Reunions are a bit like opening a time capsule. Fifty years of memories come with the package, but the best part comes from reconnecting to the life stories that followed those memories." If you haven't made plans to attend, we hope you will reconsider. The College has set the registration deadline at May 25 so you still have some time. Before we get into the reunion details, we need to report two important things. First of all, unlike previous reunions, our 50th will be a four-day affair. It kicks off early—at 11 a.m. on Thursday—and runs full speed up to the traditional Sunday swim/brunch on Lake Dunmore. Secondly, the whole event won't cost you a nickel. The entire cost has been underwritten by a generous classmate, who wishes to remain anonymous. One of our math majors figures the gift is worth $350 to each attendee. Who said a liberal arts degree doesn't pay off? If reunion success is measured by the percentage of classmates who participate, then the auguries for '67 are especially encouraging. Of our 275 classmates, an amazing 56 percent submitted autobiographies. An additional 40 profiles were prepared for classmates who have passed away.

ClassActs

Members of the yearbook committee worked through the Christmas break to meet a January deadline with the printer. "Karl and I are VERY pleased with the yearbook," says **Barb McEvoy Bentley**, who coedited the book with **Karl Lindholm**. **Susie Davis Patterson**, our class correspondent for life, and **Peter Kovner** are equally upbeat about the social calendar they have put together for the reunion. Highlights include a reception and dinner with President Laurie Patton on Thursday, a discussion of transformative experiences led by **Gary Margolis** and **Stu Bicknell** on Friday, and meetings of interest groups for veterans, civil rights and antiwar activists, and the like on Saturday. To fill up any spare minutes during the weekend, **Jon Berger** will lead a canoe safari on Lake Dunmore on Sunday. (Boats available to borrow or bring your own.) In addition to the fun and games, we will naturally be accumulating funds for the class gift that will be used to provide deserving students with financial aid. We have proved remarkably generous. We blew past our initial $2.5 million goal back in January and the pledges continue to arrive. Gift Committee chairs **Lee Powers Smith** and **George Hinman** say they are grateful for the generosity of our class. They hope to be able to announce at reunion that they have encouraged 70 percent of the class to contribute but more gifts are needed to reach this ambitious target. Some of our classmates are leading by example. At an alumni leadership event at the College last fall, **Lee Smith**, **George Hinman**, **Roxanne Leighton**, and **Don Elliman** declared that if 20 classmates were to join them in making leadership gifts of $10,000 apiece, they would each chip in another $50,000. That goal—amazingly—was reached before last year's end so **Nancy Boardman** raised the bar again. She challenged that if 10 more classmates also made leadership gifts, bringing the total to 30, she would personally contribute another $30,000. As of January, the number of leadership gifts, per Nancy, stood at 29. The College seems to go from strength to strength. It reports that requests for early admission rose 6.5 percent this year and 343 applicants were selected to enter in September 2017. Lots has changed since we arrived on campus in the fall of 1963 and unlike too many other things in our lives, most seems to have been for the better. Coming back for our 50th will give us a chance to reflect and celebrate.

—Class Correspondents: Susan Davis Patterson (sdp@alumni.middlebury.edu), 67 Robinson Pkwy., Burlington, VT 05401; Alex Taylor (ataylor1145@gmail.com), 215 Wells Hill Rd., Lakeville, CT 06039.

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Susan Rotblat-Walker was in Middlebury last September for a special Midd sailing club regatta named for her dad, Stuart Walker '43, who is still thriving at 93! The same weekend she celebrated her 70th (September 17) but planned no major life-changing event to accompany it! • **Charles Daugherty** has been in touch and caught us up on his life. (You'll note he uses British spelling!) "I've spent the last half of my life, 35 years, as a university academic in New Zealand. The last 15 years were spent in university administration and with an increasingly active participation in conservation and ecological restoration. Last year, I retired and moved with wife Maryanne to Havelock North, a small town in the centre of a lovely horticultural area on the east coast of the North Island of New Zealand. I retain some involvement in conservation programmes, both locally and nationally. I'm finding retirement a real joy. New Zealand has been a wonderful place to spend the last half of my life. That was never planned—I just liked it when I got here, and there were opportunities to do things I valued, so I stayed. The landscape can be spectacular, and people are lovely. I've been lucky. I've made a lifelong friend in Ed Kanze '78, who contacted me in 1985 and has visited many times. He's a naturalist now living in the Adirondacks, where I've visited too. Ed leads tours to Australia and New Zealand for the Smithsonian. I had not returned to Midd since 1968 until five years ago, when I had a conference in D.C. in September, so Maryanne and I went to Midd in part to see the autumn leaves and also from nostalgia. Maryanne is a New Zealander who'd never experienced snow firsthand, so we came back three years ago and spent a Christmas there. It was wonderful, and we both loved it. So, it's not beyond imagining that we'd come back for our 50th reunion—I've never been to one." And now a sidebar from one of your correspondents, **Ben**: While visiting New Zealand, back in 2009, we learned that Charlie may be underselling his accomplishments: traveling on a plane from the North Island to the South Island, I mentioned to a Kiwi seatmate that I knew Charlie, and she said that everyone in New Zealand knows him from his time at the Univ. of Wellington, from his studies of an endangered lizard, the tuatara, formerly endemic throughout both the main islands, but now restricted to a few, small offshore islands. For an English major at Middlebury, Charlie grew into a nationally, if not internationally, renowned conservation biologist, studying this important natural resource of his adopted country! • Speaking of biology, we received an email from **Chris D'Elia** describing his October 2016 travels to China (twice) and to Cuba, for the purposes of international collaboration with fellow academicians. Chris is a professor at Louisiana State Univ. and dean of the College of the Coast and Environment, and is also active in a program called Future Earth Coasts, concerned with nutrient loading, harbor deposition of sediment, and the potential for sea-level rise. The collaborations with China and Cuba are important, because those areas and Louisiana all have coastlines that are vulnerable to severe late summer and fall tropical storms, which "according to some scientists could become stronger and more frequent with climate change." To say nothing of the potential damage to shipping from the United States, should the three important Louisiana ports become impacted by sea-level rise exacerbated by sediment deposition. • And **Jim Trombetta** has news about his book: "*The Horror! The Horror!*, an analysis and anthology of forbidden horror comics from the early '50s, continues to sell. Published by Abrams around Halloween 2010, it was reviewed in the *New York Times Book Review* and the *Los Angeles Review of Books*, and images from the book were featured in the *Huffington Post* and *New York* magazine. Not to mention—yes—*Hustler*, which has always had great vivid printing. Don't read it alone at night! (Interestingly, my own contemporaries are less interested in this book than their children are.) In any case, *The Horror! The Horror!* was nominated for an Eisner Award, the Oscar of the comic book industry. Earlier, I wrote for TV shows like *Equalizer*, *Miami Vice*, and two flavors of *Star Trek* (all staying on top through their recent iterations in feature films), as well as the original *Flash* series, now reincarnated on the CW network. Thinking hard about that upcoming reunion." • **Ruth Benziger Cahill** writes, "I had a stroke in 2013 and retired from my finance position with the Nature Conservancy in 2014, after many years and a wonderful career. My second husband, John, and I moved from the San Francisco Bay Area in July of last year and all is going well. I continue to work on stroke recovery. My sister and brother-in-law live fairly close; that has been great fun. John and I have four grown children and six grandchildren—more fun." Ruth now lives in St. Augustine, Fla. Her email address is ruthbcahill@gmail.com and her mailing address is 701 Wilkes Court, St. Augustine, FL 32086. • We read in our Christmas card from **Sam Levin** that he has stepped down from day-to-day management of Blodgett Supply (with sales offices throughout Vermont, New Hampshire, and New York State) and has taken on the title of chairman, leaving the active management to a new president. • And finally, in preparation for our 50th reunion, we are trying to locate all our classmates. If you have any news about the following "lost" people, please contact us: **Kathleen Park Moore**; **Robert Copeland**; **Dudley Brown**; **Barbara McHugh Van Drimmelen**; **P. Blaine Doherty**; **Susan Dienelt**; **Ellsworth Nichols**; **Stephen Salley**; **Rhonda Farr**; **Asheleigh Moorhouse**; **Glenn Curtis**; **Peter Hull**; and **John Marks**.

—Class Correspondents: Ben Gregg (bcgregg46@aol.com), 418 East St. NE, Vienna, VA 22180; Betty Austin Henderson (joyhumbird@aol.com), 3717 Club View Ct., Kerrville, TX 78028.

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Jeff Brown retired in Toronto and in addition to re-remodeling their house, he is working in the spiritual care department of an 860-bed hospital. He continues to help healthcare students to consider their responses to dying and death. In his retirement, he's participating in a McMasters University research program, investi-

gating the character and values of people who choose medical assistance in dying. He continues the noble work done by the Class of '69. They still summer on Lake Dunmore. • Marty and **Lee Lamprecht** still live in Nashville, enjoying the music, and are receptive to visitors. • Alison and **Peter Reynolds** expanded their horizons considerably, celebrating her retirement with a two-week safari in southern Africa. "While we rarely travel in groups, this experience reminded us, both former Outward Bound instructors, of courses we used to teach: high-perceived risk in an unfamiliar wilderness setting, small-group interactions, isolated travel. With some 50 new-to-us bird species, and the witnessing of a slew of predator-prey relationships, we had a few of the hottest days of our lives sustained by afternoon siestas and breezes from moving along sand roads in canvas-topped, four-wheel-drive vehicles (Land Rovers and Toyotas, of course; no Broncos). We followed that with a week on our own traveling across South Africa to the fabled Cape, a geographer's quest to watch the South Atlantic butt up against the Indian Ocean. (Yes, I know, clearly a generalization.) Among the things we learned: not every country needs—or wants—to be a 'first-world' country; language-wise, southern Africa must be the easiest region in the world for a native English speaker to travel; countries that suffered no colonization (Botswana) seem to have fewer racial problems; countries (Botswana) can successfully set conserving the environment as a national priority; animals in the wild can safely tolerate human presence—if humans are wise enough. This is not original learning. Despite the wonders of travel, it is great to return to Vermont, grandchildren—our whole family once again living in adjacent zip codes." • **Lynn Bayliss Daugherty Michelsohn** writes, "I left Montana in 1980 for New Mexico after getting a PhD in Missoula and working five years at the state psychiatric hospital at Warm Springs. I loved Montana but the cold finally discouraged me—it's the most wonderful place in the world, for two months out of the year. Charlie Daugherty '68 and I divorced in 1978 or '79, but we still keep in touch. He is actually the only Midd Kid I do keep in touch with. After a career as a clinical and forensic psychologist in Roswell, N.M. (and a second marriage and two children, both now adults, one a lawyer and one a biologist who has just started teaching eighth grade science in Santa Fe), I retired in 2008 to Florida with my husband, a lawyer, now also retired. We live on the beach in Fort Pierce. Summers are miserable in Florida so we go somewhere cool for the duration, usually Santa Fe, but we spent this last summer in Eastern Europe, England, and Ireland. When not beachcombing, I spend much of my time these days writing, mostly nonfiction. I have published several books about child sexual abuse under my own name (which is Lynn Daugherty) and other books about much more fun topics—Billy the Kid in Santa Fe, South Carolina ghost stories, and Galápagos Island natural history—under the name Lynn Michelsohn (my husband's last name). They don't bring in a lot of money but they are sure fun to research and write, and I get a thrill seeing them on Amazon." • I (**Peter**) spent some time with **Dave Sayre** on another one of his islands: Cumberland, in Georgia. (Others on which he has lived extensively include both Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard, Mass., and of course his mother island, Britannia.) Over the past 25 years, since he married noted jewelry maker Gogo Ferguson, Dave has built houses and additions on Cumberland; flown folks all around (including John and Caroline Kennedy to their Cumberland Island wedding); scavenged and reused materials from decaying mansions and storm-strewn beaches; reassembled the skeleton of one of the island's wild horses; and chain-saw-sculpted a rearing horse out of a Hurricane-Matthew-downed cedar in his front yard. With the South's summer heat, they fly north to their home on the Vineyard. His older daughter returned to Nantucket, after three years at Middlebury, to settle and raise her family. His and

GRADUATE SCHOOLS

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

Nancy Noble Holland (MA '82) writes, "I just finished my dissertation to earn my Doctor of Musical Arts degree from the Univ. of Southern California. I'll be conducting the Brahms *Requiem* with chorus and orchestra on November 18, at the Hall of Liberty in Forest Lawn, Hollywood, Calif. I still use the skills I learned at Bread Loaf to analyze the text of the *Requiem* to inform my singers and breathe life into the music." • **Tim Delehaunty** (MA '98) has been named as the next head of school at Tower School in Marblehead, Mass., effective July 1. He's currently the head of the Upper School at New Canaan Country School in Connecticut. • **Martin Mooney** (MA '02) was recently appointed the head of school at Bridgton Academy in Maine, effective July 1. He is serving as the dean of students and residential life at the Peddie School in Hightstown, N.J., where he has spent the last 20 years in a variety of educational and leadership roles. • Congratulations to **Annie Hartnett** (MA '11), whose debut novel, *Rabbit Cake*, came out in March. It has received starred reviews from *Publishers Weekly* and *Kirkus* and has been featured in *Marie Claire* and the *Boston Globe*. She began a 10-week book tour in March.

BETTY ASHBURY JONES MA '86 SCHOOL OF FRENCH

Carl Little (MA '86) was profiled in the *Mount Desert Islander* in an article about his poetry and how he has drawn on daily life in Ellsworth, Maine, for many of his poems. His poetry has appeared in the *Paris Review*, *Off the Coast*, *Hudson Review*, and *Words and Images*, among other publications. • In December Governor Gina Raimondo appointed **Tina Cane** (MA '93) as the poet laureate for Rhode Island. She has had her work featured in many publications, including *Barrow Street* and the *Literary Review*, and her book-length poem, *The Fifth Thought*, was published in 2008. She has taught French, English, and creative writing in schools in NYC and Rhode Island and is the founder and director of Writers-in-the-Schools RI.

ITALIAN SCHOOL

Philadelphia law firm Jacobs Law Group recently hired **Mackenzie Smith** (MA '06), whose practice focuses on commercial, products liability, insurance defense, and estate-related litigation. She earned her law degree from Temple University's Beasley School of Law.

MIDDLEBURY INSTITUTE OF INTERNATIONAL STUDIES AT MONTEREY

Valerie Termini (MAIEP '06) made waves last year when she became the first female executive director of the California Fish and Game Commission. The commission advises the Dept. of Fish and Wildlife on conservation practices and helps develop policies, including setting hunting and fishing regulations. With a deep love of nature, she served as a Peace Corps volunteer in Togo, where her focus was on environmental conservation, before earning her master's at MIIS. In 2007 she joined the Ocean Protection Council, where her focus was on working with commercial fishermen and developing marine policy. Concerned about climate change, she feels the greatest challenges are how to conserve healthy, intact ecological systems with a warming planet. • A team from the Center for Nonproliferation Studies that included Jeffrey Lewis, director, Melissa Hanham, senior research associate, **Catherine Dill** (MANPTS '13), and **Dave Schmerler** (MANPTS '15) analyzed images the Russian government published as part of its investigation into the downing of Malaysia Airlines Flight 17 over Ukraine in 2014. They concluded that the images had been "significantly modified or altered" by using Tungstene, a suite of forensic software to detect alterations to images, which was provided by an anonymous donor. • Professor **Wallace Chen** (MATI '95) shares the news that two of his former students—**Cindy Tao** (MACI '12) and **Teresa Wang** (MAT '10)—along with his former classmate **Pearl Lin** (MATI '95), each played an important role as interpreters between Tsai Ing-Wen, the first female president of Taiwan, and various foreign dignitaries attending her inauguration last May.

ClassActs

Gogo's daughter has moved to London with her British musician husband and their other grandchild. He's living a life that's difficult to retire from, but his aspirations include a bit more travel, including, we hope, a return for our 50th. • Please send us your news and make sure to check out our class Facebook page and/or our website at middleburycollege69.org.

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In **Anne Keiser**'s update, they were setting off for Antarctica and Easter Island. She said there was not much to report, although living in D.C. could be a volume in and of itself! "Thankfully, we were on Easter Island January 20, about as far away from the 'interesting' and, in my view, ridiculous situation as we could get." • **Maureen Pryor** reports: "I retired in October 2015. It's taken me a while to find volunteer work, but I have enjoyed the occasional time at Save the Bay (Narragansett Bay, R.I.). Recently I have found an opportunity at the Rhode Island Community Food Bank. I'll be attending food pantries in Cranston to help guests learn about other services that are available to them, such as the WIC food program, heating assistance, affordable childcare, housing and shelter, and health insurance. Health insurance, of course, will change, but we will have some kind of transition program, for which these folks will be grateful. The motto for the Food Bank is 'No one is JUST hungry.'" • **Paul Batiza** writes, "After working 50 years in various service sectors, the last two years in retirement have been sweet! Learning to adjust to a less demanding lifestyle has not been hard. Best wishes to my classmates of long ago from the Big Easy." • **Tena Rodgers Boehm** writes, "I spent Christmas in the mountains of North Carolina, which was fun after the last few in Florida. I continue to enjoy my six grandchildren and now a new puppy. I so loved my 45th reunion that I'll make a point of being back in Vermont for the 50th, but may it not come too quickly!" • **Connie Brittain Bouchard** sent this news: "I've just retired, after more than 26 years at the Univ. of Akron, where I was Distinguished Professor of Medieval History. Now I'll have a chance to get some scholarship done for a change rather than arguing with confused administrators." • **Sue Porter Beffel** had a busy time last year. "After enjoying the lights in Baltimore with (newly married) Amanda and Ben and a lovely Christmas in Vermont with family, I did the usual volunteer stuff—Environmental Advisory Committee, serving food at a hypothermia shelter, stream monitoring and cleanups, diabetes awareness, Lions Club, and choir. I enjoyed cross-country skiing, Folk Club, contra dancing, easy hiking, and sailing (got a prize!). Trips included 50th (!) reunion at Greenwich Academy, nephew David's graduation from the Univ. of Rochester, and contra dance week in St Croix. (There are worse places to have a miserable cold!) And the election—registering voters, making calls, going door to door. Reaching out to those frightened now—so many concerns: social, economic, environmental justice, world peace. I wish I hadn't tripped the day before the election, twisting my knee and chipping bones in my foot. It slowed me down, but I'm healing and grateful for all the help!"

—Class Correspondents: Beth Prasse Seeley (beth@seeley.com); Nancy Crawford (ncrawford_sutcliffe@comcast.net).

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During the icy midwinter, we caught up with **Curt Marder** in Marquette, Mich., where he's lived for 30 years. Curt attended Georgetown Medical School, interned at the Medical College of Virginia Hospital, completed a fellowship at Deborah Heart and Lung Center in New Jersey, and worked in New York and New Jersey, specializing in cardiac, vascular, and general chest surgery. He left the East Coast in 1987, choosing Marquette, which he describes as "like Vermont without the mountains." He is now the surgeon with the longest continuous practice in the Upper Peninsula. He also has served as chairman of the department of surgery at UPHS-Marquette. Curt has two daughters (one a Middlebury alum) now living in Houston and Chicago, and a year-old granddaughter. He enjoys golf, cross-country skiing, and cycling on an extensive local trail network. Last April, he attended an international invitational conference on surgery in Shanghai. Curt plans to work for a few more years, perhaps in a new hospital, now under construction. • **Gail Stevenson** writes, "I retired at the end of 2015 from the Vermont Council on World Affairs, where I was executive director for eight years. Embracing retirement, I visited a colleague in Jordan, spent a month with old friends in Hawaii and the national parks of the West, then came back to Vermont to enjoy the summer. I have also worked for a number of years on climate change—promoting alternatives to open agricultural and wood burning—which entailed a trip with young Ukrainian farmers to Pennsylvania. Then I was invited back to work to help promote Quebec businesses looking for a U.S. presence to set up shop in Vermont. Half-time work is just about right! My daughter is 24 and lives in a staffed program in a home nearby for people with emotional and behavioral disabilities, so we are both very fortunate. I live in Burlington and get to enjoy the occasional Midd event and catch up with classmates and friends." • **Rob Whitten** reports, "In 1975 Robin and I moved to Portland, Maine—a nice little city with good bones and opportunities for growth and development. We bought a condemned Greek Revival home that we've been renovating ever since. In 1983 our son Denny was born. We spent many happy years skiing, sailing and going to his lacrosse games. I founded Whitten Architects in 1986. We're a six-person studio that specializes in residential design with homes in Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and the Canadian Maritimes. In 1992, Robin founded *AudioFile Magazine*, a monthly magazine and website that's the leading source of reviews and information for spoken-word publications. We both embrace the daily challenge of running small, creative businesses. Leisure time is devoted to our gardens and landscapes. For the past 15 years, our summer vacation has been a series of self-guided walks through the Italian countryside. We keep a log of our travels and travails; the editor writes the text and the architect illustrates with ink and watercolor sketches. I race J24 sailboats with some buddies, but a bad fall at Alta ended my skiing. (The T-shirt reads, 'The older I get, the faster I was.') Our son married Kristen, a wonderful woman, and last summer we welcomed Fletcher to our family. It's great fun having a grandson and we look forward to sharing many adventures. Give us a call or send us an email when you visit Portland." • **Susan Thornton** writes, "My life changed dramatically in May 2016 when my husband, Gerry Hough, died of a sudden heart attack. We had been married 28 years. I did attend our 45th reunion a few weeks later. It was a bittersweet experience but I am glad I made the effort, and I was touched by the heartfelt support of my classmates. I still live in Binghamton, N.Y., and continue to teach middle school and high school French. My daughter, Eleanor, is in southern France for a year, working as an assistant to teachers of English. In October 2016 I was honored to have my short story, 'Border Crossing,' reprinted in the *Best American Mystery Stories of 2016*, edited by Elizabeth George and series editor Otto Penzler. The collection includes work by Stephen King and Elmore Leonard." • **Phil Torgerson** reports, "I retired from Fidelity Investments after 21 years, and I now often find that there aren't enough hours in the day. From day trips around New England, vacation in Florida, house repairs and yard work, to taking care of my four-year-old granddaughter and enjoying a life without deadlines, the stress level has gone down significantly. With wife Gale I hope to spend some time in Virginia/D.C. this spring looking at historic sites and learning more about our country's roots. Surprisingly, it's been high school friends I've reconnected with since retirement, as we all recently received notices that our 50th high school reunion is in the spring. Now that several of us have the time to travel and meet during the day, a few of us have done so and it's been very rewarding. Perhaps the same could be true in the near future with college buddies **Steve Weeks**, **Jerald Kupperberg**, and **William Nelson**?" • **John Tuttle** writes, "I'm in my 40th year as a member of the Labrador Mountain ski patrol. I'm finishing my third term as the Central New York Region director and member of the Eastern Division board of directors of the National Ski Patrol. My passion for skiing is undiminished. I skied at Park City, Vail, Kirkwood, Lake Louise, and Bolton Valley this winter. I also skied or visited the 11 ski areas in central New York, where

I'm responsible for continuing education. My family continues to expand—three grandchildren now scattered around the country. I remarried seven years ago to Sunny, and her two adult children joined the family. We built a home in Pensacola, Fla., where Sunny grew up. We still maintain our residence in Syracuse, where my parents live. I'm still involved in my multiple businesses, taking a week away a month, but in this 24/7 world, it's hard to be disconnected. We took a Viking River Cruise on the Rhine last summer and enjoyed it so much that we will cruise the Danube this summer." • John Baker writes, "2016 was another productive year for me, with many interesting and challenging railings and other forge work. After all these years I'm starting to figure out how to do my craft—and lo and behold the body starts to give out. For a long time I've had knee issues, and finally I took an unpaid vacation in the middle of November. I didn't travel very far—just to Rutland overnight for total left-knee replacement. The doctor and clinic did a great job, and on December 31 I was cross-country skiing with my grandson (being very careful). And I am able to be back in the shop on warmer days." For the last 10 years or so, John has made frequent trips to Honduras to lend his skills to the Hands to Honduras project, an educational, technical and humanitarian outreach effort founded by Tom Plumb '75 and supported by local and international Rotary groups. When we spoke, Bake was hoping to get back there in February.

—Class Correspondents: Gail Cross Giebink (ggiebink@austin.utexas.edu); Carolyn Ungberg Olivier (carolyn.olivier@gmail.com); Rob Waters (robwaters7012@mindspring.com).

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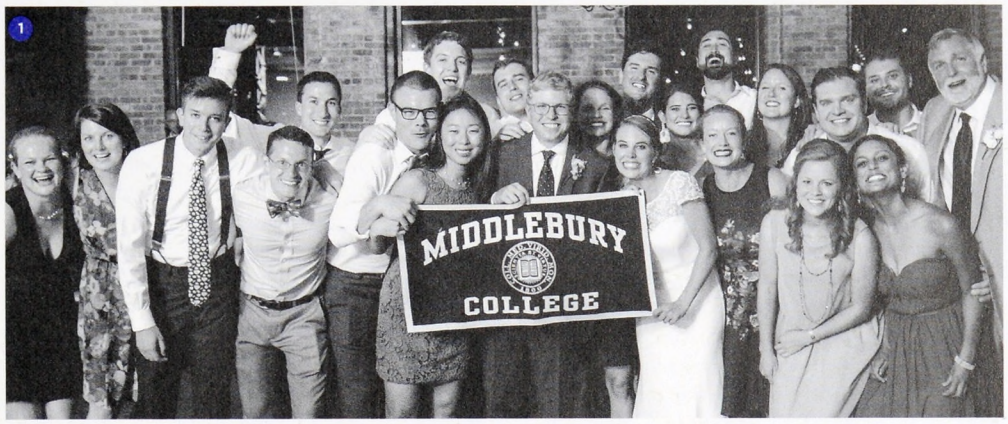
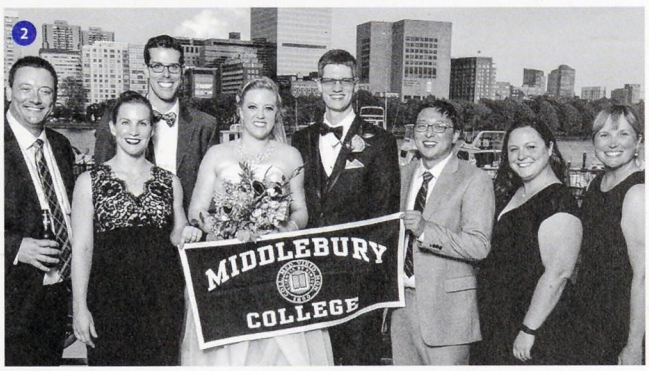
REUNION CLASS We heard from Karen O'Donnell, who writes, "I have some important news. Laurel Grant Spano will be joining us for our reunion this year at Middlebury. Laurel spent her junior year abroad in Italy and then went back to Italy after graduation. She met Pinuccio Spano and married in Sardinia. She and her wonderful husband have been preoccupied with raising three wonderful daughters—Alita, Sandra, and Roberta—and she has not been able to attend any reunions. This year that changes and her friends are so excited to hear that she will be coming to the U.S. for our 45th reunion! Wuhoo!" • Bob Goodsell, a partner with the New Jersey law firm of Post Polak Goodsell and Strachler for the past 33 years, is taking a 27-month sabbatical to volunteer with the Peace Corps in Tanzania. Working in impoverished areas of the country through the Peace Corps sustainable agriculture program, Bob will assist rural villagers with crops, animals, environmental issues, and small business development, with an overall focus on families affected by HIV/AIDS. This will be a huge change, after three-plus decades working with corporate legal clients and appellate litigation. Kudos and best of luck on your new assignment, Bob!





1 Michael McCormick '09 and Kelsey Nelson '09 were married in Chicago on July 16, 2016. Many Midd grads were in attendance: (all '09 unless noted) Eloise Goelet Hackett, Ramona Richards, Jack Wambach, Rainey Johnson, Ben Liang, Melina Ward, the newlyweds, Elyse McNiff '08, Caitlyn Olson, Toral Patel, (second row) Jeremy Korsh, James Riddleberger, Will Hackett, Katie Sparkes, Ben Kunofsky, Ruby Bolster, Max Levine, Rachel Korschun, Brendan Kelly, Chandler Koglmeier, and David McCormick '74. Missing from photo: Marion Adler '76, George Baumann '08, and Michelle Constant '08. 2 Katrina Uhl '05 and Johnathon Fitzpatrick were married on May 28, 2016, overlooking the Charles River in Cambridge, Mass., surrounded by family and friends. Among the guests were Leonard Copertino '03, Martha Crootof Uhl '04, Keegan Uhl '01, the newlyweds, Albert Shiue '04, Katey Schwind '08, and Flynne Templeton '05. 3 Friends from the Class of 2002 met up in Bozeman, Mont., and ran the Sweet Pea (one kilometer) race with their kids: Dana Chapin Anselmi, Anna Conrad Allen, and Cally Sprague Knapp.

4 Lans Hays's boat, *Sassy*, was the site of a 1964 mini-reunion as classmates watched the Bermuda Cup trials in New York Harbor: Lans, Julie Sage Day, and Ian Sanderson. 5 Laurel McKenzie '83 and husband Charlie Turcotte hosted a mini-reunion at their home in Jaffrey, N.H., with friends from several classes: Arthur Kroeber, Ruth Oxenberg '82, Roger '81 and Martha Heckman Gallagher '82, Neal Lischner '81, Charlie, Laurel, (second row) Miriam Altshuler '83, Mary Hamilton '82, Karrin Wilks '82, (third row) Tom Mansfield '81, Elizabeth Knup '82, Danielle Lamm Granath '82, and Eileen Everett.

ClassActs

• The class reunion committee has been preparing for our 45th reunion! Thanks, in advance, to **George Cady**, **Jan Halstead Franklin**, and **Kathy Mulligan Lord** for being our fearless leaders! Please contact one of them if you would like to be involved with the preparations: George at cadygl@gmail.com, Jan at jhf72@aol.com, and Kathy at kml10025@gmail.com. Our reunion gives us the opportunity to reconnect and to find out where life has taken our old friends. Even though we did not know someone all that well when we were at Midd, it's very satisfying and fun to find that we now have commonalities that we never expected. Please join us this year for the June 9–11 reunion weekend!
—Class Correspondents: Jennifer Hamlin Church (jhchurch@sienaheights.edu); Evey Zmudsky LaMont (eveylamont@primetimetransition.com).

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We are seeking news from all geographic areas of the U.S. and the world as we get ready to celebrate our 45th (yikes!) reunion in June 2018! • **Gail Glendinning** writes, "I'm in California (Bay Area), working at Lawrence Livermore Lab as a physicist. We're planning on retiring in just a few more years. (My husband and I say that every year.)" • **Bill Holland** reports from Maine: "Having two teenage girls living at home keeps me very busy, as does owning six goats and training for and coaching cross-country skiing. We moved to Freeport three years ago so that my girls could attend a Waldorf high school." • **Page Dabney** writes, "I've been living in Bozeman, Mont., since 1981 when I moved here from Denver, after bagging a dubious career in the energy business to become a fishing guide. I starved out of that dream in four years, then settled into a new career as a financial advisor, which I've now been doing for 32 years at the same company. Bozeman has arguably the highest per capita percentage of Midd grads anywhere outside of Vermont. The other day in my small fitness club there were three people with Midd T-shirts on. Middlebury grads are woven into every aspect of my daily life. I work with Tim Owen '76. Former Midd student and good friend Dr. Debbie Erdman '72 delivered both of my children. Jeffrey Schutz and Charlotte Caldwell, both '74, are dear local friends. Shortly before his passing in August 2015, I had an unforgettable visit from my old pal **Ed Chase** as well as Joan Lapham '74. I could list many other Midd friends, too. After getting divorced four years ago, I was fortunate enough to meet a wonderful new woman with whom I'm now living happily. Sheri and I love to hike and explore the West with our '67 travel trailer. We've also done several recent hiking trips in Europe. I became a grandfather for the first time from my son, Alex, who's also my new business partner, and his wife. My daughter, Cameron, lives in San Francisco." • Another Westerner, **Cully Erdman** shares news from his lifelong career and reminds us that play can be work: "I'm still running our adventure sports resort from our private island in Belize during the winter and spring periods. We are 35 miles offshore so enjoy a very remote, isolated island surrounded by coral reefs. One of the sports we offer is kiteboarding, so I have managed to learn this from my instructors at our kite school and have taken it up as my new favorite pastime. I still spend a lot of time in the summers at Hood River, Ore., which is the center for wind sports in the U.S., where I windsurf and now kiteboard as much as possible. Mostly I'm just in the way of the kids out on the water these days, but it's fun trying to keep up with them. I still get out and ski quite a bit, and run rivers in the summer as much as possible from my home base in Moab, Utah. Last summer my girlfriend, Bernice, who has been to both the North and South Pole, climbed Everest, and is a filmmaker, helped organize a river trip we did in Kashmir, India, down the Zanskar River through the Himalayas. So I'm managing to keep on the adventure trail, although not quite on the same level as Bernice." Check out our class Facebook page for a link to Slickrock Adventures with info, videos, and photos of that island in Belize. Cully finishes with this thought: "So ends another typical year in my life—can't believe we are all now about to start collecting Social Security! Does that mean we are old yet?" We don't think so! • Submit your stories and let us know what you're up to or have been up to since 1973—it wasn't that long ago.
—Class Correspondents: Lisa Donati Mayer (ldmayer@aol.com); Lindy Osterland Sargent (davelindysarg@gmail.com).

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Correspondent **Barry Schultz King** reports: **Bob Mauro** writes from Denver that he and Julie are proud grandparents of 16-month-old twins, Vivi and Theo (children of Bob's daughter), and of a six-month-old, Lizzy Rose (child of Julie's older son). Like many of us, Bob, a pediatrician, is easing into retirement, having cut back from working four days a week to three. He still has to do quite a bit of charting and calling parents on his "days off," but this relaxed schedule allows him to see more of Julie, his kids, and their grandkids. • In June 2014, **Daria Stec** finally moved from Washington, D.C., where she had lived for 40 years, to Minneapolis, Minn., where she grew up. She says that such a big move was difficult but rewarding. "I'm enjoying being able to spend a lot of time with my parents and other family members, renewing friendships from my youth, and rediscovering the many things that Minneapolis has to offer. At the same time, I miss my friends from D.C. and the East Coast and remember my years there with great fondness. I'd love to keep in touch with my Midd classmates—I'm on Facebook and at dariastec@aol.com." • **Seth Steinzor**'s second book was published last fall. *Among the Lost* follows *To Join the Lost,* which came out in 2010. He's still got one more book to complete a nearly 20-year project: a retelling of Dante's *Commedia*. Instead of Virgil and Beatrice leading Dante through the afterlife back in the 1300s, Dante and a mysterious woman are guiding Seth in 2005. "I have loved Dante's epic since high school, but always felt at a loss to explain all that I found in it. Despite having read the whole thing more than a dozen times, I'm not a Dante scholar, nor a historian, theologian, philosopher, or literary critic; I haven't any special expertise in any of what would seem to be the most relevant intellectual disciplines. What I am is a poet, and what poets do—well, what I do, as a poet, is to look around me and describe what I see. It seemed the only strategy realistically available to me was to plunk myself down in the middle of Dante's story and then describe, in my own terms, what I think about what I think he's showing me. I did that and thus began a decades-long and delightful dialogue with this 13th-century Italian, who feels very much alive to me. *To Join the Lost* revisited the Inferno, and *Among the Lost* takes me through Purgatory. I'm working on Paradiso now." Seth has a website, tojointhelost.com, with a blog he updates as time allows. He lives in Vermont and has worked for the Vermont Attorney General's office for over 30 years. • **Lynn Thiesmeyer** sent in an update. She writes, "I've worked in rural development in Asia for 30 years, based in Japan, with small personal offices in Thailand and Myanmar for team surveys on the Upper Mekong provinces of Shan, Chiang Rai, Chiang Mai, Yunnan, and Luang Nam Tha in four countries. Work consists mainly of research surveys funded by Japan, and meetings with Southeast Asian local and national government point people on sustainable development and academic publications. Sounds adventurous but it's chiefly getting to stay in mountains and farms with friendly folk who don't have quite enough channels to potential outside partners. It's a continuing pleasure over the years to be in touch with, and meet, many of you along the way, and may many more such opportunities come our way!" • For **John Morosani**, 2016 was both a year of bad events and one of fun times and celebrations. He tore a calf muscle during a March ski trip in Italy, which meant four weeks on crutches and another four doing rehab. A week after he got home, his dog Jasper passed away after a long illness. In mid-November, John had another fall while walking down stairs that he negotiates multiple times weekly. He tore his quadriceps tendon requiring surgery, two-three months on crutches, followed by three to five months of rehab. But hardest of all was the death of another dog. "Shadow, a fantastic spirit who we got in May to replace Jasper, fell through the ice on our pool and drowned." Despite or perhaps because of all this trauma, John says, "I looked at all the blessings I have and realize how far the scales are tilted in the positive direction. My farm continues to thrive; I spend a fair bit of time on various not-for-profit activities in the town of Litchfield, Conn.; my son Daniel '05 and his wife, Bunny, have sold their apartment in New York and are living next door, and our daughter Allegra '07.5 is spending the next year with us. And most importantly, I have the constant support and

love of my wife, Joanie. I see Midd friends—Charlie, Andy, and Woody '70 Jackson were in Italy with us last March along with Andy's daughter Justine '08, as were Daniel, Bunny, Daniel's classmate Samir Mastaki '05, and Allegra. Life is good." That's a lesson for all of us to remember.

—Class Correspondents: Barry Schultz King (kinglet@together.net); Steve Trebino (stevetrebino@gmail.com).

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After receiving an obituary from the son of David Wilson, Elliott Blue writes, "At Middlebury David played soccer and was my teammate on the track team. He graduated with a degree in English literature and with a teaching certificate. After college, he returned to Bermuda and began teaching at the Robert Crawford School, which he had attended when it was called the Churchill School. He taught language and literature for four years before going to Sandys Secondary School, another alma mater, where he taught eight years. In 1986 he went to the Univ. of Northern London to study law and after earning his degree, returned to Bermuda, where he worked for the Human Rights Commission, lectured at Bermuda College, and was a legal advisor to the Bermuda Educator's Council." Elliott adds, "David and I were best friends throughout our time at Middlebury. We carpooled to a few of the reunions. Being from Bermuda, he couldn't rent here in the States. So, I would fly from Los Angeles and he would come in from Bermuda. We would meet in Boston and drive up the next day. He and I spoke on the phone at least twice a year, so I got concerned when I hadn't heard from him in such a long time. I tried calling and emailing several times but didn't hear anything. I have to admit that after a long period of time I feared the worst. So, hearing of his passing was closure for me." • Elliott also filled us in on what he's been up to. He writes, "I am a systems administrator for the City of Los Angeles Housing Dept. (going on 20 years) and live in Rancho Cucamonga, which is about 40 miles east of Los Angeles. I've been married to wife Yvette for 35 years and have three daughters and two grandchildren. Most of my Midd contacts are through Facebook, but I'll occasionally see people who come here to visit." • Julia Berger Reitman reports, "I live in Montreal with my husband of 40 years (unbelievable). I have three daughters, all married—two live in NYC and the eldest lives in Montreal and has a two-year-old daughter and a newborn son. Besides being a grandmother I'm the lay chair of Jewish Federations of Canada-United Israel Appeal and sit on a number of not-for-profit boards. We still ski and are out in Vail quite a bit, where I often run into Midd people." • When we contacted her, Sally Svenningson was on a Bardo retreat at a Buddhist monastery. She planned to spend the winter in Arizona. • Tom Plumb writes, "I currently spend 10 months a year in Trujillo, Honduras, building schools and water projects (as a volunteer for Rotary International)." • George Szontagh says he doesn't have anything to share, although he does maintain email contact with a few grads. • Tom Whalen shared the following: "After 20+ years outside the U.S., I was transferred from Mexico City to Dallas in '98. It was the first time my own family lived in the U.S. and we thought it'd be temporary. (We're still here.) We now spend a fair amount of time traveling. Our oldest daughter, her husband, and children live in Europe; our youngest and her husband live in Wisconsin. My wife's family all live in Mexico."

—Class Correspondents: Nan Rochelle McNicholas (hbmidd@yahoo.com); Kathy Smith Ward (katherinesward@msn.com).

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Henri Pierre Fischer has been serving as a prison chaplain in Monroe, Wash., for nearly eight years, facilitating programs for a wide variety of religious groups: Native American, Muslim, Buddhist, Pagan, Jewish, and assorted Christian or Christian-derived sects. Prison highlights from 2016: starting the Urban Ministry Institute in his unit and having an extended prayer session with and anointing a max-custody inmate for emotional healing—something never done before in the Dept. of Corrections. He was planning to join an old friend on a trip to Nepal in March. He's been married to Lisa for over 31 years and they have two sons. • Dex and Jane Buckley Whittinghill continue to be busy with their jobs and trips to see their three girls. Jane was made principal of one of her district's special needs programs and says she has been learning the difference between being the director of a program and being the principal of a program. Dex serves as the full-time Mathematics Department head at Rowan University in Pitman, N.J., and deals with constant staff and student issues, including replacing both secretaries in the same year. They became grandparents last year and love their daughter Sarah's little boy, Julian. Their middle daughter, Leigh, will be married in Vermont in June, and oldest daughter Kyle moved to Pittsburgh last August, so they had a busy year. • Rebecca Ikehara lives and works in eastern Massachusetts. She went to northern Arizona last summer and stayed at a Nature Conservancy property near Flagstaff with a group of Nature Conservancy supporters. It was a highlight of her year. She was planning a trip with her sister to Cuba in March, where they would be part of a cultural exchange program and would also go birding. • Living in Seattle, Wash., Joe Ewing reports that he is an engineer with Puget Sound Energy, working with their distribution systems for natural gas. Their supply comes from an interstate pipeline that runs from Canada south through Washington and Oregon. The company handles a variety of energy sources, of course, in this day and age, including wind and hydro. • Stephen Fraser has worked as a literary agent in Manhattan for 12 years, handling books for children and teens. His clients have won the Newbery Honor Medal, the Edgar award, and two PEN awards. He speaks at writers' conferences around the country. His daughter, Julia Fraser Washington, is a 2007 Middlebury graduate and his niece, Sophia Peluso, is currently a freshman. • Jesse Ishikawa writes, "Since retiring in 2014 I have been researching wife Nancy's and my family history. In the process, I have interviewed people from all walks of life: Kansans who lived through the Dust Bowl, refugees from Hitler's Germany, and Japanese-Americans interned by our government during World War II. Our ancestors include a horse thief, a murderer, a bartender investigated by the Feds as a German sympathizer during World War I, serfs, pioneers, peddlers, samurai warriors, and six generations of medieval executioners. Thanks to professors Catton and Jacobs for teaching me the skills to dig up this stuff." • Garrett Moran was featured in a *Greenwich Times* article for his work as president of Year Up, a growing nonprofit that provides urban young adults with professional and technical skills classes, mentoring, and internships. Their mission is to close the opportunity divide and empower urban 18- to 24-year-olds to access professional careers and higher education. Year Up lists four broad skills that all young adults, regardless of education or other forms of privilege, need to succeed in the modern economy: data literacy, cultural competency, a collaborative work style, and the ability to continuously reinvent themselves. Year Up mentees often focus on self-reinvention. They are motivated individuals but come from America's poorest families, are high school dropouts, and lack resources, such as transportation or clean clothes. One of the mentees was homeless, alternating between shelters and riding the subway all night, until Year Up found him a place to live. He was too proud to ask for help. According to Garrett, "There are so many dimensions of poverty that I now understand in a different way. More and more it makes you feel like it's just not fair. The optimism and ambition of the young people are incredibly inspiring. Before I went to work at Year Up, I knew that brains and talent were evenly spread around a community—I knew that at an intellectual level—but opportunity was not. I know that now so much more viscerally and so much more intensely, having gotten to know so many of our students and seen this in action." Garrett encourages people to get involved in the lives of opportunity-starved youth and adults. "We all live in a bubble: rich people and old people and young people, white people and black people, employed people and unemployed people. Challenging yourself to get out of your bubble, in whatever form, will have a positive impact." • We hope you will share your news with us by July 1 for the fall issue. If there is somebody you would like news from, let us know, and we'll do our best.

—Class Correspondents: Sue LeFeber (lefeber@att.net); Delia Walch Mohlie (mohlie295@yahoo.com).

ClassActs

77 **REUNION CLASS** **Bruce Willard**'s latest book of poems, *Violent Blues,* was published in the fall. *Violent Blues* is a "blues-harp album of words, a soundtrack of loss, introspection, and renewal; one man's search for intimacy and enduring music. Its poems are rooted in the natural world and tethered by concrete experience." Bruce's poems have appeared in *African American Review*, *Harvard Review*, *Ploughshares*, *Salamander*, NPR's *Writer's Almanac*, and numerous other publications. His first collection of poems, *Holding Ground*, was published by Four Way Books in 2013. He spends his time in Maine, Colorado, and California. In addition to his work as a poet, he also runs 32 Bar Blues and oversees several other clothing businesses. • **David Alan Grier**, a '77.5 classmate, writes that his February experience came to the front this year. As the executive producer of a technology and organizations podcast, David recently hired a new associate, characterized as funny, energetic, and quite talented. Three weeks in, he learned she is a Midd 2002.5, Zoe Anastassiou. Small world and an intergenerational bonding of mid-year Middies. • I'm sorry to report that **Grace Zanichkowsky Weber** died unexpectedly on December 14. We send our condolences to her family. • And a "gentle reminder" that we're closing in on reunion! Forty years—the span boggles the mind, and the knees. Come join friends and family in beautiful Vermont. Regards to the Class of '77.

—Class Correspondent: Bob Lindberg (boblindberg1928@gmail.com).

78 **Barbara Schumacher** writes, "I'm back in New England after 36 years of living in Ohio. My second husband died in 2015, so I decided it was time for a big change to put me closer to family. In January 2016, I moved to the Eastman community in Grantham, N.H., a four-season recreational community that was recently selected as a winner of the 2016 MetLife Foundation/Generations United Best Intergenerational Communities Award. I feel like I'm back at Middlebury—living in the mountains with hiking, swimming, cross-country skiing, golf, and tennis outside my door! Best of all, one of my sisters is a five-minute walk away, so I really feel like I have come home. I'm working part time from home as a technical writer, playing lots of tennis and a little golf, and enjoying the lake and hiking trails." • On last December 3, family of choice and friends gathered at the Pittsfield (N.H.) Community Center to celebrate the 60th birthday of **Paul Cody**. Among the tributes read was a humorous poem reflecting on 41 years of friendship by **Kevin Richards**, Paul's Lang roommate for three years. Then Paul's two favorite New Hampshire Celtic bands played, one being the Jordan Tirrell-Wysocki ('08) Trio. A great time was had by all. After 28 years at the University of New Hampshire Counseling Center, Paul left to start a behavioral health program at Equality Health Center (formerly the Feminist Health Center) in Concord, N.H. He still teaches as adjunct faculty in the UNH Social Work Dept.

—Class Correspondents: David Jaffray (djaffray@mchsi.com); Anne Rowell Noble (anne.noble@gmail.com).

79 **Nancy Karlson** and **Brian Calhoun** hosted a mini-reunion on Lake Winnipesaukee last November. It was a weekend of great scenery, great food, and great friends. Randy '80 and **Mary Mackenzie Corke**, **Dave Lauten**, **Kim Ulrich Whelan**, **Joanellen Sullivan**, **Amy Meeker**, **Majie Zeller**, **Beth Stouder** and husband Bill, **Suzie Devine** and husband Andy, Nancy Smith Brennan '80 and husband Ed, and **Alice Lee Openshaw** and husband Tom joined Nancy and Brian in Wolfeboro, N.H., which claims to be the "oldest summer resort in America." • **Janet Jones Shipp** was lucky enough to run into two classmates in 24 hours! Janet writes, "The first time was a surprise! Now that my kids are older, I have gotten back into singing. I was singing for the first time with a group in a concert. Lo and behold, I found out after the concert that **Kim Ulrich Whelan**'s mother was also part of our 60+ singers and Kim had come down to see her mother sing. It was so nice to see a friendly MIDD face! Then I finally connected with **Nancy Limbacher Meyer**, who now lives 20 minutes away. She looks great and I got to meet her whole family! I still live in Wilton, Conn., close to my parents, and I still work for the same company, Glencore Ltd., commodities trading. With my Wilton Congregational Church choir, sometimes we are sparse, so this past holiday season I had to hold my own, being the only one singing Bach's soprano melody. I'm also singing with another local choir called Music on the Hill. Now that I have more singing in my life, I want to venture back into dance classes, too. My son, Wesley, graduated from Lafayette in mechanical engineering and my other son, Hunter, is probably going to follow in the family passion, music." • **Meg Dana Krause** writes, "I moved to Santa Barbara last summer. This is my first time living out of the Northeast and it's a big change and a new adventure. I am a fifth grade teacher at Marymount School, a small K–8 independent school. I love Santa Barbara and exploring Southern California. My daughter, Hope, and her husband, Alex, also live in Santa Barbara. Hope is a teacher and Alex is in new product development at Patagonia." • We love getting news from near or far! Send us yours!

—Class Correspondents: Debbie Fish Butler (midd79dbutler@gmail.com); Alice Lee Openshaw (alice.openshaw@gmail.com).

80 The last weekend of February brought together Midd buddies **Alison Osius**, **Rin Harris**, **Macy Lawrence Ratliff**, and **Emily Langlie** in Seattle for a mini-reunion lunch that lasted many hours! Alison and Rin and her husband, John Bird '82, were there for the American Alpine Institute yearly convention. Great mini-reunion! • **Macy** spends her time in both the Greater Seattle area and Chapel Hill, N.C., where she provides mindfulness and yoga training for youth along with research in mindfulness and memory development. • **Robin Howe** has started teaching art at the Hamilton County Jail. • We're sad to report the untimely passing of our classmate **Peter Duncan** on February 21. Peter was a physics major at Middlebury and head of the student government. After graduation, Peter taught physics for three years at Landon School, followed by several years of working in the semi-conductor business in California and Massachusetts. He earned an MBA from Dartmouth Tuck School and went on to found Fairfield Growth Partners, where he was president at his passing. Peter was living in Severna, Md., where he was an active dinghy sailor. In 2011 he lost his wife Sylvi (Allen) '81, whom he met at Middlebury. They had three children together, Ian, Terry '15, and Stephen. He had found love again since Sylvi's passing and had become engaged this past December. More important to Peter than degrees and accomplishments, were his family and close friends. He was a dynamic member of our class and remained in touch with many of us. He was the genuine article. We all feel his loss. If you have any memories you'd like to share about Peter, please send them to us so we can include them in the class column.

—Class Correspondents: Anne Cowherd (annie.cowherd@att.net); Robin Howe (robinhowe.art@gmail.com); Annie Hartmann Philbrick (chapin802@gmail.com).

81 Please send me your news! I'd love to hear from you.

—Class Correspondent: Carolyn Bausch (cbausch@verizon.net).

82 **REUNION CLASS** **Michael Kountze** writes, "I attended the Summer Olympics in Rio for two weeks last August and saw every track and field event, since I love the sport. I had a great time. Security was everywhere, but thankfully, there were no mosquitoes (Zika)." • Before leaving office, President Obama awarded **Trum Soule** the Presidential Rank of Meritorious Executive, the most prestigious award in the federal career civil service. Its recipients are proven leaders and professionals, who have achieved extraordinary mission results and have consistently demonstrated a commitment to excellence in public service. Trum, who is director of legislative affairs for the National Security Agency, was cited for his work with the Congressional Intelligence and Appropriations Committees and his earlier role as the agency's deputy chief of staff. He and his wife, Linda, live in Ellicott City, Md. • **Mark Altmeyer** reports, "After many years in 'Big Pharma,' I've ventured off into the start-up world and moved over to

Switzerland. My primary role is president and chief commercial officer of Axovant Sciences, a dementia solutions company, and I've been appointed to the board of directors of another new biotech company called Myovant, a women's healthcare company. Our lead product is scheduled to produce phase 3 results next year, and if successful, could be the first drug approved for Alzheimer's disease by the FDA in over 15 years. My wife and I have relocated to Zurich so that I can establish our global headquarters there. Prof. **Jeff Legro** had the honor of being our first Midd visitor, in February—hopefully the first of many." • **Amy Colodny Pletcher** closed out 2016 with a couple of exclamation points. In October, she married the great love of her life, Cheryl Pletcher. And on New Year's Eve, they embarked on a great adventure—a four-day cross-country odyssey from Amy's previous home in Phoenix to the couple's brand-new home in Asheville, N.C. Their two golden retrievers, Parker and Dixie, drove the rented RV most of the way. "Looking forward to seeing y'all at reunion!" • **Lydia Mason Hill** writes, "Since August 2016, I have been working at the Charlotte Children's Center in the two- to three-year-old room. It's a wonderful age where children are learning such important basics: zippers, buttons, sharing, waiting for a turn! I love the opportunity to help establish an essential social/emotional foundation. Mason turns 25 in March and loves teaching skiing in Jackson Hole. Mariah (22) continues with her art major at Carnegie Mellon. I look forward to connecting with everyone in June and wish all my classmates a happy, healthy year." • **Mario Barrette** and Connor O'Brien '83 are proposing a get-together during reunion to gather the "Stewart's Pits" alumni and friends—essential to the gathering are the ladies from the upper floors! Mario points out that Connor got sidetracked for a year but he was one of the many Canucks that gave the PITS its international flavor in 1978! It would be great to find a time during the weekend to meet up and reminisce. • **Kenneth Adams** writes, "After close to nine years in and around New York State government in Albany, last fall I started a new job as Dean of Workforce and Economic Development at Bronx Community College (BCC), which is part of the City University of New York. It's nice to be working in NYC again. I had gone to Albany in 2006 to run the Business Council of NYS (the state chamber of commerce), and then, in 2011, Gov. Andrew Cuomo asked me to join his administration as commissioner of the Dept. of Economic Development, which I did for his first term. Following his re-election, in 2015 I became acting tax commissioner, but that position involved a 160-mile commute (each way) from my Brooklyn home—a logistical challenge that led me to eventually step aside and return to NYC. My new position at BCC gives me an opportunity to try to connect my experience in economic development with a community college that serves 10,000 students in the Bronx, many of whom face numerous obstacles to rewarding jobs and careers. Our department offers nondegree adult education classes and certificate training programs for students of all ages and backgrounds, along with customized training for employers and unions. In addition, the president would like me to enhance the college's role in Bronx economic development, small business assistance, and local entrepreneurship. I also oversee the BCC Center for Sustainable Energy. We have a lot going on and I am having a terrific time. Hope to see lots of old friends at our reunion in June." • Keep an eye on the Middlebury Class of 1982 Facebook group for updates about reunion planning and activities as we head toward June! • Check out photos of classmates on pages 75 and 80!

—Class Correspondents: Wendy Behringer Nelson (gomomgo@bellsouth.net); Caleb Rick (crick@northcommon.com).

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We are writing this column on the morning after the Patriots amazing Super Bowl victory. Just a little reminder on the virtues of never giving up even when things don't look good! • It was nice to hear from some different voices this quarter. **Wing Pepper** is the COO of Pilot44 innovation labs in San Francisco. Pilot44 starts new ventures for corporations and connects start-ups to big companies so they can partner and quickly develop and make new products. He has been based in San Francisco for the last 11 years and reports that his two daughters are in or about to start college. • **Mark Conroy**, presumably on behalf of himself and **Monique** (**Lucas**), reports that although he is happy to (finally) finish paying Middlebury tuitions now that both of their kids have graduated, he will miss the regular trips up north. To quote: "It was such a treat to have our two children up at our beloved alma mater the last six years." • **Meredith Anderson** was lucky enough to attend the first annual Bread Loaf Translator's Conference last spring, and says, "It was wonderful! So much fun to be a student at Middlebury again for a week. It was funny, I rented a car because I thought I'd have so much time for sightseeing, then when I arrived, I saw that each day was packed, with barely time to even do homework! Then I thought 'Oh yeah, it's Middlebury!'" Although at the time, she was working as the U.S. and New Zealand payroll manager for a Cambridge company, she is now a payroll analyst at Tufts Medical Center in Boston. • The **Maria Padian** book/traveling Midd reunion tour continues! On December 5, **Pam Chasek** hosted Maria at Manhattan College, where Pam is a professor of political science. Maria read from her new novel, *Wrecked,* and led a discussion on sexual assault on college campuses (the subject of the novel) with the students and faculty who attended. Pam (and I, **Allison**) highly recommend the book, by the way. Afterwards, Pam and Maria met up with **Dan Elish** on the Upper West Side for dinner and "really stimulating conversation and fun." Pam published the seventh edition of her textbook, *Global Environmental Politics,* with Westview Press last August and is working on a new book with the Kenyan ambassador to the United Nations about the negotiations that resulted in the United Nations Sustainable Development Goals and Agenda for Sustainable Development, which should be available in early 2018. • **Beth Charlton Roy** writes that she (like many of us) has been longing for the relatively carefree days of college and has been missing the connections she made while there. Her daughter, Kate, graduated from Dickinson almost two years ago and has been dancing professionally while she decides whether math or physics is her life calling. Alex will be graduating from Brown this May with a classics degree in Sanskrit and Latin. Beth works at Mount Auburn Hospital in Cambridge, Mass., as a clinical social worker. Her current position is in the Breast Center, where she supports women and their families going through cancer. She missed our last reunion because of a high school graduation, but will hopefully make the next! • **Mike Cahill** has just started his fourth year as mayor of Beverly, Mass. He loves the work and appreciates the privilege of being able to make a difference locally and regionally. For example, his note included a modest reference to a new middle school (1,400 students, grades 5–8) currently being built in Beverly. Two of his nephews have graduated from Midd and others are at St. Michael's and Bates. He recently went to Copenhagen with family and got to see an exciting Champions League match while he was there. He mountain bikes in the woods of Cape Ann and is hoping to get back up to Kingdom Trails in Burke, Vt., this season for more biking. • **Nancy Wynant** has made a career in finance. She has spent the last eight years working for a regional New Jersey bank as a commercial lender. She enjoys working with the privately held companies and helping to support their growth with financing. More importantly, Nancy loves being a mom and spending time with her "amazing" 11-year-old daughter ("the light of my life"), husband, and their long-haired dachshund Hansel. Nancy reports that her daughter is very outgoing and loves acting, singing, and playing the trumpet. Unlike those of you that have finished college tuitions and are planning the empty-nest years, Nancy, like me, **Allison** (although I am hoping that my boys find something quieter than the trumpet), remains in the throes of packing lunches and organizing activities. • Keep the news and updates coming!

—Class Correspondents: Allison Burroughs (adburroughs@gmail.com); Victoria Seiden Gonin (victoriagonin@gmail.com).

84

Rick Makin sent this note: "The Class of '84 has been a significant presence supporting the Kelly Brush Century bike ride over the past half dozen years. Consistent riders have been **Marc** and Mimi Dalbey '83 **Tabah**, **Tom Kottler**, **Paul Quinlan**, **Matt Ellenthal**, **Jim Robinson**,

1 Santana Snyder '13 and Troy Audet were married on July 2, 2016, at Blue Spruce Farm in Bridport, Vt. Many Midd friends joined in the celebration: Natalie Figueroa '18, Daria Cenedella '18, Zeke Caceres '15, Brittany Carlson '11, the newlyweds, Samantha Wood '15, Leslie Reed '14, Amanda Mulligan '13, Eliza Turner '13, Anna Mackey '14, (second row) Connor Burleigh '10, Lizzy Reed '15, Gillian Porter '13, Meg Anderson '14, Zachary Marlette '13, Anthony Perez '14, Erik Weidner '13, Matthew Lennon '13, Stephen McKenna '14, and Natalie Jorgensen '13. 2 In Arroyo Seco, N.M., Pierce Bradley '07 and Stephanie Rademeyer '11 were married on July 9, 2016. Midd friends in attendance included Ken Nakamura '06, Maia Venturini '13, Marnie Wood, Astrid Rademeyer '13, the newlyweds, Zaheena Rasheed '11, Mandy Poon '11, and Gabrielle Friedman '11. 3 Ptarmigan Abbott '08 married Evan Ellenberger '08 at Blueberry Hill Inn in Goshen, Vt., on June 18, 2016, with Midd friends in attendance: (all '08 unless noted) Julio Chong, JeeYeon Park, Teddy Crecelius, Alex Schoen, the newlyweds, Ethan Lake, Elizabeth Harrison Pendleton '02, Mark Ellenberger '72, and Ryan Tauriainen.

4 A fun group of Midd friends celebrated when Olivia Lew '07 (being held) married Douglas Kilgour (kneeling) on June 11, 2016, in Olivia's hometown of Oak Bluffs on Martha's Vineyard, Mass.: (all '07 unless noted) Anne Mittnacht, Pat Johnson '06, Alexandra Woodworth, Julie Lipson, Lauren Miller, Kelly Blynn, Lindsey Franklin, Lily Hamburger, John Selby (Midd spouse), Kerren McKeeman, Emily Wheeler (holding bride), AnnMarie Wesolowski '08, and Carol Guest. 5 Friends from the Class of 1982 met up in Boston's North End: Tina Gluck Henderson, Hannah Felton Lyons, and Amy Colodny.

David Wagstaff, **Doug Robotham**, **Dorothy van Gerbig**, **Grant Dewey**, **Ham Hackney**, **Mason Wells**, **Mark Ray**, **Leslie Wright**, **Steve Moynahan**, **Josh Rabinowitz**, **Brian O'Day**, **Chris Wall**, **Larry Stabler**, **Bart Lombardi**, Greg Danford '85, Jamie Preston '85, and me. Several other classmates always talk about riding, but just don't make it to the starting line! The ride starts and ends at the football stadium, and for those bold (and stupid?) enough, the Gordie Perine golf tournament is played immediately after. The 2017 ride and alumni golf tourney are set for Sept. 9. You can ride 25, 50, or 100 miles and the route takes you along Lake Champlain (no gaps!). Looking forward to seeing more classmates to truly make this an '84 mini-reunion. Track me down for details at rmakin@rivingtoncap.com."

—Class Correspondents: Elizabeth Eppes Winton (ewinton@mac.com); Andrew Zehner (andrewzehner@gmail.com).

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Congratulations to **Chip Kenyon**, who was awarded the Lou Lamoriello Award from the American Hockey Coaches Assoc. The award is given to a former college hockey player or coach who goes on to a significant and unique career, in or out of hockey. • Please send us your news! We'd love to hear from you!

—Class Correspondents: Ruth Lohmann Davis (ruth.davis63@gmail.com); Denah Lohmann Toupin (denaht@comcast.net).

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On January 20, **Sarah Malm** left her time working for the White House as a director in the U.S. Global Development Lab. She states, "It was a privilege and an amazing experience to serve in the Obama administration. We will see what the future brings!" • **Jeneva Burroughs Stone** has published her first book, *Monster*, featuring essays and poems, with Phoenicia Publishing, a small independent press. At the *New England Review* reunion reading, Jeneva shared an essay from the book, now available from Phoenicia and through Amazon. The book is an extended meditation on science, rare disease, disability, and parental responsibility. She has also completed a memoir about her son's rare disease as well and hopes to find a publisher soon. Jeneva is the Maryland chair for Middlebury's alumni admissions program, which interviews prospective applicants from the area. She also coleads a teen writers' group and volunteers for CareGifted, a caregiver's respite nonprofit—all while managing son Robert's care. Jeneva's daughter, Edith, is a junior in high school and she hopes she'll apply to Middlebury next year. • **Tracie Fifer Welch** was hired last fall at Jackson Hole High School as a transition coordinator/special education teacher. Tracie completed an MEd in special education from Grand Canyon Univ. in 2015 adding to her MA in counseling psychology from the Univ. of New Hampshire. Tracie

has been involved with coaching Special Olympics for six years. • **Aaron Woolf** was profiled by the *Adirondack Daily Enterprise* in an article titled "Catching up with Aaron Woolf" with the subhead "Two Years after Run for Congress, Democratic Candidate Talks Tavern, Politics, and Home." • **Tim Frye**, an expert on Russian politics and the current chair of the Political Science Department at Columbia University, has been tapped by New York City news organizations to discuss, explain, and reflect on the increased interest in Russia given the new Trump administration's interests, relationships, and/or alleged connections. • **Frank Muggia** was profiled as part of the Legal Elite of Western New York. He's a partner at Harris Beach and is keeping busy as a mergers and acquisition attorney. He still enjoys it after all these years. Frank also reports that he has been married to the same wonderful woman for 25 years (a Hamilton college grad) and has three kids. One is living in Jacksonville, Fla., and teaching with Teach for America in an English as a second language school. Frank has a son at Boston College, and a high school junior just starting the college process. Frank periodically sees Quinn Pollock '89 and **Dom Ciarallo**. • Last fall **Tim Jaeger** joined the Potomac (Va.) School staff as assistant head of school and interim head of the Upper School. He has joined his wife, Tracy, who has been a Spanish teacher at Potomac for over 20 years, and his daughter, Lina (12), who is a sixth grader at Potomac.
—Class Correspondent: Heather Pierce Post (heatherdpierce@gmail.com).

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REUNION CLASS Though we're all a bit shocked it can truly be three decades since we graduated, we're hearing a lot of excitement and plans to attend our 30th reunion this summer from classmates far and wide. • **Liz Rice** has exciting news: "I recently published a memoir about growing up in South Korea called *Rituals of Separation: A South Korean Memoir of Identity and Belonging*. I hope it will speak to those whose identity was forged between and across divergent cultures and places, and provide insight for others into that kind of childhood and its aftermath." Liz's book is available on Amazon. • In December, **Xavier Pelaez** moved to Tucson, Ariz., from Massachusetts. "I'm working at the Pasqua Yaqui Reservation in a tutoring program designed to help adults obtain their GED. I'm also in the process of launching (by this fall) my own nonprofit designed to provide career and academic mentorship to first-generation Latino and Native American college students." • Many of our classmates closed 2016 and opened 2017 in memorable ways: **Willow Gerber** spent New Year's in Paris; **Rhonda Gagne** was also in Paris with daughter Jess; **Brian Williams** and family were on Sanibel Island, Fla.; **Dorrie Paynter Pollock** was in Cambodia; **Bob Post** was diving off Cape Verde, Africa; **Lisa Preston** was in Dubai; and **Richard Coolidge** was in Guadeloupe. Many were playing in the snow: **Ann Poletti** skied Sun Peaks, British Columbia; **Don Hindman** was at Breckenridge; **Tim Weed** backcountry skied southwest Colorado; **Jeb Wallace-Brodeur** was at Mad River Glen and the Strafford Nordic Center; **Joan Crooks** climbed Galena Summit in Idaho; and **Annie Kutenplon** was running and mountain biking in the snow of New Hampshire. • **Isabel Abislaiman** practices law at her own firm in San Juan, Puerto Rico, and she is also a good source for Puerto Rican vacation rentals like www.homeaway.com/vacation-rental/p264392. Isa has been known to offer a courtesy discount to Middlebury families!
—Class Correspondents: Tom Funk (tomfunk@gmail.com); Elizabeth Ryan O'Brien (obrien@bigwhoop.com).

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Paolo Bonetti writes, "I left Madhava in February for another organic food company, Made in Nature, in Boulder, an all-organic no-sugar-added snack and dry fruit packer. I am the procurement director, sourcing organic commodities from around the world. Since joining I have had the pleasure of traveling to Mexico, Paris, and Sri Lanka. My oldest son, Giacomo, is now driving and in high school. Last April our whole family sojourned to Nepal for three weeks to trek the Himalayas and summit Gokyo Ri, over 17,500 feet. Astounding to be so remote and unplugged. I am fortunate to still be happily married for over 17 years and counting!" • **Suzie Tayer Montgomery**, **Paula Ricciardelli Sumberg**, **Sara Van Genderen Cornish**, and **Jen Kitchin Walker** reunited for a mini 5-0 b'day celebration last September in Nantucket. They got to see **Don Bramley** too! "We need a repeat 5-0 celebration to see more '88ers!" • **Shawn Ryan** writes, "This April wife Cathy and I celebrated our 19th wedding anniversary. We met here in Los Angeles when she was a struggling actress, and I was a struggling writer. You could say it was the prequel to *La La Land* (but with a happier ending). We have two amazing, but incredibly different, kids: Haley (17) and Cameron (14). I'm taking Haley on a college tour this spring that will include a look at Middlebury. Can't wait to be on campus again. In February, I worked with the College to arrange for 10 current Midd students to travel to L.A. to spend a week shadowing alumni who work in the entertainment industry. The students were beyond impressive and served as a constant reminder that I'd have a hard time getting into Middlebury if I were applying now. I've been lucky to get to see fellow Mean Fat Kids **Jon Higgins** and **Todd Merry** out here recently as well to as to chat with **Larry Abbandando**, the newly married **Sam Smith**, and Fred Beckham '87 by phone occasionally. Professionally, I've been a showrunner on two TV shows over the past couple years. *Mad Dogs*, which can be streamed on Amazon, is about a group of middle-aged college buddies who look to reunite for a long weekend in Belize only to find themselves sharing the vacation from hell. Recently, I've been working on *Timeless* for NBC (available to stream on NBC.com and Hulu!). It's a time-traveling, action-adventure, romantic comedy, historical drama. By the time you read this it will have already been picked up for a second season or we'll have been unceremoniously canceled. Thus is the life of a television writer. Smithsonian honored *Timeless* in March, so I went to D.C. to participate in a panel there. Outside of work, I was on the board of directors for the Writers Guild of America, West and got to testify before a Senate Committee about net neutrality on behalf of the guild. Cathy and I also spend time and money supporting Autism Speaks. Like many of you from our class, I've just turned 50 recently. How did that happen? Good thing that in spite of the bulging waistline and lack of hair, I still look in the mirror and see the same old Midd Kid at Thursday Night Kegs on the fourth floor of Forest. Hope to see some of you soon, too!"
—Class Correspondents: Anya Puri Brunnick (abrunnick@gmail.com); Claire Gwatkin Jones (gwatkojones@gmail.com).

89

Happy Spring, everyone! As we make it through this year, many of us are celebrating the big 5-0, which is kind of crazy. How did that happen when we're all still so young? I've seen some fun and creative festivities to mark this landmark on Facebook. Let us know how you are celebrating the start of the second chapter! And please keep the news and updates coming. If you're reading this, that means you flipped to the back of the magazine to see what's up with your classmates. Guess what? That means they're doing the same thing, so let me help keep them in the know. • **Kurt Broderson**, who stayed close by after graduating, sent an update: "My wife and I and our children, Keil (10) and Annika (7), recently moved into Middlebury to be closer to work. We're out by the Abbey Pond trailhead, for those of you who remember the area, and are close to the Snow Bowl, where the kids are taking lessons and becoming little mountaineers. I was recently promoted to executive director at Middlebury Community Television (MCTV), where I've been working the past five years. For the past few years, MCTV has hosted a MiddView trip for first-year students at the college, and you would be impressed to see how the Freshman Outdoor Program that we created back in '89 has grown and evolved from four backpacking trips to a whole host of options to explore Vermont's natural and human communities. They still have backpacking, but you can also learn more about Vermont's media landscape (hence the visit to MCTV, local radio stations, and newspapers), pitch in at a local nonprofit that needs help, visit migrant farmworkers, sample local restaurants, and sleep over at a local church, a yurt, a yoga studio, or under the stars! Very cool to see where the program is now. I teach video and media production at Green Mountain College (GMC) as well, which is not that much different from when I used to teach middle school. GMC has a strong envi-

ronmental ethic, so it's a great combination for me. I film weddings on the side, since Vermont is the second most popular wedding destination after Hawaii. I filmed a pair of recent alums who got married over in Waitsfield last summer, but I'll let them update that in their own class notes! If you visit Middlebury, get in touch and let's take a run at the Bowl for old times' sake." • Two Middlebury alumni are enjoying spring in Israel! **Rebecca Goldman** is blessed indeed that her adventurous mother, Diane Keegan Curran '60, enjoys visiting Rebecca and her family in Jerusalem each spring. During the rest of the year, Diane is busy back home in New Hampshire as docent for the Currier Gallery of Art in Manchester, and Rebecca is heavily involved in Muslim-Jewish conciliation work, plus balancing family and job. Rebecca is still in touch with Midd roommates **Alexandra Sargent Capps** and **Penny Post** after all these years.

—Class Correspondent: Melanie Friedlander (surgerygirl@verizon.net).

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Kathy Bashant Knapp lives in Darien, Conn., with husband Geoff and daughters Emily (16) and Katie (14). She teaches music at the Intermediate School in Weston, Conn., and was the music director for the Darien Middle School's recent production of *The Lion King*. • **Tom Dubreuil** started in April of 2016 as the director of student affairs at Penn State's Lehigh Valley campus and oversees conduct, activities, counseling, health center, leadership, and athletics. He writes, "If anyone is looking at any colleges with their children in the Lehigh Valley area (Bethlehem, Easton, Allentown), please look me up." His son, Jack, is a junior in high school, looking at colleges, and is a budding DJ that goes by the name Dubious. "Trotto would love it," says Bubba. • **Jeff Stoner** is still with the Foreign Service and left Munich in the summer of 2015 after three years there. He returned to Washington, D.C., for a year to learn Czech and now lives in Prague. Jeff writes, "Prague is a great city with the best beer in the world, so I hope I'll have some visitors." • After six-plus years working as chief of staff for House Majority Leader Kevin McCarthy, **Tim Berry** has joined Axios as executive VP. Axios is a start-up media company that aims to deliver "vital, trustworthy news and analysis in the most efficient, illuminating, and shareable ways possible." He recommends going to www.axios.com to sign up for their daily newsletters. Tim, wife Lisa, and their kids still reside in the Washington, D.C., area, never too far from brother-in-law **Pat Mancuso**.

—Class Correspondents: Doug Meyer (pdougm@aol.com); Elizabeth Toder (eatoder@gmail.com).

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Rich Cochran reports, "On March 23 I gave a talk at the Middlebury College Environmental Studies Colloquium at the Franklin Environmental Center. This is part of the College's yearlong exploration around the theme of Urban Innovators—Sustainable Solutions. The talk was called 'Thriving cities...trees are the answer!'" Rich is the president and CEO of Western Reserve Land Conservancy. • **Vanessa Trien** writes, "I continue to teach early childhood music and to perform family music with my band, Vanessa Trien and the Jumping Monkeys. Last fall I released my fourth kids' album, entitled *Wonderful YOU*. It won a Parents' Choice Silver Award among other things, I'm happy to report! I had a blast attending our 25th reunion, seeing so many old friends and enjoying four whole days on the gorgeously green campus. My husband, two kids (ages 8 and 12), and I still live in Brookline, Mass., and would love to make more of an effort to connect with other Boston-based '91ers. And in the next issue, I hope to report that we have finally brought home a Labradoodle puppy we have put out an application for!" • **Taylor Hubbard** says, "I'm turning 50 this year. I live in Waitsfield, Vt., and wife Kara (Oliver) '90 teaches at Green Mountain Valley School (GMVS). Ella (17) and Grace (14) attend GMVS as well. I'm in my 25th year of teaching at the local elementary school. I keep my Middlebury connection with trips over the mountain to Ralph Myhre Golf Course and through the alumni admissions program. Really hoping a double legacy helps out my daughter next year." • Last November **Sara Bremner Barry**, **Lucy Randolph Liddell**, and **Marika Holmgren** spent a long weekend in Santa Fe, N.M., checking out the town and revisiting stories from the June reunion. • **Marika** and **Stephanie Blair Kirkwood** spent time together in Barcelona with Steph's husband Brooks and daughters Kailey (18), who is attending Colby College, and Malaika (16), who is spending her junior year with Student Year Abroad in Spain. They had fun exploring the city and regaling the girls with stories from their Midd days. • **Heather Widlund** writes, "In December I completed a three-year online program through Penn State and received a master's degree in geographic information systems (GIS). I'm still enjoying life near Telluride, Colo., where I have been the GIS coordinator for San Miguel County since 2000." • **Junaid Jafar** is coming up to 12 years in Bahrain with his family, who all enjoyed visiting Midd for the 25th reunion and meeting up with all his friends. He spends his time between Dubai and Bahrain for work, occasionally crashing out with Ehsun Khan '92, who moved to Dubai from Bahrain about three years ago. • I (**Andrew**) thought I'd include some of my own updates, as I haven't done so in years. Sixteen years and counting now since I moved to Denver and it's been wonderful (and sometimes painful) to watch this place grow and become a big-league town. It's home now to my wife, Jamie (Michigan State University), and me, and our kids, Max (9) and Julia (6), who of course are natives. We ski, cycle, run, hike, sample craft beer, and see lots of concerts—that's Colorado. I work as a sales manager for Global Atlantic, a financial services company, supervising 16 sales professionals in the western United States, and I get to spend quality time in places like San Francisco, Seattle, San Diego, and other nice towns. I had an absolute blast at the 25th reunion, though it's clear I can't play the bass anymore. **Ray Strong** and I also visited the campus in mid-October 2015 and enjoyed three epic bicycle rides, up and over the mountain passes, past the Snow Bowl, Lake Dunmore, and into New York around Fort Ticonderoga, and we enjoyed the most beautiful fall color I can remember seeing.

—Class Correspondent: Andrew Resnik (resnikandrew@gmail.com).

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REUNION CLASS **Lisa Healy Lacey** reports, "My husband and I live outside of Boston and spend the weekends in Vermont, trying to keep up with our twin seven-year-old boys, Jack and Ryan. I'm a recovering lawyer—having been a law professor for 13 years, I left to spend more time with my boys and to run a marketing, branding, and communications firm. I now write full time for a law firm and am working on a pet project, Alpine Social, to help ski pros and the ski industry take advantage of social media." She was planning to do "research" in Chamonix's backcountry in March with **Maria Vrachnos** and **Shannon Black**, and they were hoping that **Courtney Mather** might be in Switzerland and able to take time away from her good work at Médecins Sans Frontières to join them. "Hoping everyone will make the effort to make it to Midd for the 25th in June!" • We touched base with **Kingman Gordon**, who can't believe he's been in San Francisco for 19 years. After many years in advertising and media, Kingman let us know that he left the corporate world almost four years ago to start his own business selling multimedia advertising on behalf of a variety of media companies. When not working, Kingman embraces his other job of chasing and trying to corral the endless energy of his boys, Stark (8) and Cannon (6). Kudos to Kingman who has also tried to stay in touch with old Middlebury friends. Some he sees on annual trips (**Banc Jones**, **Peter Walsh**, **Tristram Perkins**, and **Warner McGowin**) and some he sees on business travel to New York (**Tristram**, **Charlie Watson**, **John Rudge**, **Eric Mendelsohn**, and **Banc**). Of course, the Bay Area is also flush with Midd folks, some of whom he gets to see on occasion—**Drew Meyers**, **Packy Briggs**, **Blakely Anderson Atherton**, and Paul '91 and **Tish O'Mara Scola**, as well as Fred McCrea '89, Ian Morton '91, and Jason Shulman '91! Kingman will be at the June 25th reunion and will bring others! • We heard from **Blakely Atherton**, who you may recall married her college sweetheart John Atherton '93. They're celebrating 21 years of marriage and have three girls, ages 16, 14, and 12. She tells us their household is busy, to say the least! Blakely and John have lived in Oakland for the past 15 years and she works as a marketing consul-

tant. They get to see a few of our classmates each summer at the annual Vail Shootout (a lacrosse tournament that John still plays in with **Jon Owsley**, **Pete Steinle**, and a few others who make it occasionally). While it's tough to have back-to-back reunions and make a weekend trip from the West Coast, Blakely and Jon have decided that they are definitely coming back for her 25th! Smart move—they've heard from others that it's not to be missed, and they're looking forward to reconnecting with old friends and making some new ones! • **Matt Shaw** was kind enough to check in. He lives in New York City with wife Kim and their boys, Teddy (9) and James (6), and has views of the Flatiron Building! After many years successfully running communications for a national trade association, Matt launched his eponymous PR consultancy in 2016 and is digging the stress. Matt is able to hang out with other '92 Midds in NYC like **Pat Dyson**, **Matt Thompson**, **Ed Welsh**, **Dave Boyle** (until he moved away to Boston!), **Chris Carton**, and **Dean Flanagan**, to name a few, and he's also looking forward to reconnecting with folks up at the 25th in June. • **Dave Boyle** finally settled down in September 2015, and at 46, tied the knot in a small, private ceremony in Sag Harbor, N.Y. Things are moving fast for Dave, as he has already moved back home to Massachusetts to be closer to family, bought a place in the woods of Wayland, Mass., and has welcomed a baby girl (Sophia) into this world on December 1, 2016. His wife, Osalinda, is Brazilian-American and she is loving the peace and quiet of the Boston suburbs compared to the craziness of NYC. Dave is now the VP of World Wide Sales for a Silicon Valley-based start-up and when he is not working 80 hours a week, is busy cutting the lawn and snowblowing the driveway! Dave is really looking forward to the 25th in June and looks forward to reconnecting with friends! • When reached, **Bob Quinn** let us know he has become a gentleman farmer and has lived on Barrows Brook Farm in Stowe, Vt., for the past four years! A family physician, Bob works at Stowe Family Practice, where at least one Class of '92er has come through the doors! He's bought a pick-up, does his own cord wood, and is raising ski racers Trevor (9) and Katie (7). His wife, Hannah, meticulously keeps three horses (Wally, Murphy, and Sugar no less) and a pony (Grady). The farm dog is named Rusty (of course) and he reports back that they were recently joined by a beaver on the property! While the beaver has yet to receive a name (Billy?), Bob is hoping he can save up to $20K as his initial pond site did not hold any water. Here's to sustainable living! Bob will be at the 25th, minus the beaver, and we look forward to seeing him!
—Class Correspondents: David Boyle (david.boyle@takipi.com); Leslie Cone Pagnotta (leslie.pagnotta@medtronic.com).

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Please send me your news!
—Class Correspondent: Maria Diaz (latinawriting@gmail.com).

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Please send us your news! We'd love to hear from you!
—Class Correspondents: Mary Strife Cairns (mcairns@alumni.middlebury.edu); Gene Swift (geneswift@gmail.com).

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Toby Fenwick writes, "I was honored to speak at Midd in the PoliSci J-term lecture series on Brexit and British foreign policy at the end of January. It is always lovely to be back at Midd, and it was interesting to reflect on the real world with a little detachment. So many of you are doing super interesting things all over the place. I'd really recommend getting in touch with Midd to see if you can go and speak on your specialty."
—Class Correspondents: David Diamonon (ddiamonon@yahoo.com); Terra Reilly (sansivera@gmail.com).

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Please send me your news! I'd love to hear from you.
—Class Correspondent: Humberto García-Sjögrim (humbertogs@gmail.com).

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REUNION CLASS We hope you can make it back to campus June 9–11 for our 20th reunion! • **Stacie Cassarino** was on campus in January teaching a winter term course titled Advanced Poetry Workshop: The Walk of a Poem.
—Class Correspondents: Jennifer Gelb Carbee (jrgelb@yahoo.com); Catherine Mitchell Wieman (cnmitchell99@hotmail.com).

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Laurie Gagnon and Seth Maleri (Vanderbilt '97) celebrated their wedding on October 3, 2015, in Townshend, Vt. Middlebury friends **Greg Reynolds**, **Carol McMurrich**, **Melissa Haley**, **Aurora Choi**, and **George Roth** joined in the festivities. Laurie and Seth live in Somerville, Mass. • **Jason Boatright** was appointed by Texas Governor Greg Abbott to the Fifth Court of Appeals in January. He earned his JD from the Univ. of Texas School of Law. • **Daniel Ackerman** has joined Brownstein Hyatt Farber Schreck as counsel in their Intellectual Property Dept. in the Denver office. • **Andrew Mahlstedt** was on campus in January teaching a winter term course titled Environmental Justice at the Margins: Non/fictions. He has taught at Mahindra United World College of India and the United World College in Mostar.
—Class Correspondents: Katie Whittlesey Comstock (katie.comstock@am.jll.com); Nate Johnson (natejohn98@gmail.com).

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Will Heaton is adjusting to suburban life in Hollins Hills—outside the D.C. Beltway—with his three koi fish, two kids, and Wheaten Terrier. He's working on being the best husband and father he can be. • **Adam Burns** married Jenny Paul-Rappaport in a lovely ceremony in Napa, Calif., last October. A slew of Midd '99s and others were in attendance including **Rob** and Catherine Herrick '97 **Levy**, **John** and Ann Russell '01 **Felton** (it was also John's 40th birthday!), **Peter Steinberg**, **Rob Kerchner** (now J. Robert Zoeller), Sadie Carney '00, **Frank Wildermann**, **Andy Dixon**, **Brendan O'Donohoe**, **Silas Marshall**, **Mike DiMaria**, and "Wild" **Bill Coddington**. The happy couple resides in the Bay Area, where Adam is a clerk for a federal judge and Jenny is in development for the Children's Hospital of Oakland. • **Kristen Vogel Blabey** writes, "**Tom** helped sunset the Orfalea Foundation here in Santa Barbara (it was founded by Paul Orfalea, who founded Kinkos) and then this year became the COO of Girls, Inc. In December 2015 I became a partner at my law firm, Price, Postel, and Parma, which happens to be the oldest law firm in California (founded in 1852), and I specialize in trusts and estates, and taxation. Working full time and having three young daughters keeps us very busy! Cyanne is nine, Maritt is seven, and Catherine is four, though she thinks she's a lot older and wants to hang out with the big kids all the time."
—Class Correspondents: Melissa Pruessing (mpruessing@yahoo.com); Peter Steinberg (captfun99@gmail.com).

00

Happy spring, classmates! As I write this it's still winter and I am about to teach my third J-term course. This year **Matt Soule** and **Jay Dunn** are also representing our class, coteaching a theater course. Stay tuned for updates from our old stomping grounds! • Our class continues to be well-represented in other parts of the world. **Lissa Duerr Moats** reports in from Hawaii: "After living in California, Maine, and Vermont, I moved back in 2012 with my husband Thatcher (who is a Middlebury townie—Middlebury Union High School class of '98 and Ithaca College 2002—we met in San Francisco after college) and our daughters Charlotte (7), Noe (5), and Mila (3). I was a home-birth midwife in Vermont and I'm currently in nursing school at the Univ. of Hawaii at Hilo. Five-year plan is to have a PhD in nursing with a focus on maternal health and to enjoy life to its fullest despite the fact that I am almost 40 and still have homework!" • In Pennsylvania, **Blake Rutherford** has been named as special advisor to the Attorney General. Blake is a member of Cozen O'Connor and Cozen O'Connor Public Strategies in Philadelphia and Washington, D.C. • Congratulations are also in order for **Sara Stewart Hellstedt**, who joined the labor and employment practice group of Bernstein Shur, one of northern New England's largest law firms. Sara lives in North Yarmouth, Maine, with her family. • **Philip Dean Walker's** book *At Danceteria and Other Stories* has already garnered several award nominations, including a Pushcart Prize-nod for the opening story, "By Halston." *Caravan*, his next collection, will be released by Lethe Press in September 2017. Keep up with Phil

at www.philipdeanwalker.com. • And keep up with me! Please continue to send your updates—it's wonderful to hear what everyone is doing. I am so inspired by you all!

—Class Correspondent: Jennifer Crystal (jennifercrystalwriter@gmail.com).

01 Garrett and Kristen Lyall Dodge had their second daughter, Grace ("Gracie"), born in November. They relocated to Philadelphia for Kristen's job as assistant professor at the AJ Drexel Autism Institute in July, though Garrett is hopping coasts, still running his start-up in Oakland. Kristen reports that they are enjoying time back on the East Coast and being close to Midd friends, and they celebrated New Year's Eve with Dan and Blythe Hurney McNamara. • Elana Wilson Rowe and Sharon Wilson Purdy met up with Ellen Guettler in Minneapolis last June along with their families. The Rowes live in Norway and the Purdys have relocated back to Arlington, Va., after 18 months in Sunnyvale, Calif. Despite best intentions, getting all seven kids to hold still long enough for a photo was impossible. In October, Ellen and husband Ben welcomed their son Emil Charles Guettler Pofahl. Big brother Odin (3) is finally starting to like the baby as much as he likes the cat. • Congratulations to Sarah Theall Lemke, who was promoted to partner at law firm Hinckley Allen, where she is an attorney in the real estate group. She lives with her family in Medfield, Mass., where she is a member of the planning board.

—Class Correspondents: Leslie Fox Arnould (lesliearnould@gmail.com); Zach Bourque (zacharybourque@gmail.com).

02 **REUNION CLASS** Class of 2002, please join us this June 9–11 for our 15-year class reunion! Sure, we may all be a little grayer and hard of hearing, but don't let that stop you folks! • In class news, Amanda Wiegand Hallinan joined the dental practice of Dr. Anne Filler (great name for a dentist!) in Windham, N.H. She earned her Doctorate of Dental Medicine at Tufts in 2007. • Laurie Burgdorff had an art exhibit last October at the Boothbay Harbor (Maine) Memorial Library. The exhibit was titled *Watercolors of Coastal Maine.* • Sasha Gentling has left NYC to work for the Mayo Clinic in her hometown of Minneapolis, where she will be managing the clinic's funds. As a side project, Sasha intends to open a cat-lady meditation center, catering to Minneapolis's finest and most stressed-out pets. • Dr. Megan Sands Lincoln was honored this past winter for her research in the mating rituals of primates. • Stella Harman has returned to the United States from London, where she has lived and worked for the last 10 years! Welcome home, girl! • Former Middlebury roommates Kirsten Sichler Webb and Sydney Johnston McConathy write that they are starting a bicoastal Christmas tree farming business, based in Denver and Greenwich, Conn. • See you in June!

—Class Correspondents: Anne Alfano (anne.alfano@gmail.com); Stephen Messinger (s.messing@gmail.com).

03 After completing his PhD at UC Berkeley, Chris Atwood moved to Atlanta. He now directs communications for *See Italy*, helping plan personalized tours of Italy for travelers and university groups. He would be happy to connect with any Atlanta-based Midd alumni. • Zoe Anastassiou learned, once again, that the Middlebury community can be all embracing when she was cast on a podcast last spring. It's a weekly show that teaches lessons about technology and business and organizations through drama. Her recurring character is an eight-year-old entrepreneur named Maddie. She illustrates all the problems that young tech people create. Zoe just adores her. (You can find the podcast at HowWeManageStuff.com). After recording her third episode, Zoe was talking with the executive producer and discovered that not only was he, too, a Middlebury graduate, but like herself, he was a Feb (David Alan Grier '77.5). They had a moment of intergenerational Feb bonding and continue to do so every time they record. • Gigi Gatewood was on campus in January to teach a winter term class, Introduction to Black and White Photography. An artist working in photography and video, she's on the faculty at the International Center of Photography in NYC.

—Class Correspondents: Nathan Davis (davis.nm@gmail.com); Janine Knight-Grofe (jknightgrofe@gmail.com).

04 Eliza Mitchell and David Butts (Williams '06) were married at the Woodstock Inn in Woodstock, Vt., on July 29, 2016. Cherished Middlebury members in attendance included Eliza's film professors Christian Keathley, chair and associate professor of film and media culture, and Ted Perry, Fletcher Professor of the Arts Emeritus; and fellow "Feb" Kate Orchard. Eliza and David were blessed with a beautiful Vermont summer day and the company of such lifelong mentors and friends. • Tom and Kea Anstey Molnar are happy to announce the arrival of Philip Nicholas Molnar, who was born on January 14.

—Class Correspondents: Athenia (Tina) Fischer-Rodney (princess1328@yahoo.com); Drew Pugsley (drew.pugsley@gmail.com).

05 Emily Donnan is still with Goldman Sachs in the firm's Boston office and is enjoying a recent move out to Winchester, Mass., where she frequently gets together with nearby Midd Kids Julie Rankin Kuipers, Sara Rogers Myerson, Libby Meyers Pingpank '04, Lauren Ready Noel, and Erika Gold Chaset '06. Emily got married to Richard Waldo on December 17, 2016, in Chatham, Mass., and is looking forward to all that 2017 will bring! • Luke Carson began his psychiatric residency at UC-San Francisco this year. • Congratulations to David Lindholm, who was named the new coach of the Kingston Stockade FC, a semi-pro National Premier Soccer League club in Kingston, N.Y.

—Class Correspondent: Martha Dutton (martha.dutton@gmail.com).

06 As the world outside of Addison County continues to light itself on fire, we hope these notes, these missives from friends you knew in a simpler time, can assuage some of your anxiety and uncertainty. To quote our classmate Meghan Nesmith's recent article in *Midd Magazine* (which we encourage you to read), "College is a time to believe in big things: big dreams, big goals, big change... after all, it was easy to believe at Middlebury, where the aurora borealis once licked the wide sky an eerie green and gold the winter of my sophomore year." To us, Middlebury always felt like an inclusive, supportive community. It wasn't always perfect, but it was always home. And now so many of us continue to create new homes—mostly for all the new babies. • Take, for example, the birth of Dan Saper and wife Jill's son, Murray Gabriel Saper, or Maryanne Verzosa and Chris Fraser '04 welcoming baby Wesley. Or Sean and Virginia Harper '07 Breen. They welcomed daughter Anna Preston Breen in February. Congratulations, guys! • Plus, Elena Kennedy and Brad Michalchuk celebrated the birth of their second child, Finn. Word has it that older brother Oliver has welcomed a little brother with open arms. • Think we're done with baby news? Ha! We're just getting warmed up. Clark and Amy McCowan '08 Smith celebrated the birth of their first kid, Pippa Rae, in September 2016. Clark is finishing up his MBA from Haas Business School. • Jess Hallett and husband Jeff had Otis last August, their first child. • Jamie Fey had a son, Charlie, last July. • Josh and Francesca Filippelli Carson had second child Henry in January. • Kim Perez Hults celebrated the birth of a baby girl, Noella. Emily Egginton Skeehan and baby boy Arthur recently visited Kim in Hawaii, and Noella and Arthur had a little baby playdate. And we know these types of baby playdates are happening all around the country/world. Of course, many of the parents call them "matchmaking dates," but maybe it's a tad too early to be playing Cupid. • Speaking of Cupid, the cherub shot an arrow straight and true last October at the Blue Sky Ranch outside Park City, Utah, where Tim Foley married Chelsea MacNealy. • Farther west, Andrew Pavoni and Martha Underhill '07 recently moved to Santa Monica, Calif., with son Miles. As of this writing, Miles Pavoni and Wes Donaldson take a monthly Baby DJ class together. They hope to book a slot at Winter Carnival 2035. • While we're in Los Angeles, there was recently a very nice reception for alumni in the entertainment industry. A group of current students came out to mingle with the Hollywood

elite, including **Annie Stamell**, who wrote and produced the upcoming YouTube Red series *Me and My Grandma*, starring YouTube sensation Eva Gutowski (ask a teenager, they'll know who she is). Annie and **Ali Perencevich** had a mini-reunion in Joshua Tree, Calif. • Brian '05 and **Heather Wright Vickery** now have two beautiful boys—Jack and Charlie. The family recently relocated to Simsbury, Conn. • **Alex** and Leah Skahen '09 **Casnocha** recently moved to Nicosia, Cyprus, and welcome any and all visitors who might be in the region. Alex writes that Nike joggers can be found at a good price over there. Good to know. Sadly, as a result of the move, Alex missed Giants spring training this year in Scottsdale, Ariz., for the first time in 11 years. • Finally, as you probably noticed, a lot of the notes had to do with welcoming the next generation. We make a solemn oath to you, dear reader, that the next batch of notes will include no mention of babies! That's right, it's time for those of you who have the time, the disposable income, and the proper amount of sleep to shine! Please, send us your non-baby news as soon as possible.
—Class Correspondents: Alex Casnocha (alexander.casnocha@gmail.com); Jack Donaldson (jack.c.donaldson@gmail.com); Jess Van Wagenen O'Rielly (jessorielly@gmail.com).

07

REUNION CLASS **Pierce Bradley** and Stephanie Rademeyer '11 got married in Arroyo Seco, N.M., on July 9, 2016. They both attend the University of Arizona's College of Medicine in Tucson. • **Jackie Hurwitz** writes, "I left my longtime job producing television to start a virtual reality production company. It's a crazy new field, but it was high time for a little risk. If you're in NYC and want to try out some VR, please reach out!" • **Colleen Sullivan** reports, "Over the past 10 years I've moved to Oregon for graduate school (master's in geography at OSU), to Berkeley, Calif., for my wife's graduate school (MPP/MPH at Cal), and back to Boston, where I'm working from home as a GIS analyst for Ecology and Environment Inc. I got married September 24 in Starksboro, Vt., and Midd Kids **Lily Hamburger**, **Jen Williams**, Amelia Magistrali '09, **Camille Padilla**, Matt '09 and Liza Townsend Mone '08, and **Ashley Clark** helped us celebrate. It was great to be back up there!" • **Lauren Armstrong** writes, "I married Kelvin Wong in June 2016 and we're moving to Maui, where I'll be the director of the new Metropolitan Planning Organization. We're excited to be going back in Hawaii and hope to start a family soon!" • **Ross Lieb-Lappen** was on campus during winter term teaching Ice Cores: By Land and by Sea. He's a postdoctorate fellow at the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers' Cold Regions Research and Engineering Lab, where he continues investigating the microstructure of snow and ice. • Don't forget to sign up for our 10th reunion taking place on June 9–11. A lot of great activities have been planned for the weekend. Can't wait to see you there!
—Class Correspondents: Carlos Beato (carlosmbeato@gmail.com); Amanda Cook (amandahollos@gmail.com).

08

Hi, Class of 2008ers! We love hearing your news from near and far, so please email us with updates at any time. • Captain **David Wood**, USMC, is shifting to the civilian world after nine years of active duty (anyone want to hire him?). He and wife Ashleigh (Weissman) '09 are leaving Vanderbilt Univ. in Nashville, Tenn., with their MBA and master's in counseling, respectively. They are heading out west with their husky Juno to learn about the civilian world in San Jose, Calif. Thank you for your service, Dave! • **Zamir Ahmed** recently marked his eight-year anniversary in Washington, D.C., where he works in media relations for the National Association of Broadcasters. He celebrated the occasion by buying a condo in the city. Trivia nights at Two Brothers paid off a couple years ago when he made it onto *Jeopardy!*, where he finished third. We were all rooting for you Zamir—job well done. • **Sarri Nashashibi** has been living in Boston since graduation. He works as a software engineer with Google and recently saw **Mauricio Osorio** during a visit, **Alexander Zafiriou**, who's in NYC this year, and **Joachim** and **Olivia Kenna Skyassen**, who are now living in England. (Their wedding had a great crew of Middlebury alumni, mostly from the Classes of '07 and '08.) • **Yanik Bababekov** MD, MPH is a resident in general surgery at Massachusetts General Hospital/Harvard Medical School. Yanik lives in the Boston area with wife Lindsay (O'Brien), MA Spanish '14 and their one-year-old daughter, Noa. They see **Adam Weisman**, Peanut and **Peyton Coles**, and **James Kerrigan** around Boston and Vermont. • **Michelle Cady**'s wellness and health-coaching business, FitVista, has recently been featured in the publications *mindbodygreen* and *Elite Daily*. She's lucky to count several Middlebury graduates as her private clients, most specifically, working together to unwind the work hard/play hard lifestyle, while optimizing their nutrition, fitness, health, and happiness. She's also writing a book on self-care and stress, set to publish in late 2017! • **Stephanie Strohm** and Max Lando were married at the Barn at Flanagan Farm in Buxton, Maine, on September 24, 2016. Alums in attendance included **Rishabh Kashyap**, **Donnie Stuart**, **Kolbe Franklin**, **Aaron Gensler**, **Melissa Whitehead**, **Sean Meany**, **Angelica Towne**, **Dan** and **Becky Bierman Kelley**, and the bride's aunt, Barbara Banks '80. After the wedding, Max and Stephanie celebrated their honeymoon in Sweden. Later in the fall, Scholastic Point published Stephanie's fourth book, *It's Not Me, It's You.* • **Matt Boucher** married Katie Riley at St. Anthony Parish in Cohasset, Mass., on October 15. Middlebury classmates **Michelle Cady**, **Patch Culbertson**, **Patrick Cunningham**, **Chrissy Fulton**, **Ben Hanna**, **Sam Morrill**, **Maddie Terry**, **Rob** and **Marnie Rowe Potish**, **Joel Simpson**, and **Drew** and **Mallory Hicks Walker** joined them at the Red Lion Inn to dance their faces off to the soulful vocals of Leon Spradley and the Kahootz. Matt and Katie spent the following two weeks recovering in Hawaii. • **Bonnie Frye Hemphill** married Aaron Paul on September 3 in Eastern Promenade Park in Portland, Maine. Many great Midd Kids helped celebrate, notably by serving as parade marshals from the park ceremony to the brewery reception. It was a blast! Bonnie is based in Seattle and is working in the solar industry. • Congratulations to **Alex Elias**, who has been hired by the College to take over as the varsity men's soccer coach when Dave Saward retires in December. He has served as the assistant coach the past three seasons.
—Class Correspondents: Michelle Cady (michelle.elizabeth.cady@gmail.com); Laura Lee Mittelman (laurawhitneylee@gmail.com).

09

Antonio Aransaenz moved to Hood River, Ore., to launch an adventure sports and outdoor innovation festival called OutFound Series, which will take place June 8–11. • After graduating with a master's from Georgia Tech in industrial engineering, **Ian Schmertzler** will be heading back north to NYC to carry on working at Dispel. Dispel is a tech company that Ian and his brother, Ethan '12, run. They are up to 23 employees and revenues are looking good. Ian has continued to race with various crew teams in his spare time. • **Lindsay McBride** and Brody Berg were married in Middlebury at the Swift House Inn on July 11, 2015. • **Veracity Butcher** is living in her hometown of NYC and is working as an actor. She started out mostly doing off-Broadway plays and is now moving into film. She just wrapped her first starring role in an independent feature film, which is coming out this year. Stay tuned for more from Veracity! • After getting his master's in physics at UCLA in 2015, **Garrett Reynolds** moved to San Francisco to join a start-up as a software engineer. He's exploring all the climbing spots around the Bay Area. • **Jacqueline Arthur-Montagne** recently moved to the North Carolina Triad, where she has accepted a job as assistant professor of history at High Point University. She's looking forward to teaching classes on ancient Greece and Rome, and making her first visit to the Outer Banks as well. • **Karlye Rodriguez-Wisdom** finished her family medicine residency in Minnesota and moved back to Wisconsin with her husband and son. She recently visited NYC to see **Alethea Gross** and had a great time also hanging out with **Diana Chiu** and **Amanda Kleinman**. • After Middlebury, **Hans Cabra** was offered a full scholarship at the University of Los Andes in Colombia for a master's program in the School of Government. As a result of his dissertation on substance abuse in young people in Bogotá, Hans won a scholarship to the Global Competiveness Leadership program at Georgetown University, where he was able to plunge into social entrepreneurship

Flight of Fancy

Going off to college didn't mean that a group of students had to give up their childhood fantasies—they just needed to ground them in reality.

WILD ABOUT HARRY
©2017 MARK ALAN STAMATY
THE BABE SAID HE DID IT. POINTED TO CENTER FIELD WITH TWO STRIKES ON HIM AND HIT THE NEXT PITCH OVER THE CENTER FIELD WALL.
NEW
THOUGH THERE'S SOME DISPUTE AS TO WHETHER OR NOT HE ACTUALLY DID CALL THAT SHOT.
BUT THERE'S NO DISPUTE WHATSOEVER AMONG HISTORIANS OF QUIDDITCH AT MIDDLEBURY AS TO WHETHER RYAN SCURA ('11), PLAYING THE SNITCH, DID, IN FACT, ASCEND TO THE SPIRE OF BATTELL, PURSUED BY TWO SEEKERS IN A HOTLY CONTESTED MATCH.
HE DID IT. EVERYONE SAW IT. IT'S CONFIRMED FOR THE EONS.
AND HE PAID A PRICE FOR HIS ACTIONS, RECEIVING SERIOUS LECTURES FROM PUBLIC SAFETY AND LOCAL POLICE.
AS RYAN SAW IT, HOWEVER, HE WAS ONLY DOING HIS JOB.
ACCORDING TO U.S. QUIDDITCH RULES, THE SNITCH "USES ANY MEANS TO AVOID CAPTURE."
THESE, AFTER ALL, WERE THE FORMATIVE YEARS OF MIDDLEBURY QUIDDITCH WHEN THE FIRST GENERATION RAISED ON HARRY POTTER ARRIVED ON CAMPUS, UNWILLING TO GIVE UP THE DREAM.
AMONG THEM, XANDER MANSHEL ('09) WHO SHARED THE LONGING AND OFFERED A VISION.
AIRBORNE DREAMS OF HOGWARTS WILL SOAR ON SOLID GROUND.
TOGETHER WITH ALEX BENEPE ('09), HE SET IN MOTION WEEKLY QUIDDITCH GAMES, PLAYED IN BEDSHEET CAPES WITH JANITORS' BROOMS AND UNBOUND IMPROVISATIONAL FERVOR.
THE FIRST GOAL HOOPS WERE MADE FROM GARBAGE CANS.
ONE STUDENT PLAYED IN HIS HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION GOWN WITH A FLOOR LAMP INSTEAD OF A BROOM.
RAINEY JOHNSON ('09), THE FIRST SNITCH, HAD A TENNIS BALL TAPED TO HIS BACK...
...WHICH EVOLVED TO A BALL INSIDE A SOCK.
AT THE END OF SEASON ONE, THEY HELD THE MIDDLEBURY QUIDDITCH CUP, A CAMPUSWIDE TOURNAMENT THAT BECAME AN ANNUAL EVENT WITH BLEACHERS, PORTA POTTIES, OWLS FROM A LOCAL RAPTOR GROUP, A SIDESHOW OF EXPLODING FIREBALLS COURTESY OF A CHEMISTRY PROFESSOR, AND A TRAVELING BRICK-FIRED AMERICAN FLATBREAD OVEN BAKING PIES FOR EVERYONE.
FROM RANDOM OBJECTS GLUED TOGETHER AND SPRAY-PAINTED GOLD, XANDER AND ALEX MADE THE VERY FIRST TROPHY AND PRESENTED IT TO THE WINNERS IN A MAJESTIC CELEBRATION.
A GLORIOUS DAY FOR WIZARDS. NOT A MUGGLE IN SIGHT.

COMIC BY MARK ALAN STAMATY

strategies and cofounded the SHERPA Foundation. SHERPA is a nonprofit organization that seeks to tackle substance abuse by providing after-school tutoring, sports activities, and writing and reading comprehension workshops and seminars. Hans is currently working as a consultant at the Dept. of National Planning (DNP), a government-based think-tank, on a subnational institutional strengthening project cofinanced by the World Bank. He reports, "I'm enjoying family and friends, playing soccer, and motivating kids to treasure education as a means to a happy life. So, I guess I can truly say I am a happy person. And frankly, I've got to say that none of this would have ever happened had it not been for the opportunity I was given to attend the UWC program and Middlebury College." • Congratulations to **Kevin O'Rourke** and **Akshay Khanna**, who were named to the 2017 *Forbes* 30 Under 30 list. In the healthcare category, Kevin, an MD and PhD student at Weill Cornell Medical College, was highlighted for his work on colorectal cancer research at Memorial Sloan Kettering Cancer Center. Akshay was listed in the sports category. The vice president of strategy for the Philadelphia 76ers, he has led the acquisition and merger of two eSports teams for the Sixers, manages the team's entrepreneur innovation lab, developed a StubHub-partnered ticketing platform for Sixers games, and negotiated an estimated $25 million jersey sponsorship deal with StubHub. • **Adrienne Taren** and **Caitlyn Olson** were both on campus in January to teach winter term courses. Adrienne taught the Science of Stress. She recently completed her MD and PhD at the Univ. of Pittsburgh and Carnegie Mellon Univ. Caitlyn taught History of Islamic Philosophy and Theology. She's pursuing a PhD in Near Eastern languages and civilizations at Harvard Univ., after spending several years in the Middle East.
—Class Correspondents: Billie Borden (billie.borden@gmail.com); Ashley Bell Volwiler (ashley.volwiler@gmail.com).

10

Shelsey Weinstein married **Patrick Johnson** on June 11, 2016, at the Coach Barn at Shelburne Farms in Shelburne, Vt. Judge William Sessions '69 officiated. It was wonderful to celebrate back in Vermont where the couple met in 2009 before graduating. Shelsey and Patrick live in Boston, where Shelsey is an internal medicine resident and Patrick works as an attorney. • **Alison Mehravari**, **Hannah Robertson**, and **Will Tucker** met up in Boston last summer and agreed that they always enjoy looking for people they know in the Class Notes section of the magazine but never write in themselves, so they decided to write in now: Hello, friends! Alison and Hannah also picnicked with **Lauren Vollmer** on a lovely summer evening. Will is in the second year of his postdoctorate work at Boston University in the Chemistry Department. • **David Clark-Barol** lives in Leadville, Colo., and works for the High Mountain Institute (HMI), a small independent high school that combines academics and wilderness travel. Currently, he works with the HMI Gap program, a new offshoot for HMI, which focuses on conservation and rock climbing in the desert Southwest and Patagonia. He also spends time baking bread, with the help of his dog, Bean. • **Anthony Adragna** is living in Washington, D.C., covering energy and environmental issues for Politico. • **Heather Pangle** was at Middlebury in January to teach a winter term course with Margaret Moslander '11 called Introduction to Political Philosophy. Heather is a doctoral candidate in political science at BU and Margaret is a doctoral candidate in political science at the Univ. of Texas at Austin. • If you have any life updates, please let us know by emailing **Oscar Loyo** or **Alice Ford**.
—Class Correspondents: Alice Ford (alicemarieford@gmail.com); Oscar Loyo (loyo.oscar@gmail.com).

11

As we welcome spring, we're delighted to have some updates to share from our classmates! The Class of 2011 is thriving, both personally and professionally. **Lea Shulman** writes, "Since graduating from Middlebury I have completed a master's in biostatistics at UVM and moved to faraway Burlington, Vt., where I live with my partner, Ben, and our dog, Delta. I worked for the Vermont Dept. of Health for two years as a public health analyst and recently joined Vermont Information Technology Leaders (better known as VITL) as a healthcare data analyst. In my new position, I am excited to work with accountable-care organizations, healthcare providers, and departments within Vermont state government to improve access to, and quality of, healthcare data." • **Denise Hofmann** got her Master of Music in composition last spring and she has been developing a vocal (SATB) and large-ensemble piece based on crowdsourced morning thoughts. Denise writes, "If you'd like to share your stream-of-consciousness thoughts of when you first wake up, email dhofmanncomposer@gmail.com." • In August 2016, **Chris Hershey-Van Horn** began working as a counselor at My Friend's Place (MFP), an agency in Hollywood that provides drop-in services for homeless youth. He serves on the transformative education team, which organizes daily arts workshops in visual art, fashion design, music recording and engineering, digital media, improv, and more. Chris writes, "After spending several months traveling throughout Europe in 2015, I took about another year to figure out how I wanted to apply myself. I love my job at MFP because it's the perfect intersection of all of my interests and allows me to serve this amazing and diverse city." • **Ali McAnaney** works in account management for Sprout Social, a social media software company based in Chicago. She also launched a health and wellness blog at the start of 2017. Everyday Endorphins is Ali's guide to group fitness and simple recipes to make healthy living an enjoyable experience. Follow her adventures at www.everyday-endorphins.com. • We are so pleased to see that Middlebury friends have remained close through all these years. **Lark Endean Nierenberg** writes, "In August 2016, I graduated from Smith College School for Social Work. With my newly minted MSW, I work in Oakland, Calif., as a mental health clinician with kids and teens living in foster care. As a nonbinary, transmasculine clinician, I also research and advocate for affirming multidisciplinary clinical practices for trans and gender-expansive youth. In the intervening years since graduating from Middlebury, I have embarked on nine cross-country road trips with extended pit stops in Portland, Ore., Boston, Minneapolis, Northampton, Mass., San Francisco, and Oakland, Calif. I am blissfully engaged to a brilliant MD/PhD student, Laura, and we are the proud new parents of two adorable adopted kittens, Nova and Comet. Although now separated by 2,800 miles rather than a tiny Battell Hall dorm room floor plan, to this day my first-year Middlebury roommate, **Lisa Tabacco**, is my dearest friend; to whoever matched our applications, the biggest, sincerest *thank you*!" • And the other half of this perfect Battell pairing, **Lisa**, is living in Baltimore with her fiancé, Faisal Saeed '10, and their puppy, Wesley. Lisa writes, "Since getting my MPH from Columbia in 2015, I've been working at Johns Hopkins, first doing research in adolescent medicine and now working with fellowship programs while I pursue a part-time MBA at Johns Hopkins." • Finally, we'd like to offer our congratulations to our classmates who recently tied the knot! **Ruchi Singh** married Harry Grewal on December 25 in Chandigarh, India. They had a great time celebrating their four-day wedding with their Middlebury friends who were in attendance, including **Dristy Shrestha**, **Christina Wu**, **Michelle Fechtor**, **Jia Liu**, **Madeleine Goransson**, and Clark Hatheway '13. The couple lives and works in New York City. Ruchi is the head of strategy at the Expert Institute, a legal consulting firm. Harry finished his MBA from the Fuqua School of Business at Duke University in May 2016 and works as a management consultant for the Boston Consulting Group. • Thanks again to everyone who submitted notes this quarter. Please feel free to email us with news or updates anytime at midd2011@gmail.com.
—Class Correspondents: Ashley Cheung (cheung.ash@gmail.com); Carly Lynch (cjlynch489@gmail.com).

12

REUNION CLASS Happy spring, Class of 2012! Below is what some of your classmates have been up to lately. Don't forget to mark your calendars for our five-year reunion at Middlebury this coming June 9–11. We hope to see many of you back on campus for a fun-filled weekend! • **Kelsey Allan** is managing a Lululemon store in Montreal. • **Kylie Atwood** reports, "In January I started a new job at CBS News as the State Department reporter. After focusing on international studies at Middlebury, this is a dream job. This comes

after spending a year-and-a-half on the road covering the 2016 election. I'm excited about the opportunity to travel internationally for my work and to return to a home base in D.C." • **Evan Deutsch** is working as the managing director of Oxbow, a digital agency he founded three years ago with Jon Portman '13 in Burlington, Vt. In 2016, Oxbow worked on strategic and cause marketing campaigns for organizations like Nike, Unilever, TED Talks, and WildAid. • **Addison DiSesa** is living in Los Angeles, and by the time the spring issue of the magazine is published, he will be finishing his second year of law school at UCLA School of Law. He is going to be working in the Los Angeles office of Reed Smith this summer but hopes to make it to Middlebury for the five-year reunion in June. • Finally, congratulations to **Amy Prescott**, who shares, "I got married to Riaz Anderson Zaidi (Columbia '08) on December 17. We're based in D.C., where I'm in my third year of medical school at Georgetown and he's often traveling the world as a diplomatic security agent with the State Department." • That's all for now, folks! Drop us a line if you've got an update to share—we are happy to hear from you anytime.

—Class Correspondents: Sara Cohen (srcohen90@gmail.com); Paige Keren (pkeren12@gmail.com).

13 Congratulations to **Nate Beatty** and Shane Scranton '12, who were named on the 2017 *Forbes* 30 Under 30 list in the Enterprise Technology category. Their company, IrisVR, creates virtual reality software for the building industry to help architects (and their clients) envision what a space will look and feel like before it gets built.

—Class Correspondents: Elma Burnham (eccburnham@gmail.com); Peter DiPrinzio (peterd1331@gmail.com).

14 Please send us your news! We'd love to hear from you.

—Class Correspondents: Vivian Cowan (viviancowan@gmail.com); Peter Mattson (petercmattson@gmail.com); Hannah Ostrow (hannahostrow@gmail.com).

15 **Anis Mebarki LaRosa** writes, "Last year, I joined Electronic Arts as a financial analyst. I got married to Ryan LaRosa on January 13 in San Francisco. We honeymooned in a yurt near Point Reyes, Calif."

—Class Correspondents: Elyse Barnard (elyse.dh.barnard@gmail.com); Cooper Couch (couch.cooper@gmail.com).

16 We still need two volunteers to be class correspondents for the Class of 2016. It's a great way to stay in touch with classmates and see where their paths are leading after graduation! Please contact the alumni editor, Sara Marshall, at smarshal@middlebury.edu if you are interested!

40 **Edward K. Morse**, 98, of Owls Head, Maine, on September 30, 2016. A member of Sigma Epsilon at Middlebury, he earned his MD from Tufts Univ. Medical School. During WWII he served in the Army in Italy and Germany and was promoted to the rank of captain. His medical training was interrupted when he served as the ship's physician on the schooner *Bowdoin*'s Arctic expedition with Adm. Donald MacMillan. After completing his residency, he set up his medical practice in Camden, Maine. Predeceased by first wife Helga (Knudsen) and second wife Inger (Knudsen), he is survived by son Christopher and stepsons Arne, William, and Edward Holm.

42 **Ira P. Townsend**, 96, of Lebanon, N.H., on September 26, 2016. A Delta Upsilon at Middlebury, he learned to fly in the Civilian Pilot Training Program during college. He joined the Navy during WWII and was a pilot and aviation instrument instructor. He had a 40-year career at Kimball Union Academy, where he taught math, coached skiing, and was the business and property manager, retiring in 1985. In his 80s, he and his daughter built an ultralight airplane and flew it around the Upper Valley. He is survived by wife Sara (Martenis) '41, children James and Patricia, and two grandchildren, including Julia MAIEP '09.

43 **Robert D. Nims Jr.**, 94, of Moorestown, N.J., on April 4, 2016. A Kappa Delta Rho at Middlebury, he had a long career in marketing and management consulting, working for various companies and with the U.S. Chamber of Commerce. He eventually became self-employed, working as a personal financial analyst for Primerica. Predeceased by ex-wife Barbara (Jagels) '45, wife Beverly, wife Merrol, and daughter Laurie, he is survived by children Ginny, Pam, Bill, Mary, Doug, Carrol, Guyer, Sallie, and Stuart, 10 grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren.

Moncrieff J. Spear, 95, of Indianapolis, Ind., on October 22, 2016. During WWII, he served in the Navy as a naval aviator, flying Grumman Avenger torpedo bombers. He participated in the sinking of U-680 in June 1944, earning the Navy's Distinguished Flying Cross, and participated in the Okinawa Campaign. With an MA from George Washington Univ. in international relations, he was commissioned an officer in the U.S. Foreign Service and spent his career with the State Dept. Including overseas appointments, he served on the Berlin Taskforce during the Berlin Crisis in 1961 and as acting director of the State Dept.'s operations center during the Cuban Missile Crisis in 1963. He is survived by wife Lois (Stamey), children Stephen, Jeffrey, and Karen, six grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

45 **Frederick C. Kelly**, 93, of Bath, Maine, on October 20, 2016. A Delta Upsilon member at Middlebury, he joined the Army Air Corps, completed pilot training, and flew B-24s with the 8th Air Force out of England during WWII. He continued in aviation as a station manager with Northeast Airlines before becoming a flight manager for the FAA, retiring from the Burlington, Vt., airport in 1971. Predeceased by wife Priscilla (Bryant) '44, he is survived by daughters Linda, Nancy, and Martha, son James, 14 grandchildren, and 23 great-grandchildren.

46 **D. Ross Brown**, 91, of Quitman, Ga., on September 19, 2016. A member of Delta Upsilon, he served in the Naval Reserve during WWII, earned his bachelor's at Tufts, and was in the Marine Corps until 1950. He had a career in marketing and operations at various companies before starting a small water-treatment business. In 1946 he married Vava Stafford '46 and they had five children, Duncan, Laurie, Brec, Sandy, and Kim.

47 **Doris Reynolds Cleveland**, 90, of Wake Forest, N.C., on October 12, 2016. She was a substitute teacher for many years in the Twinsburg (Ohio) school system. In 1973 she went to work for Master Builders, a division of Martin Marietta, and became a market analyst, retiring in 1985. Predeceased by husband Clarence, she is survived by children Virginia and Carleton.

Jane Valentine Talbert, 91, of Encinitas, Calif., on September 21, 2016. After college, she worked for the Edwin Gould Foundation in children's services and earned a master's degree at Columbia Univ. After marrying Bob Talbert, she was a stay-at-home mother for sons John and Rob. Moving to Encinitas, she and Bob became docents at Torrey Pines State Reserve.

Kathryn Gray Weed, 91, of West Burke, Vt., on September 5, 2016. She taught three years in a one-room schoolhouse in Newark, Vt., then raised her family while also helping to run the family farm, where she handled the accounting. She took classes in education at Lyndon State College and returned to teach first through fourth grades for 12 years at Newark Street School. Predeceased by husband Ervin and daughter Dianne, she is survived by son E. Stanley, daughter Marcia, four grandchildren, and one great-granddaughter.

48 **Ann Clarke Curley**, 89, of Lovettsville, Va., on September 23, 2016. With a master's in public administration, she served on various professional boards and spent two decades of federal public service as analyst and manager with the Office of Economic Opportunity, Office of Management and Budget, Federal Commission on Paperwork, and the Dept. of

Transportation. She was also a volunteer in President Bill Clinton's White House. She is survived by husband Bob, and children Antoinette, Corinne, and Adam, and four grandchildren.

53 **Mary L. Mulhall**, 84, of Aberdeen, N.J., on September 23, 2016. She woke at the crack of dawn for 30 years to make sure school buses got to the students of Matawan and then Sayreville, where she retired in 1999. Predeceased by daughter Ann, she is survived by children Leslie, Lee, and William, and eight grandchildren.

George C. West, 85, of Green Valley, Ariz., on August 31, 2016. A member of Kappa Delta Rho, he earned his MS in zoology and his PhD in physiological ecology from the Univ. of Illinois at Champaign-Urbana. In 1963 he was invited to assist in the formation of the Institute of Arctic Biology at the Univ. of Alaska Fairbanks, where he spent 21 years conducting research on cold adaptations of flora and fauna unique to arctic tundra. Moving into administration, he served as acting director of the institute, dean of the College of Biological Sciences, and VP of academic affairs. He retired in 1984 as professor of zoology emeritus. He then focused his research on shorebirds and conservation of threatened habitats. Moving to Arizona, he cofounded the Hummingbird Monitoring Network. He is survived by wife Ellen, sons Mark, George, Andrew, and Frederick, stepson Levi Nilsson, and five grandchildren.

54 **James Ashworth**, 84, of Springfield, Mass., on October 17, 2016. A member of Delta Kappa Epsilon, he served two years in the Army and received the National Defense Service Medal and the Good Conduct Medal. With an MBA from Cornell Univ., he worked as a construction consultant for Keystone Leasing Co. in West Hartford, Conn., retiring in 1998. Predeceased by wife Claire (Blanchard) and a great-granddaughter, he is survived by sons Peter, Bruce, Kevin, and Barry, two grandsons, three step-grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren.

55 **Frank J. Gianforti**, 83, of Guilford, Conn., on October 3, 2016. At Middlebury he was in Delta Kappa Epsilon and played football. He served two years in the Army before beginning his business career with Xerox, where he spent over 20 years. He then worked for 10 years at Palumbo's Automotive. He is survived by wife Jean (Leeson), sons Steve, Frank, and Mark, daughters Robin and Linda, and three grandchildren.

Ruth Buddington Hergenrother, 83, of Salt Lake City, Utah, on October 15, 2016. After graduation she worked in Boston as a secretary at Mass General Hospital. While raising her children, she was an active volunteer, including at the art museum at Stanford Univ. In 1984 she went to work for Arthur D. Little in Boston, retiring in 1995. Predeceased by husband Karl and stepson Steven Schimke, she is survived by daughters Caroline, Cynthia, and Allison, and five grandchildren.

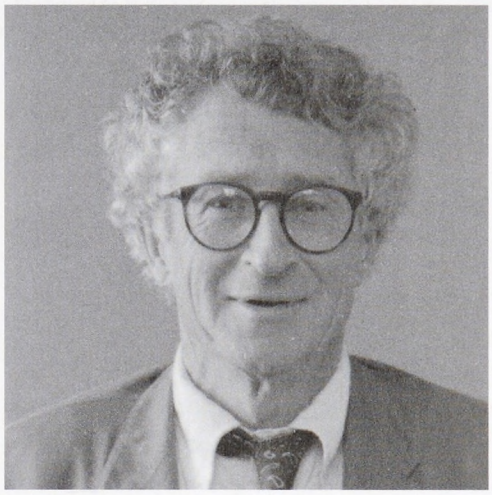
56 **Thomas M. Hart**, 82, of Wilmington, N.C., on August 16, 2016. A Delta Kappa Epsilon, he excelled at athletics at Middlebury. He was the leading rebounder in the history of collegiate basketball and held the NCAA all-division single-season rebounding average mark in both 1954–55 and 1955–56, as well as the NCAA's all-time career rebounding average. He also set school records in both the pole vault and high jump in track and field. In 2016 he was inducted into Middlebury's Athletic Hall of Fame. He had a long career in sales and marketing at GTE Corp., retiring after 32 years, and starting his own business, Engineered Tools Corp. He and wife Agnes raised four children, Thomas, Nancy, Randy, and Patricia.

57 **Gail Bliss Allen**, 81, of Federal Way, Wash., on August 22, 2016. A Pi Beta Phi at Middlebury, her first job out of college was with General Electric in a new field called computer programming. With a move to San Jose, Calif., she worked for different companies over 47 years in what became Silicon Valley. In 1996 she moved to Sacramento to do contract programming for the state, which lasted until 2002. Predeceased by son Garth, she is survived by son Caleb, his wife, Won-Mi, and grandson Jacob.

Douglas Robinson, 83, of Tucson, Ariz., on September 15, 2016. A member of Theta Chi, he served in the Army after college, stationed in Germany. He was a trust officer at U.S. Trust Co. and later at First Interstate and Wells Fargo, until his retirement. He is survived by wife Barbara, children Laura and Douglas, and two grandsons.

59 **Doris Brassington Rich**, 79, of Matthews, N.C., on October 30, 2016. At Middlebury she was an avid musician, playing jazz saxophone. After graduation she worked as a receptionist for the instrumentation lab at MIT. While raising her children, she was an active volunteer. She is survived by children Stephanie, Susan, and John, and three grandchildren.

60 **Gerald R. Barrington**, 78, of Fort Myers, Fla., on October 1, 2016. He served in the Army in the finance corp. at Fort Benjamin Harrison in Indianapolis. With an MBA from Columbia, he worked for many years as a stockbroker in NYC and Connecticut. He helped rebuild a one-man construction company in the 1980s before owning Kitchens Plus Home Remodeling. He is survived by wife Alda (Fryer) and daughter Brooke.



EDWARD A. MARTIN
JUNE 12, 1927–JANUARY 12, 2017

Edward A. "Sandy" Martin, 89, emeritus professor of English and former assistant director of the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, died in Middlebury, Vt., on January 12, 2017. He earned his BA from Princeton Univ. and his MA from Columbia, both in English and American literatures. At the end of World War II he was drafted into the Navy and was drafted again during the Korean War. With a PhD in English and American literatures from Columbia, he joined the Middlebury faculty in 1961 as an instructor. In 1976 he became a full professor and was appointed to the Henry Norman Hudson Professorship in 1987. He also served as director of the New England Young Writers' Conference, chair of the English Department, and the director of the College Freshman Writing Program. Retiring in 1996, he continued to teach part time, helping in an experimental course for students interested in medical careers.

He cared deeply about how literature and writing are taught, and he shared his joy of literature with generations of Middlebury students. His areas of scholarship included American satire, English and American pastoral literature, and Chaucer and medieval literature. Both his students and his colleagues appreciated his superb listening skills, kindness, and his wry sense of humor.

"Sandy Martin was an invaluable mentor to me when I arrived in the 1970s," says Elizabeth Napier, professor of English and American literatures. "His gentle demeanor and careful attention to student work—and to his own scholarship—consistently emphasized the central role of patience, diligence, and dignity in teaching."

An H. L. Mencken scholar, Sandy was the author of two books on the American journalist and cultural critic: *H. L. Mencken and the Debunkers* and *In Defense of Marion*.

In his community, he was an early member of the Middlebury Ambulance Association and served multiple terms on both the elementary and high school boards.

He is survived by wife Margaret (Funk), sons Quentin, Ian '84, and Geddes, daughter Carveth, and five grandchildren, including Reed Martin '19.

The following is a list of deaths reported to us since the previous issue went to the printers. Full obituaries will appear in future issues of the magazine.

Martha Taylor Elliott '40 . . . . . December 12, 2016
Robert B. Crane '41 . . . . . November 30, 2016
Elizabeth S. Sunderland '41 . . . . . February 21, 2017
Frances-Jane Hayden Trask '41 . . . . December 16, 2016
Dorothy Hood Bittmann '43 . . . . . November 10, 2016
John E. Egbert '43 . . . . . January 5, 2017
Thomas W. Caldroney '45 . . . . . January 30, 2017
Elise Van Leuven Morehouse '45 . . . . . January 3, 2017
Marie Scudder Dix '46 . . . . . January 4, 2017
Violet Schnyder Jarrell '46 . . . . . March 5, 2017
Ruth Barber Toner '47 . . . . . December 12, 2016
Leah G. Young '47 . . . . . January 31, 2017
Marian Allin Bartholomaus '48 . . . . . December 6, 2016
Bartley B. Nourse '48 . . . . . January 25, 2017
David H. Rollason '48 . . . . . December 17, 2016
Donn J. Barclay '49 . . . . . January 1, 2017
Karl G. Reed '49 . . . . . February 6, 2017
Lawrence H. Vadnais '49 . . . . . February 9, 2017
Robert P. Whittier '49 . . . . . January 11, 2017
Curtis Cushman '50 . . . . . December 21, 2016
Warren Frost '50 . . . . . February 17, 2017
Ralph A. Loveys '51 . . . . . February 22, 2017
Guido "Peter" Tine '51 . . . . . January 11, 2017
Pierre Hemon '54 . . . . . December 1, 2016
Nancy Whittemore Nickerson '54 . . . . December 9, 2016
Sylvia Dowden Schroeder '54 . . . . . February 28, 2017
Charlotte Morgan Taylor '54 . . . . . February 23, 2017
John N. Field '55 . . . . . January 26, 2017
Denis D. Pfeifler '55 . . . . . January 6, 2017
Philip Shea '55 . . . . . February 26, 2017
Bernard D. Bouvier '56 . . . . . January 13, 2017
James F. Fisher '56 . . . . . January 29, 2017
Charles C. Smith '56 . . . . . December 30, 2016
Ann Messler Cuddy '57 . . . . . December 26, 2016
Catherine Rock Fallon '57 . . . . . March 6, 2017
Leonard R. Lewandoski '57 . . . . . January 21, 2017
George M. Gura Jr. '58 . . . . . January 21, 2017
Roberta Sanderson Sheldon '58 . . . . . January 12, 2017
Barbara Burch Melhado '59 . . . . . December 21, 2016
George A. Krimsky '64 . . . . . January 20, 2017
Ruth "Sue" Ingersoll Clough '65 . . . . December 19, 2016
Robert B. Waterhouse '67 . . . . . March 7, 2017
Charles F. Spalding Jr. '68 . . . . . January 21, 2017
David J. Lechner '69 . . . . . January 27, 2017
J. Peter Duncan '80 . . . . . February 21, 2017
James S. Currier '91 . . . . . February 9, 2017

GRADUATE

Emily Scott O'Hare, MA English '86 . . . February 3, 2017
Myron L. Kocher, MA French '49 . . . December 31, 2016
Efthim Economu, MA French '50 . . . . . January 24, 2017
Nita Hale Barbour, MA French '57 . . . . February 4, 2017
Lisa Fudge Frutchy, MA French '74 . . . . . January 7, 2017
Therese Sullivan Caccavale, MA French '78 . . . . . March 5, 2017
Ruth L. Jeisman-Hoszowski, MA German '58 . . . . . January 25, 2017
M. Juliana D'Amato, MA Italian '61 . . . February 20, 2017
Vecihi Sezen, MA Ling '71 . . . . . January 27, 2017
Clemens S. Burke, MA Spanish '58 . . . February 27, 2017
Donald F. Spieler, MA Spanish '58 . . . . January 1, 2017
Richard C. Esler III, MA Spanish '67 . . . . January 1, 2017

Jan C. Otto, 78, of Boulder, Colo., on September 7, 2016. With a master's in physics from Dartmouth and an MBA from Harvard, he worked as a product design engineer for Ford Motor Co. He also held a variety of other jobs, including teaching math and serving as vice principal at Montpelier (Vt.) High School. Moving to Boulder in 1998, he opened Otto Cycle, where he repaired Harley motorcycles. He is survived by wife Joanne (Brown), sons Jan '83, Joel, and Nathan, stepsons Kevin and Ethan Marlatt, 12 grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

62 **Daniel J. Armet**, 76, of Mount Kisco, N.Y., on September 6, 2016. An Alpha Sigma Psi at Middlebury, he was a veteran of the Vietnam War and earned two master's degrees, one in Russian history from Columbia and one in public health and administration from NYU. He worked in politics then became the hospital administrator for Westchester Medical Center. During his career, he worked for various institutions in the healthcare field. He is survived by daughters Katrin and Elizabeth, four grandchildren, and companion Grace Zhu.

Harold V. Fergus Jr., 75, of Washington, Pa., on August 28, 2016. A Kappa Delta Rho, he served as a captain in the Army from 1966–68. With a JD from the Univ. of Pittsburgh, he practiced law with his brother and father in the firm Fergus, Martin, and Fergus. He was an appellate judge on the Worker's Compensation Appeal Board for over 40 years. He also served as mayor of East Washington from 1972 to 1996. He is survived by wife Jane (Stevenson) '63, sons Allan, Matthew, Stevenson, and Nathan, and seven grandchildren.

Herrick F. Laylin, 76, of Dublin, Ohio, on October 31, 2016. After a year at Middlebury, he served in the Navy for four years. With a degree in international studies from Ohio State Univ., he joined the Peace Corps and taught in South Korea. His career was in the aviation field, working in sales and marketing for Pan American World Airlines and then United Airlines. He and wife Gloria had one son, Christopher.

63 **Patricia E. Gay**, 74, of Salt Lake City, Utah, on August 20, 2016. With a master's from the Univ. of Wisconsin and a PhD in psychobiology from Rutgers, she taught and did research at Rutgers, the Univ. of Utah Medical School, and Westminster College, where she began as an associate professor of psychology in 1995 before becoming a full professor, retiring in 2005. Predeceased by husband Jack Madsen, she is survived by daughter Jonelle, her husband, Christopher, three grandchildren, and four stepchildren and their families.

66 **Sandra Burrington Beck**, 71, of Waterford, Vt., on August 19, 2016. While raising her sons, she worked in education, starting a Montessori School in Oak Harbor, Wash., and teaching mathematics at the middle school and college levels in various schools. Moving to Vermont, she worked as an accountant at the Fairbanks Museum in St. Johnsbury. She is survived by husband Brent, sons Scott, Tom, and Brent, and 10 grandchildren.

Geoffrey L. Demong, 72, of Cornwall, Vt., on October 2, 2016. A member of Sigma Epsilon, he taught in NYC and earned a master's in teaching from UVM. Moving to Shoreham, Vt., in 1970, he and his wife raised apples and he worked in construction, eventually founding Demong and Company and building homes for 40 years. He is survived by wife Valerie (Somers) '66, daughters Emily and Kate, and two granddaughters. Middlebury relatives include sister-in-law Ann Parker Demong '66 and nephew Brad Demong '99.

Martha Faulkner Fenno, 72, of Windham, Maine, on October 12, 2016. After graduation, she worked as a social worker for the state of Maine. She and her husband owned and ran an animal park and then a grocery store in Phillips, Maine. She later worked at Carrabassett Valley Academy, Goodwill, and Coastal Enterprises in support staff positions. She is survived by husband Stephen, children Sarah and Timothy, six grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

67 **Olaf H. Hage III**, 71, of Brunswick, Maine, on October 21, 2016. He was a Christian historian, journalist, technical writer, ethics consultant, and broadcaster. He helped edit the *Fredericktonian* weekly in Maryland and was the editor and publisher of the quarterly *Science and Theology*. He produced over 500 audiotapes and dozens of research studies on biblical and church history and related scientific and technical issues. He authored *The Secret History of the Bible*. Predeceased by wife Elizabeth (Glasovatz), he is survived by brother Philip and family.

Peter B. Sanford, 70, of Morro Bay, Calif., on January 10, 2016. He served in the Navy during the Vietnam War and played bass in the Navy band. He received his bachelor's degree in electrical engineering from the Univ. of California, Santa Barbara, and worked for various companies, including NASA. He then earned his

MBA at Cal Poly and started his own company, fixing the electronics, mainly cruise control, in German cars. He is survived by son Cameron.

78 **Midelle Moore**, 60, of Mashpee, Mass., on October 29, 2016. She worked in the insurance field for many years before earning a master's in clinical mental health counseling from Lesley Univ. She worked in human services for many years, most recently as the clinical director of HabitOpco in South Yarmouth, Mass. She is survived by wife Susan O'Brien, children Lindsay, Peter, and Thomas, three grandchildren, and stepchildren Caitlyn and James.

Susan D. Woodworth, 60, of Pittsford, Vt., on September 3, 2016. She had a long career engaged in ministry, working for various organizations and as a campus minister at Hartwick College and SUNY Oneonta before serving as a licensed local pastor at various United Methodist churches. She retired in 2015 from Silver Bay YMCA, where she was host of Brookside/Trinity Pastoral Respite Ministry. She is survived by husband Bob Kersten, children Gideon and Chelsea, stepson Kris, and their families. Middlebury relatives include father Donald '59, brothers Greg '81 and Gordon '84, and nieces Sara '12 and Hilary '14 Woodworth.

81 **Charles E. Carlson**, 57, of Old Greenwich, Conn., on September 5, 2016. He worked in advertising as a copy writer early in his career then became a noted director of TV commercials. Later he was active in the petroleum business. He is survived by daughter Mae Forbes, his parents, and a sister and brother.

Carol J. Nelson, 57, of Glen Rock, N.J., on September 14, 2016. Carol mentored many people and had an unfailingly positive outlook, a generous spirit, and a quirky sense of humor. She was the executive director of custom programs at *Forbes*, where she worked for 25 years. She was a lifelong choral singer and loved to travel with her family. Predeceased by mother Barbara Parker '50, she is survived by sisters Laurie Nelson and Gail Nelson-Bonebrake, MA English '99.

97 **Amy DiAdamo Foster**, 41, of South Hamilton, Mass., on September 14, 2016. An outstanding athlete at Middlebury, she was a three-time All American lacrosse player who scored more goals, more assists, and more points than any player in women's lacrosse history at the College. In 2015 she was inducted into Middlebury's Athletic Hall of Fame. She worked in many fields, including as a teacher, travel and sport journalist, business consultant, and fundraiser. She is survived by husband Franklin '98, sons Henry, Samuel, and Jack, her parents, and two brothers, including William '87, and their families.

98 **Elizabeth Crockett Hixon**, 40, of Florence, Colo., on October 3, 2016. With a Master of Arts in Teaching from the Univ. of California, San Francisco, she had a career in teaching various places, including as a teacher for English language learners for 15 years, a teacher in San Francisco city schools and the county jail, at Pueblo Community College, at both the elementary and high schools in Florence, and with the State Dept. in Brazil. She is survived by husband Kieran, her parents, and a sister.

10 **Alfred J. Meyer**, 29, of New York, N.Y., on September 1, 2016. At Middlebury he was a member of the hockey team. He worked at Gerson Lehrman Group in NYC and volunteered at the NYC Food Bank. He is survived by his parents, a brother and sister, and a large extended family.

FACULTY

James Dewey Daane, 98, of Nashville, Tenn., on January 3, 2017. He was a visiting professor in the Economics Dept. in the falls of 1991 and 1992, teaching a senior seminar in monetary and fiscal policy with Prof. David Colander. They coauthored a book, *The Art of Monetary Policy*, based on the seminar and Daane brought several distinguished economists to campus, including Paul Volcker, former chairman of the Federal Reserve Board. During the fall of 1992, Daane was an honorary guest of Al Gore for a rally in Burlington when Gore was running as VP with Bill Clinton. Earning his bachelor's degree from Duke Univ., Daane received his master's and doctorate in public administration from Harvard Univ. Beginning in 1938 he worked for 20 years at the Federal Reserve Bank of Richmond, Va., before becoming deputy undersecretary of the Treasury for Monetary Affairs. While at the Treasury Dept., Pres. John F. Kennedy appointed him the governor of the Federal Reserve Board in 1963. In 1974 he moved to Nashville, where he served as the vice-chairman of the Board of Commerce Union Bank and was a professor for 42 years at the Owen Graduate School of Management. He is survived by wife Barbara, three children, four grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

GRADUATE SCHOOLS

38 **Grace C. Carter**, 103, MA French, of Montgomery Village, Md., on October 1, 2016. She devoted her career to education, both as a teacher and as a school administrator, in Missouri and in D.C. schools.

49 **Keith S. Clark**, 94, MA English, of Palo Alto, Calif., on October 2, 2016. An English teacher and tennis coach, he was also an active folksinger, songwriter, and concert promoter and appeared in folk festivals across the Midwest. In retirement he collaborated with friend Pete Seeger on writing children's songs.

64 **Rosemary L. Blessington**, 81, MA Spanish, of Andover, Mass., on September 11, 2016. She had a long career teaching Spanish at Bradford College, Berkshire Community College, Mt. Ida College, and Tewksbury Memorial High School, finishing her career in the Lawrence, Mass., school system.

66 **Robert J. Hall**, 82, MA German, of Pittsfield, Mass., on October 15, 2016. Beginning his teaching career in 1960, he taught a variety of subjects, including German, English, history, Spanish, and Latin, in the Pittsfield public schools.

68 **Bernier L. Mayo**, 78, MA English, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., on August 14, 2016. With a long career in education, he taught English, served as a headmaster, and was superintendent of schools in various communities before being appointed the headmaster of St. Johnsbury Academy. He was also ordained as a deacon in the Catholic Church in 1983.

71 **Carol M. Shaw**, 75, MA English, of Spring Hill, Fla., on October 7, 2016. For 32 years, she was an English teacher and also served as department chair at the North Hunterdon-Voorhees (N.J.) High School.

75 **Evelyn Lewis Perera**, 76, MA English, of Pittsfield, Mass., on September 11, 2016. She worked as an editorial assistant at Houghton Mifflin and an English instructor at Berkshire Community College, and designed and taught a class at Berkshire Institute for Christian Studies.

76 **Bryan Kirkpatrick**, 66, MA French, of Chatham, N.J., on September 15, 2016. He taught French at Philips Academy and Holderness School before having a 32-year career at Bank of New York Mellon as a senior product manager.

87 **James R. Curley**, 86, MA English, of West Yarmouth, Mass., on October 7, 2016. After serving in the U.S. Foreign Service and the Ford Foundation in Ankara, Turkey, he taught English and was an administrator at several independent high schools.

02 **Robert T. Mulgrew**, 59, MA English, of Carlsbad, Calif., on August 2, 2016. For 35 years he taught Latin and English and often coached boys and girls basketball in several schools. Most recently he was the English Department chair at Bishops School in La Jolla, Calif.

06 **Judith Nelson Walz**, 63, MA English, of Wallingford, Conn., on September 17, 2016. She had a long career as a high school English teacher, including at West Nottingham Academy in Colora, Md.

Classifieds

ANTIQUES

Stone Block Antiques. 219 Main St., Vergennes, Vermont 05491. Fridays 9am-9pm or by chance/appointment. Furniture, silver, paintings, rugs, porcelain, etc. Downsizing and/or have items you no longer need? I travel throughout the Northeast for quality antiques, estates. Greg Hamilton '79. 802.989.1158 or sbainc57@yahoo.com. 802antiques.com.

REAL ESTATE

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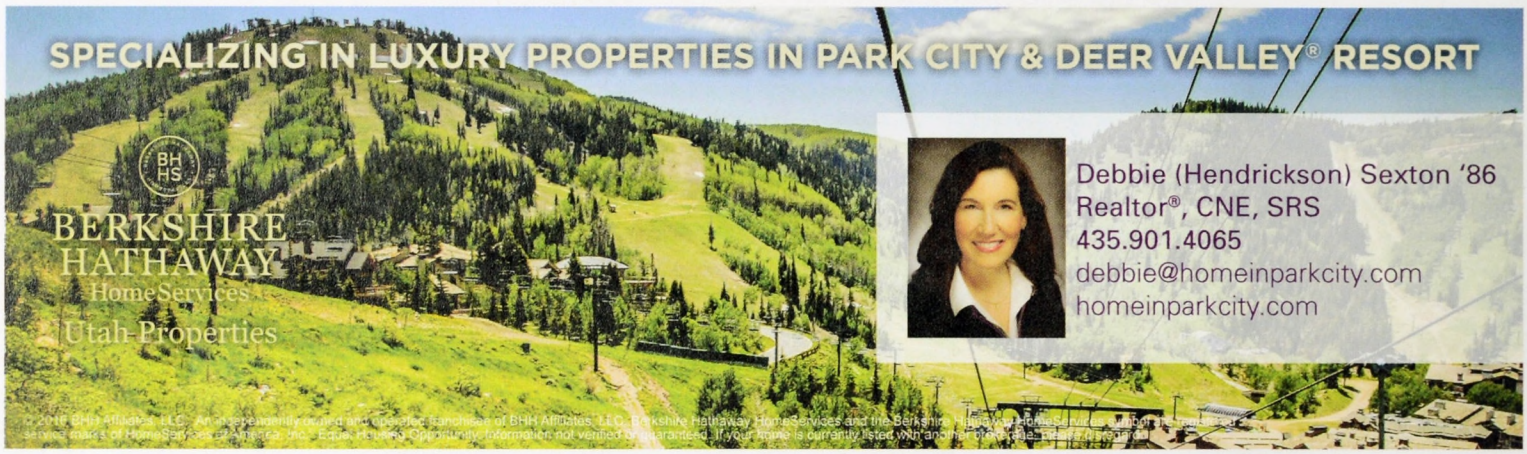

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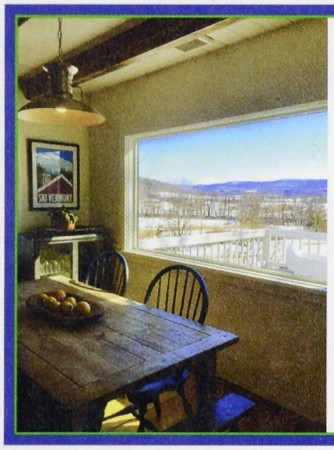

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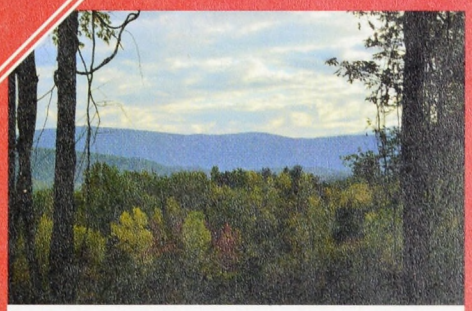

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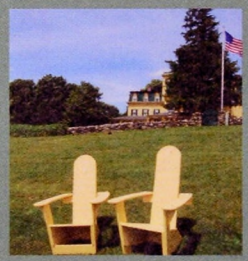

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By Jesse Ishikawa '76

Unfinished Business

I was in the second week of my German class in Dresden. Hasan and I presented a skit. I played a hotel receptionist. Hasan played my customer, disgruntled because his Internet service wasn't working. Translated from German to English, the skit ended like this:

Hasan: "So, are you going to fix the service?"

Me: "Nope. I'm only the receptionist."

"Well, who can do something about it?"

"Maybe my boss."

"Then call him! I want a refund!"

Phoning my manager. "We have a man who is very angry about our Internet service. He wants a refund. Yes, we should give him one. I'm afraid of this customer. He is angry, and bigger than I am." *Stage whisper.* "Besides, I think he's a *Syrian*!"

This last line was an ad lib, and, like all ethnic humor, not without risk. But my classmates roared with laughter. I got away with my bad joke because my classmates were Syrian refugees. They had arrived in 2015 and were among the 5,500 refugees living in Dresden.

I had taken my last German class at Middlebury in 1974. By graduation, my skill had reached the same level as my downhill skiing: sloppy intermediate. I now had the opportunity to complete the unfinished business of learning German to the point of conversational fluency. My classmates had a more pressing reason for learning the language. Their university educations had been interrupted by civil war. To continue their studies, they needed to be proficient in German.

No country has been more welcoming to Syrian refugees than Germany, which has provided them with language education, apartments, and living expenses. But Dresden, the center of Germany's anti-Islamic and neo-Nazi movements, is its least welcoming city. During my stay, a mosque was firebombed, four refugees were attacked by thugs, and two Syrians were attacked by a man wielding a sword. Weekly anti-immigrant demonstrations attracted thousands of protesters.

The American presidential election was around the corner. My classmates' interest was purely academic. To them, America became irrelevant in 2011, when the U.S. refused military aid to the rebels even after the Syrian government had crossed the "red line" of using chemical weapons. Moutez, a doctoral candidate in international business, theorized that the Americans' decision to stay on the sidelines was part of a deliberate strategy to tilt the Middle East balance of power away from Saudi Arabia toward Iran. I told Moutez that he was giving our government too much credit for actually thinking things through.

Hasan, my dialogue partner, was expecting his first child, a son. He once asked if I had experienced racism as a child. Sure, I said. In my small Wisconsin hometown, I was frequently teased about being Japanese. But, I said, it was no big deal. Every kid gets picked on at some point. Hasan responded: "The other day, I saw some German kids on the playground call a black child a 'neger.' If my child plays with other children and learns such words from them, I would want to make sure he doesn't use them against another child."

My answer had missed his point. Hasan was less afraid of his child being picked on than he was of him picking on someone else.

On my last night in Dresden, Hasan and his wife had me over for tea. Hasan told me that he was glad that I had gotten to know the Syrians. "You could have stayed at your apartment and not gotten to know us," he said, "but this way, you know that we are normal people. We're not terrorists or criminals."

ILLUSTRATION BY RAQUEL APARICIO

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